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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

An Illustrated Magazine

For the People.

Conducted by J. G. Holland.

Volume XVI.

(May, 1878, to Oct., 1878, inclusive.)

New-York:

Scribner & Co., No. 743 Broadway.

1878.



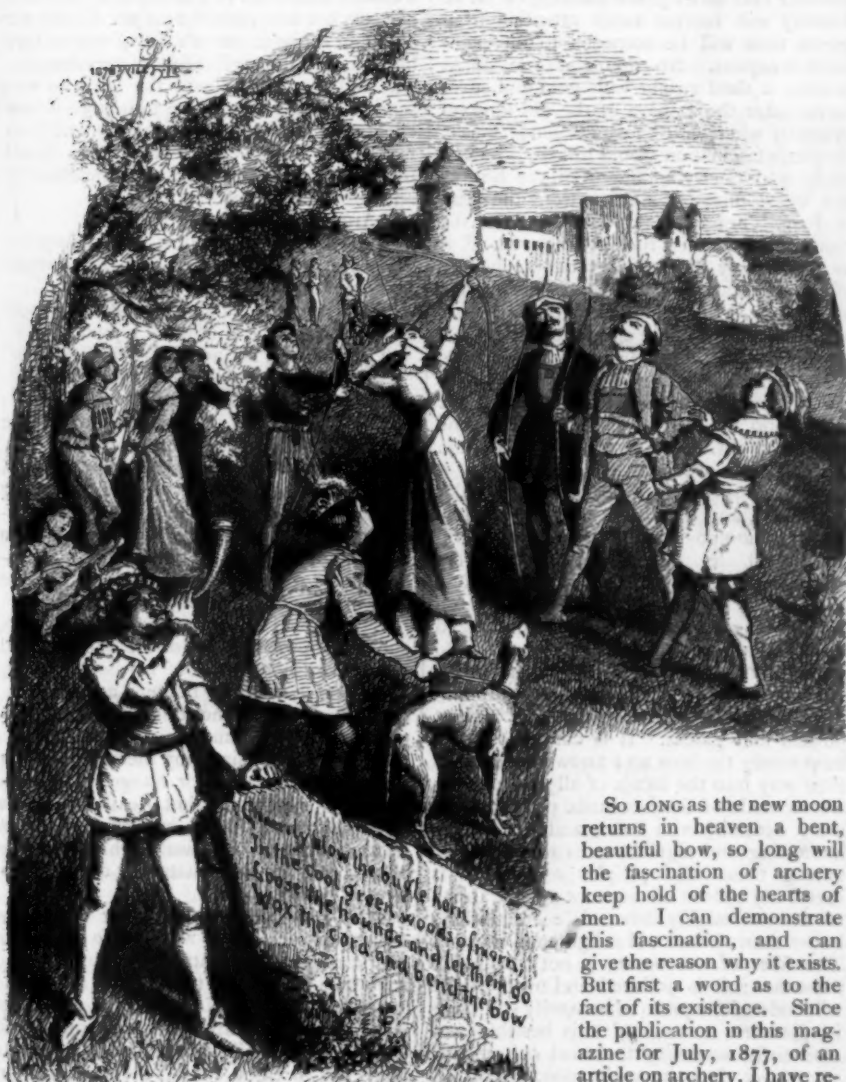
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1878.

No. 1.

MERRY DAYS WITH BOW AND QUIVER.



SO LONG as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men. I can demonstrate this fascination, and can give the reason why it exists. But first a word as to the fact of its existence. Since the publication in this magazine for July, 1877, of an article on archery, I have re-

ceived nearly five hundred letters of inquiry, and men have come hundreds of miles to see what manner of bows and arrows I use. You have but to mention an archer or archery to your friend and immediately his interest is aroused. He may scoff at the bow and sneer at the arrow; but he will inquire and show curiosity. Hang a long-bow and a quiver of arrows conspicuously in your hall or library, and you will soon discover that no exquisite painting or bit of statuary will receive more attention from guests than will be accorded to these ancient weapons. No doubt if one could procure a shell strung with gold and silver cords, after the fashion of the old time instrument wherewith the gods made music, the same fascination would attach. Indeed music and poetry sprang from the bow as did the goddess of wisdom from the head of Jove. The bow is the old first lyre, the monochord, the first rune of fine art, and is as inseparably connected with the history of culture as are the alphabets of the learned languages. What the fragments of Sapphic song and the Homeric epics are to the literature of to-day, the bow is to the weapons of to-day. When a man shoots with a bow it is his own vigor of body that drives the arrow, and his own mind that controls the missile's flight. Not so with gun shooting. The modern weapon is charged with a power acting independently of muscular operations, and will shoot just as powerfully for the schoolboy or the weakling as it will for the athlete. The Sapphic songs were the natural music of love; the Homeric epics were the natural out-pourings of a great strong, self-sufficient soul, surcharged with inspiration of heroism; and when Apollo is represented with drawn bow he is the symbol of the natural perfect physical manhood in an attitude displaying its highest powers and graces. It is curious to note how surely the bow and arrows have found their way into the hands of all wild peoples whose mode of life has made physical culture a necessity with them, and it is equally interesting and significant to discover that among these wild peoples a chieftain is invariably chosen on account of his ability to draw a mighty bow. We are nothing better than refined and enlightened savages. The fiber of our nature is not changed in substance; it is polished and oiled. The wild side of the prism of humanity still offers its pleasures to us, and it is healthful and essentially necessary to broad culture that we accept them in moderation. Sport, by

which I mean pleasant physical and mental exercise combined,—play, in the best sense,—is a requirement of this wild element, this glossed-over, physical, heathen side of our being, and the bow is its natural implement.

One day last summer my brother and I were practicing archery on a green lawn, when a miserably clad and hunger-pinched tramp approached us. Rags and dirt could not hide, nor could hunger blunt the edge of, a certain manliness of bearing as he touched his torn hat and paused near us. Could we give him a bite to eat or a few pence to buy him a cheap dinner? He was very hungry. The old story. We sent the lad who was scoring for us to my house to inquire if any cooked victuals were in the pantry, and then resumed our shooting. The tramp stood by watching us. Finally, as if impelled by an irresistible interest, he said:

"Archery is a noble sport."

We turned and looked at him in surprise. He waved his hand in a peculiarly graceful way and said in a sad voice:

"On Brighton sands I have seen good shooting? I have shot there myself."

"In England?" inquired Will.

"Yes, I am a gentleman," he replied.

Will smiled doubtfully.

"Would you let me shoot once?" he asked. There was sincerity in his voice.

Will handed him his bow and an arrow. He took them eagerly, almost snatching them. For a moment he stood as if irresolute, then quickly fixing the nock on the string, drew and let fly the shaft. The distance was forty yards, and he struck the gold in the very center.

Will looked at me, and at the tramp, and then posted off to the house, and returned with a bottle of my Scuppernong wine and a tray of biscuits and tongue, with which that archer tramp did most ravenously regale himself. I mention this little incident to clinch my theory. Neither poverty, nor shame, nor hunger, nor dissipation, nor anything but death, can ever quite destroy the merry, innocent, Arcadian, heathen part of our nature, which takes to a bow and arrows as naturally as a butterfly to a flower.

It is the object of this paper to present archery in such a way as to make success in its practice easy of attainment by all who may take the trouble to read and follow the rules laid down. No one who once gets fully into the charm of bow-shooting, will ever be able wholly to abandon it; but one may fail to enjoy fully the exquisite sport

by falling into bad habits at the beginning of his practice. The first thing to learn is how to choose a bow. To do this, ascertain your strength of body, fingers, and arm; for nothing will so effectually spoil your opportunities of becoming a good archer, as attempting to master a bow too powerful for your muscles. The left forearm, the right shoulder, and the three first fingers of the right hand are apt to be injured by overstraining at a too powerful bow. Just here it may be well to remark that bows do not always shoot in accordance with their strength. The elas-

is now in my possession. It is a bow made in India, and worked over in London by Mr. Philip Highfield, the best bowyer in the world. It is of snakewood, and has a nearly semicircular groove in the back, instead of being made flat there, as is usual in Mr. Highfield's manufacture. Its weight is but forty-four pounds, and consequently it is too light for my use. With it, however, I not long since defeated the best rifle shots of a crack military company, shooting the bow's point-blank against that of their rifles, winning the target by a score of 530 points against 464, with the wind cutting



THE BOW-RIFLE MATCH.

ticity of the bit of timber of which it is made has much more to do with its true value or power than the mere resistance the bow may chance to offer when drawing it. I once demonstrated this to a doubting friend by repeatedly shooting farther with a forty-four pound bow than it was possible to shoot with a seventy-pound one that we were testing. A clear, sharp, quick recoil when the string is loosed, is the one sure test of a good bow. Such a one will always give a result in exact proportion to its drawing power, and will be found to shoot regularly and evenly under all circumstances. The best bow I have ever seen

sharp across the range during the whole of the shooting.

Of the match just alluded to it may be interesting to speak somewhat fully, as I presume such a contest never before came off in America, and has no doubt been of rare occurrence anywhere. The Montgomery Guards, a military company under command of General Lew Wallace, is a rifle organization holding among its members some fine shots, the general himself being about the best. For the double purpose of securing a day's excellent sport, and of testing the bow and rifle at their respective point-blank and corresponding proportion-

ate ranges, I sent General Wallace a friendly challenge to shoot under the following conditions: 1st, bows to shoot twenty yards against the rifles at one hundred; 2nd, bows to shoot thirty yards against the rifles at two hundred, and also forty yards against the two hundred yards' range of the rifles; 3rd, no bows over fifty pounds weight to be used. This last stipulation was on account of the breaking of my heavy bow just before the match, which necessitated shortening the bow-range from 25 yards, 40 yards and 60 yards, down to 20, 30 and 40 yards as above. The result of the match was a victory for archery at each distance over some magnificent rifle-shooting by General Wallace and Mr. Frank Snyder and Mr. Edward Voris, of his company. Captain H. H. Talbott, Will H. Thompson and myself, were the bowmen, and though Mr. Voris, of the rifles, made a score of seven successive bull's-eyes, still he was beaten by each of us. When it is considered that this was the first regular target-shooting we had ever attempted, it will be seen that it was not bad shooting though it did fall far below the best English practice.

Taking up the scores of General Wallace and myself, which were the best, a comparison discloses the following facts:

GENERAL WALLACE'S SCORE.

At 100 yards, the point-blank of his rifle.	193
" 200 " " " " "	" 109
" 200 " " second round " "	156

MY SCORE.

At 20 yards point-blank of 44 lb.-bow	200
" 30 " " " " "	184
" 40 " " " " "	146

It will be seen that at the point-blank range of the two weapons the scores are nearly the same, there being but seven points difference; while at forty yards my score is thirty-five points better than one of the general's 200 yards scores, and ten points less than his other 200 yards score. It would seem from this that the bow is quite as accurate within its range as the rifle is within its range at proportional distances.

But leaving the rifles and all other modern weapons to take care of themselves, we will now examine the results of the bow-shooting alone. Out of the thirty shots I delivered at forty yards, ten of them would have hit a rabbit placed where the gold of the target was, which is killing one rabbit out of three shots at forty yards, with a

forty-four pound bow, under all the circumstances of a public match, with the wind driving sharply across the range. Taking up the score of Mr. Will H. Thompson, who made the highest number of points at twenty yards, it shows that at thirty shots he would have killed twenty-six rabbits. Taking the score of Captain Talbott, it shows that at twenty yards he would have killed twenty-four rabbits out of thirty shots. It is but fair to estimate that at forty yards, with sixty-five pound bows we would have added twenty per cent. of points to our scores. One thing was very noticeable in our shooting: nearly all of our arrows struck just the height of the gold, the line of our hits being horizontally ranged across the center of the target, as a rule. This was owing partly to the wind, and partly, no doubt, to the excitement of the bowmen on account of the novelty of the situation.

This match shows also that target-shooting is one thing and bird-shooting quite another thing. Will and I, who rarely miss a bird at ten paces, found it impossible to keep inside a nine-inch circle with our shafts in target-shooting, at twenty. We find it vastly harder to play a respectable game at archery on the lawn than to strike down a wood-duck or a hare under the ordinary circumstances of still-hunting. Of course, after a little practice, we will easily find the target's gold, with the light beautiful arrows of Mr. Highfield; but I fear that every inch we gain on the lawn will be an ell lost in the woods, when we come to take up again our two-ounce hunting arrows! But every one cannot get away into the hunting grounds of the South and West, wherefore many must be content, if they pursue archery at all, to take their weekly bout at rovers or clout-shooting, or, better still, the thirty shots at a four-foot target standing sixty yards away, which if shot in turn by a pleasant company of five or six gentlemen and ladies make up the most charming of all games where strength, skill and grace are combined in every action. Sixty yards may seem a long range for ladies to shoot, but after a little training it is easily reached by the most delicate. In England the ladies frequently shoot a hundred yards with great accuracy. On the walls of the Royal Toxophilite banqueting room was made the following inscription: "A match was shot at Mr. Wyborough's, Branhope Hall, Yorkshire, at one hundred yards, between Miss Littledale, Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Wyborough, in which Miss Littledale was victorious.

During the shooting, which lasted three hours, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, and, what evinces superior skill, the three last hits made by Miss Littledale were all in the gold." It was the "Woodmen of the Ancient Forest of Arden," a most

cratic country this need not be the case, though I apprehend that even here clubs of archery will in some way mark the culture and wealth of the towns or cities wherein they are established. There is nothing in the sport to make it a permanent favorite



QUEEN MARY AS DIANA (WILLIAM AND MARY). FROM ETCHING IN "THE PORTFOLIO" AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY.

exclusive association of archers who first admitted ladies into the circle of their grounds as competitors for the magnificent prizes of their matches, and the result set forth in the above inscription was the legitimate fruit of the innovation. A lady won the prize by hard shooting at one hundred yards!

Archery, as a game, has always been patronized by the gentle and aristocratic circles of England, so much so, indeed, that it has come to be regarded there as almost exclusively a patrician sport. In our demo-

with the rude and rowdy elements, while there is everything in it to captivate the wild side of all refined natures.

As the time is at hand when archery will be as popular in America as it is in England and Wales it may be well to call attention to some of the old and honored rules of the craft. First then, green, gold and silver have always been the colors and the metals prized by bowmen for their badges and ornaments. A gold or silver arrow, a gold bugle-horn or a rare bow decorated with knots and handle of green silk plush

and ribbon have been the favorite prizes at their matches for the last two or three centuries at least. In August, 1802, the Royal Kentish Bowmen had a match on Dartford Heath in which the prize was a magnificent bow from India with a quiver of twelve surpassingly beautiful arrows, the whole valued at fifty guineas. This was a prize worth a hard contest. The distance shot was one hundred yards, and George Maddock Esq. was the winner by an arrow placed exactly in the center of the gold.

The center of all archery targets must be gilt and is called the gold. Around the gold and covering the rest of the target are four concentric rings which, counting from the inner one out, are colored respectively red, white, black, white. The gold counts 9, the red 7, the inner white 5, the black 3, the outer white 1. The size of the target

grass and be hopelessly lost. The best targets are those sold by Messrs. Peck and Snyder of New York City; but excellent ones may be manufactured by making rolls of timothy or blue-grass hay ten inches long and four inches thick, well bound from end to end with cotton twine, and so placed together and sewed with strong thread that a solid cylinder ten inches long and four feet in diameter is formed; this must be covered closely and evenly with strong white canvas or drilling. Over one end of this cylinder stretch and sew fast the painted target face. The result will be most satisfactory.

The best English authorities on archery—among them, Mr. Hansard, in his book on the subject—recommend that the weight of an arrow be graduated according to the following table:



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

for ordinary distances, say sixty yards and under, should be four feet in diameter, with a nine-inch gold, and it should be so set that when shooting at it your face will be about a foot above its center. But if the grass of your lawn is not closely cut then the lower your target is set the better. For if you miss by over-shooting a target set high your arrow will fly far in the tall, thick

Distance of target.	Silver weight of arrow.
30 yards.	5s. 6d.
60 yards.	4s. 6d.
90 yards.	3s. 6d.
120 yards.	3s. 6d.

But my experience and judgment have led me to use the same weight of arrow at all distances. I am sure a length is more easily kept by this rule, for if you shoot the

same kind of arrows at every distance you have but one thing, viz, elevation, to regulate; as in shooting you draw with the same power at every shot, no matter how near or far the target may be. The High-field arrows, best footed, with whole horn nocks and beveled bodkin points, with a weight about equal to 5s. silver are to my mind as near perfection as can ever be made.

The best bracer, or arm-guard, is made of heavy harness-leather and lined with quilted green silk. It is furnished with green bands of elastic tape with which to fasten it, by means of hooks and eyes or buckles of metal, around the left fore-arm. The only shooting glove I ever use is a close-fitting one of lisle thread.

Every archer should have a belt with a quiver attached, large enough to hold easily six or eight arrows. When the belt is buckled around the waist the quiver should hang pretty well back on the left side.

When an archery club or association is formed and a constitution and by-laws agreed upon, one of the first things to be done is to adopt a uniform for the members. A green coat with buff or gold lining, a scarlet waistcoat and buff trowsers, a broad felt hat with the right side of the brim pinned up with a tuft of ostrich or heron feathers floating over its crown, and fancy top-boots, make up a showy suit for a gentleman. As for the ladies, who can doubt that they will manage to deck themselves prettily for the meeting of their clubs? The following is Mr. Hansard's curt description of the dress worn by the ladies of the society called "Harley Bush Bowmen": "Robe, a judicious arrangement of white and green, white hat and feathers, shoes of grass-green. The bow and quiver slung gracefully over their shoulders." A broad green sash and belt worn with any dress whose colors will suit it is as near a uniform as a lady will need. The uniform ordered by the Prince of Wales for the Royal Kentish Bowmen consisted of "a grass-green coat, buff linings, buff waistcoat and breeches; black collar to the coat, uncut velvet in winter and tabby silk in summer, with yellow buttons." The only uniform of the Derby and Reddleston Archers is a "green coat with a black collar and a button inscribed D. A. for Derby Archers." Indeed "green is the color of the craft." The old English bowmen were a wild, jolly, rollicking set who met in the depths of the green May forests to drink and shoot and listen to merry songs such as Maid Marian

and Allan-a-Dale used to sing, and it was their fancy to trick themselves in green and gold. Robin Hood and Friar Tuck and Little John are the patron saints of archers, who, to this day, have in them something of the wild-wood-roving spirit which of old made the English forests the scene of many a jolly meeting and many a day of incomparable sport for men who were as lawless as they were generous and brave. Spring and summer are the seasons for archery, and the green and gold are for gay flower and vivid leaf, to make the archer, in dress as well as in spirit, a harmonious part of out-door nature.

From a long list furnished by Mr. Hansard in his "Book of Archery," I transcribe the following names of English, Welsh, and Scottish societies: "Woodmen of the Forest of Arden," whose prizes shot for by the lady members are a gold bugle, a gold arrow, and a turquois gold knot; the "Hertfordshire Archers,"—prize for ladies a gold heart, enriched with a bow and shaft set in diamonds; this was first won by the Marchioness of Salisbury, afterward by Lady Cornwall; the "Archers of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds;" "South Saxon Archers;" the "Royal Sherwood Archers,"—ladies' prize, presented by the Duke of Sussex, a gold bracelet of rich design, first won by Mrs. Colonel Wildman; the "Royal British Bowmen,"—prize for ladies a superb gold medallion, presented by the Prince of Wales, and first won by Lady Cunliffe at Acton Park, shooting thirty, sixty, and seventy yards; the "Richmond Archers," Yorkshire, who "have selected for their target-ground a beautiful spot on the banks of the Swale, opposite the venerable ruins of St. Agatha's Abbey"—prizes, silver arrow and silver cup; the "Herefordshire Bowmen" who hold their meetings at Moccas Court, near Bradwardine, the seat of Sir George Cornwall, Baronet. At their breakfasts, given at Archinfield House, near Hereford, between two and three hundred guests have often been invited. The "Royal Toxophilite Society" have their quarters at Regent's Park. The principal prize is presented annually by the Queen. This society owns a magnificent banquetting hall in the old English style, and the grounds are beautifully ornamented. Speaking of the banquetting hall, Mr. Hansard says: "The interior is fitted up with elegant simplicity. In the center of the apartment stands a range of oak dining-tables sufficient to accommodate the members on their occasional festivals.



THE ARCHERY CLUB ON A LARK.

dering as sweet a little stream as ever bubbled over gray boulders and variegated sand. Of course I was one of the party. It would indeed have required urgent business to have kept me at my office that day!



To the left on entering is a lofty antique chimney-piece of oak, with a dial in the center. The windows, opening on a broad veranda which encircles the whole edifice, are of richly-stained glass, proudly decorated with the heraldic bearings of its founder, his Majesty, William IV., and the Earl of Aylesford. * * Massive shields of carved oak, emblazoned with devices emblematical of archery, adorn the ceilings of this interesting apartment; and around its walls are placed a range of Aschams, ornamented with crest and coronet, as well as the colors and pattern of each archer's arrow-mark." There these merry archers are wont to meet and have a royal time; "and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Some of the archery meetings in England a few years ago were on a scale of grandeur scarcely ever equaled in public displays of any sort.

Until lately, in the United States, archery has been confined to here and there an individual enthusiast, or a little family group, whose targets are never seen by any but most familiar friends. Now that the "ice is broken," and a few societies have been formed, it may well be expected that before this summer is over some pleasant matches will have been shot in the country.

In June, 1877, a merry little company of ladies and gentlemen left my home for a short run into the country, having in mind a day's shooting in a great dusky wood, bor-

One of the "attractions" of the occasion was the huge farm-wagon in which we took

passage. The ladies were compelled to mount upon a dining-room chair, and thence upon the "hounds" of the wagon, and scramble, with our help, over the green-painted sides to their seats on the extemporized cushions of straw. I assure you we were a sight for the plow-men and other rural folk whom we met on the way. No doubt they inclined to question our sanity. But we drove on, nevertheless, down hill and up, through long lanes between green orchards and greener clover plats, now dipping into dense shady woods, and anon rattling out again into the sunlight with a yellow cloud of dust behind us, a vision of sport before us, and a merry clash of happy voices around us.

There was a sweet spring of cold water in the midst of our chosen ground, and a low sward of blue-grass carpeted the earth, overshadowed by magnificent walnut, tulip, and maple trees. Birds sang everywhere, the brooklet brawled hard by, and the merest swell of wind brought to our senses the odor of wild-flowers, and that delicious aroma of certain decaying wood called by the western country-folk sweet-knot. A goblet of spring water, washed down with a thimble full of wine, made us ready to begin the day's shooting. I forget what

was our score, but when the time came for casting up our totals to ascertain to whom the victory belonged, one of our ladies was reported absent. She was soon accounted for, however, as a moment later she emerged from a green thicket, up the little glen above the spring, bearing in one hand her bow, and in the other a rabbit, quite dead, with her

Elizabeth's time. After lunch we renewed our sport, shooting at rovers up and down the green level of the brooklet's bank, pausing now and then to watch the shoals of minnows, or pairs of sun perch disporting themselves in the liquid lights and shadows of the dimpling water, or snatching a long-range snap-shot at a green heron or wary



DRAWING THE ARROW (THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB).

arrow still sticking through its shoulders. I think her feat of archery caused her more regret than pleasure, for she declared her intention never again to shoot at living thing. But in killing that rabbit at twenty paces, she did what would have been a year's boast of many a fine lady of Queen

king-fisher. I wish my archery-loving readers many summer days like that. Our voyage home in our lumbering land-ship was as pleasant as cheery company and the soft twilight could make it. Just as we re-entered the suburbs of our little western city, the full moon, like a great golden tar-

get-disk in the sky, was shining on the glorified rim of the east, with star-points all round it like the arrow-marks of an unsuccessful archer.

Butt-shooting is a favorite game of archery in England. As its name indicates, a wall of earth is used for a target, and the center is marked by a white circular bit of pasteboard pinned on the face of the butt. The distance for gentlemen's shooting is usually 100 yards, that for ladies' 50 or 60 yards. The use of the butt is to catch the arrows that miss the white, so that they may not be lost by "snaking" in the grass. Mr. Hansard quotes Dr. Nott as saying that "the ancient public butts (the fields) were, in general, so thronged with archers, particularly at holiday times, that they raked up the surrounding turf, by the very arrows that missed, in such a manner as never to suffer the grass to grow there." Where the distance of shooting much exceeds forty yards, a marker becomes necessary, whose business it is to stand a few paces to one side near the butt, and by the following described signs indicate the effect of each arrow. Mr. Hansard says: "For the best arrow, the wand is shaken thrice above the marker's head. The second ditto, the same toward the ground. When the paper is pricked, he uncovers and bows, for the outside circle once, the white twice, the pin (that fastens the pasteboard to the butt), thrice. For over arrows, the wand moves briskly upward; for wide arrows, horizontally; for short arrows, downward. Such appears to have been the usage of centuries." In the Veal manuscript it is said that Queen Elizabeth "used the long-bow, and was, in those days, among her servants so good an archer at the butts, that her side by her was not the weaker." Many places in England formerly devoted to archery, but now given over to agriculture, are still called butt-fields. Perhaps the best appointed and most famous archery ground in the world is that of the Woodmen of Arden, though the Royal Toxophilites have expended more money upon theirs.

But how shall one become an expert and graceful archer? The answer to this question involves a concise outline of the theory and practice of bow-shooting. In my papers of last year in this magazine I gave such an outline. I may condense it all here in two words, *intelligent practice*. Study your bow and the flight of your arrows. Note the defects of your shooting and consider how

to mend them. If your habit is to shoot too low, see if you do not place your arrow-nock too high on the string and *vice versa*. If you shoot continually on one side of the target, note if your string be straight on your bow, and see if you do not twist the bow, at the point of loosing, with your left-hand. Labor to acquire steadiness in drawing, and, to do this, never over-bow yourself, *i. e.*, use a bow rather under than over your strength. It is a common mistake with beginners to place their mark too far off at first. A good way is to set your target ten feet from you, and shoot at it till at that distance you can hit the gold every shot; then remove your toe-mark, say, three feet further from the target, and as soon as you can hit the gold regularly, move again, and so on, until by daily practice and increasing the distance slowly, you have grown able to do close shooting at twenty yards. You may then begin to increase the distance three yards daily, till you are shooting sixty yards; and as soon as at this range you begin to prick the gold now and then, you may attend the public archery meetings with confidence. But you must not expect to become an accomplished archer without long and severe training. Like rowing, boxing, walking, base-ball, and all other manly sports, archery demands abstemiousness and discipline. This was well understood by the rulers and lawgivers of Great Britain in the days of her highest military glory, when a few thousand stalwart archers were laying the foundations of her people's liberties by hard shooting on many a bloody field. On the military target grounds, all distinction of rank, blood or office was lost, and yeomen and patrician mingled freely together, vying with each other in speeding the shaft. By a statute of Henry VIII., any man under the age of twenty-four years was forbidden to "shoot at any pricks, except they be rovers, whereat he shall change at every shoot his mark, upon pain to forfeit for every shoot doing the contrary, four pence. And that no person above the said age of twenty-four years shall shoot at any mark of eleven score yards or under, with any prick, shaft or flight, under pain to forfeit for every shoot, six shillings and eight pence." The object of this vigorous statute was to force all English bowmen to train at from two hundred and twenty to four hundred yards! In battle, at the latter distance, the English long-bowmen were able to do wonderful execution. It will be seen that the law, as it applied to young men under the age of

twenty-four years, had for its object precisely what is necessary to make an archer able to shoot with confidence at all ranges at which the exigencies of the chase or war might make it necessary to use his weapons.

The requisite to good archery hardest to acquire is utter concentration of thought and sight upon the object to be shot at—this more particularly at the exact point of letting go the arrow. Mr. Hansard thus graphically and accurately describes the true method of shooting: "Again, I remind you that drawing and loosing are to be performed together. Grasp your bow with the firmness of a smith's vice; draw steadily, until the steel pile of your arrow rests upon the knuckle of the bow hand, while the thumb of the drawing hand grazes against the upper part of the right ear. That instant of time, in which the sight suddenly concentrates itself upon the target's center, whilst every other object grows dark and indistinct, is the critical moment of your aim. Loose then, without a second's pause, by gently relaxing the fingers." How often I have experienced this growing "dark and indistinct" of all surrounding objects, as for a second I stood at full draw in the act of letting go an arrow at game! You are sure to hit when this happens, for your aim is absolutely accurate. Those marvelously perfect archers of old had, no doubt, the power of commanding this condition at will. It is the condition for which all bowmen should strive, and to which many may attain by judicious and regular practice. Shooting at a light by night-time is considered an excellent way to acquire the habit of concentrating one's sight on the object.

It is very difficult to find any rules at all applicable to every archer's condition. What will serve the turn of one would be impracticable for another. This much I venture: an hour's earnest practice each day for a month will make any one feel like an archer, and three months of such work will make him a fair shot at thirty yards. The longer the distance at which you can successfully practice, the better bowman you will be; for "he that can do good far shooting can do good near shooting,"—at least, so runs the saying among the craft. And, in truth, this long-range shooting is, after all, the beautiful part of archery exhibitions.

Mr. Hansard relates that the elder Mr. Waring was seen to strike "twenty successive arrows into a four-foot target, at the distance of one hundred yards. In the space of one minute he has likewise shot

twelve arrows into a mark two feet square, at forty-six yards. Mr. Crunden, now the father of the Toxophilites, aiming the same number of arrows at a sheet of paper eight inches square, put in ten successive shots



A PRIZE SHOT.

at thirty yards. And lastly, two other Toxophilites, Messrs. Troward and Green, clapt each two arrows at the same end into a six-inch-square paper six score yards off."

After this, no man need say that the bow is a mere plaything. Such shooting is rarely beaten by good riflemen off-hand from the shoulder.

Mr. Hansard recommends rabbit-shooting as a means of acquiring a quick, ready aim. I have had great experience in hare-shooting, and whether it is a good thing as a

training-lesson or no, I can vouch for the rare sport it affords. Broad-headed arrows must be used for this purpose; for though a hare is very easily killed when struck in the head, a bodkin-pointed arrow may cut right through its heart without stopping it before it dives into its burrow to die. Speaking of hare-shooting, a writer in a Western journal, reviewing my former article on bow-shooting in this magazine, took occasion to call me a pot-hunter, because I told of shooting hares in their forms. A little reflection will convince any one that it is more difficult to hit a hare with an arrow, sitting still, than to kill the same running, with an ounce of No. 8 shot from a fowling-piece. I cannot exactly see the force of the expression "pot-hunting," in this view. But, for the benefit of those very qualmish sportsmen who shoot two ounces of shot from an eight-bore gun and never kill a hare sitting when anybody is looking, I would say that for several years my brother and I have killed most of our hares running. Nor is this all. We have killed a great many birds on the wing. To prepare ourselves for wing-shooting, we practice at six-inch balls thrown from a trap. But of course we never shoot at a bird flying if we can get it to sit still long enough for a shot.

I do not pretend to compare the bow, for mere death-dealing certainty, with the shot-gun nor yet with the rifle. It is because guns are *too* destructive that I the more strenuously advocate archery.

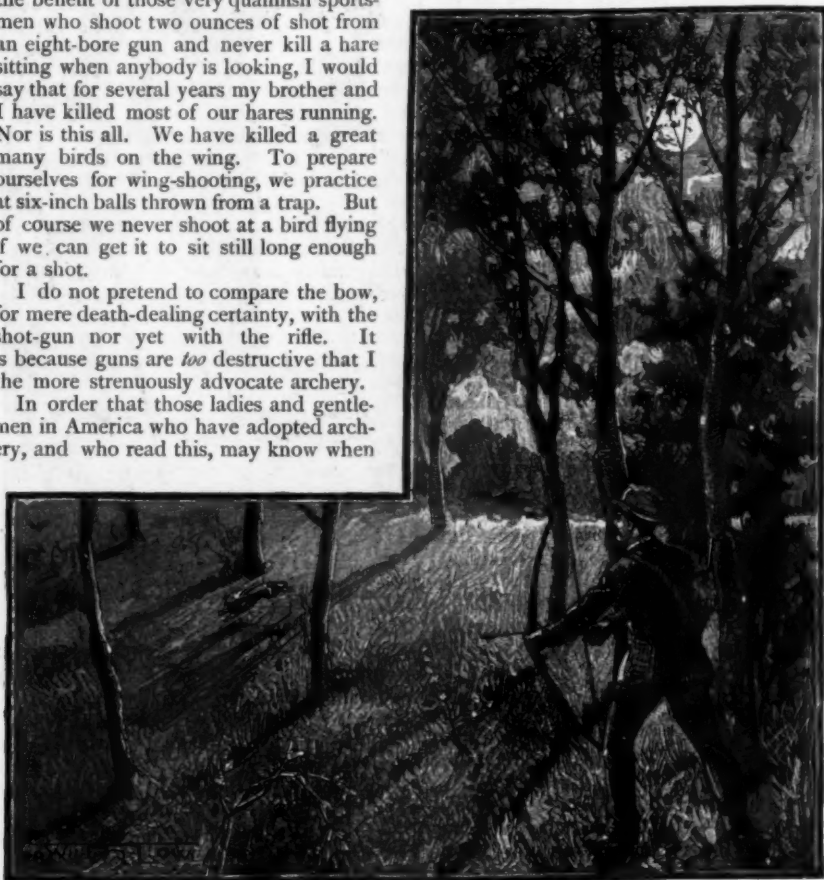
In order that those ladies and gentlemen in America who have adopted archery, and who read this, may know when

in their practice they are approaching the score of a good English team, I will transcribe one or two of the individual totals at some English matches—distance 100 yards.

Names of Shooters.	Score.	Hits.	No. of Shots.
Mr. Marsh (of Clapton) . . .	286	70	210
Mr. Moore (West Serks) . . .	285	75	210
Mr. Watts	253	unknown	210

The last of the above scores was made in a high wind. So, whenever you are shooting 100 yards, and out of seventy hits count 250 or upward, you may be sure you are doing well. The target used was four feet diameter with nine-inch gold.

But I wish to encourage wild-wood archery, as well as the target game and matches. If ladies do not care to shoot at



SHOOTING HARES BY MOONLIGHT.

birds, and I confess it is better for them not to like killing anything, let them go to the woods, the close-shaven meadows or the sandy beech, and shoot—at rovers. There can be no prettier sight than blessed my eyes not long ago, when I saw a beautiful lady accompanied by her boy, both armed with tasteful bows and quivers, leisurely strolling through a maple grove near their home, shooting at whatever offered a tempting mark. But the birds were not alarmed, for no shaft flew at them. The prattle of mother and child was sweeter than any bird-song.

In my other paper I described how Will approached and killed a heron. Let me now picture him, as he appeared to me once, in the act of shooting at a green-winged teal, on a shallow little Florida lake.

I was wading down a narrow shoal lagoon, and had just crept softly through a dense line of giant water-weeds and grass, when I chanced to spy a lonely teal some hundred or so yards off, and at the same moment Will appeared on a point of hummock and prepared to shoot at the bird from the cover of a clump of palms. It would be a pleasantly bizarre painting which would truthfully represent the scene in all its peculiarities of feature and color. The archer's attitude, his dress of greenish tweed, green belt and quiver of red and white feathered arrows, his broad drab hat with looped up brim, and the vivid tints of the foliage against which he appeared, made a strikingly picturesque composition of novel outline and gay colors. Each separate stem in the cluster of palms had been caught in the embrace of a rubber-tree, and at the top, the fronds and feathers of the one, and the clear green leaves of the other of the trees thus almost hideously bound together produced a strange effect, while curious parasites clung here and there in the network, the fiery fingers of the empiphytes pointing in every direction, like spikes of real flame, and down among the roots grew rank ferns and spears of variegated saw-grass, all interwoven with flowering creepers and strange weeds. In the foreground a weedy lake, with just enough water to swim a fowl; in the background a solid wall of foliage; dark avenues on this hand, leading away to blackness; on the other hand bright glimpses, the merest hints of green savannahs or grass prairies. Will threw himself into the position of an archer at 'ready' and drew a light hunting-arrow to the head. The teal was full 60 yards from him, and sitting quite still; standing thus in the attitude

of a full draw for a long shot, an archer, if he be at all natural and sincere in his work, always presents a striking picture of perfect muscular and mental tension. The right foot is planted firmly, the left advanced nearly a half pace, with the upper portion of the body slightly leaning backward, the left arm thrust out almost straight on a line with the shoulders, the face turned square over the left, and the right hand drawn above the right shoulder, in the position of that of a boxer ready to strike a straight blow, excepting that the arrow-fingers are a little elevated, being on a line with the ear. The features are rigid, and give every evidence of intense concentration of thought. The eyes are fixed eagerly, almost fiercely, on the point of aim. You see the muscles, knotted on the right shoulder and arm, quiver a little under the powerful strain, then for a second or two, settle into utter rigidity. The time is come. The recoil follows sharply on the loosing of the string, and the arrow, with a sound once heard never forgotten, cuts the air like a ray of light. For the few moments occupied in delivering his shot, I watched Will with all the pride a master feels when a favorite pupil at last surpasses him. His work was perfection. Self-control, deliberate movement, steady nerve and a faultless poise, marked him an accomplished archer. He was a fine figure, fitly framed in the setting of flower-spikes, and grasses, and ferns, and palms,—a merry bowman in a merry tropic land.

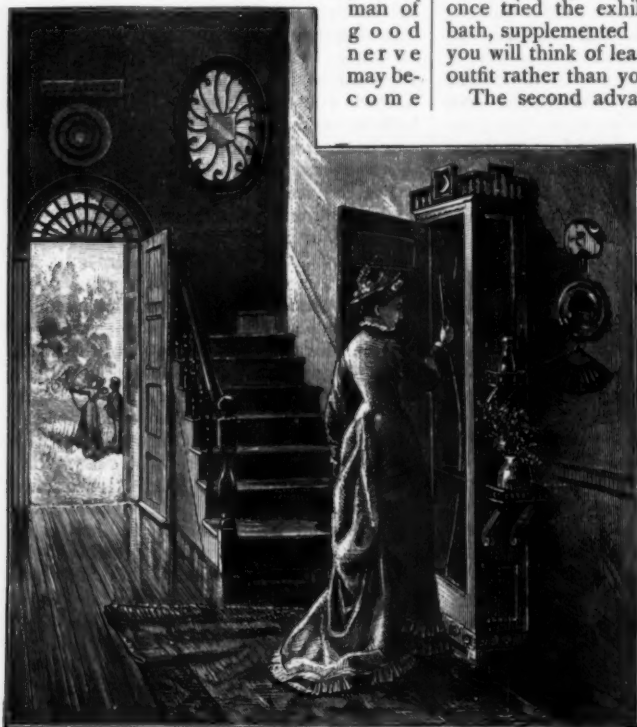
"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at his array!"

But, after all, he did not hit his bird! Here, however, comes in the beauty of archery. He hit so close to the teal, and so hard, that the water flew in little jets of spray all over it, and, in an ecstasy of convulsive flight, away it went! That miss was almost equal to a hit in its pleasurable effect on the bowman and the observer. I took off my hat and hallooed my applause, till the forests rang again, and some long-legged aquatic birds awoke from their dreams in the tall grass, and flapped lazily away across the lake.

I wish it understood that, in relating these hunting experiences, I purposely select the longest and best shots we have ever made, and that the innumerable short-range hits and the misses at every distance, are passed by in silence. My object is to give practical examples of the possibilities of archery. From my experience I have been

drawn to the conclusion that forty yards is about the fair medium range for accurate shooting with the long-bow, and that one hundred and twenty-five yards is the extreme distance for anything like probable success at game as a rule. At twenty-five

yards a man of good nerve may become



THE ASCHAM.

absolutely certain of his mark. As to the force and penetration of an arrow, they vary of course with the strength of the bow; but sixty pounds will drive an ounce-and-a-half broad-headed arrow through a deer at the shoulders seventy-five yards from the archer, whilst the same power will send a light bodkin-pointed shaft through a turkey or goose at one hundred and fifty yards.

Turning again to archery as a game for pastime and recreation, I wish to press advantages over croquet, badminton, lawn-tennis, and all like games. First, it requires no stooping, which, for ladies, is a deleterious thing to health, as it tends to compress the vital organs and to interfere with digestion and the circulation of the blood. In shooting, you stand erect and

every motion tends to expand the chest and stimulate the vital centers by promoting free circulation of the blood, and deep, healthful respiration. This, in the pure air of the country or sea-side, is the best possible medicine for persons whose delicate chests give warning of pulmonic weakness. Having once tried the exhilarating effect of a sea-bath, supplemented by an hour's shooting, you will think of leaving off any part of your outfit rather than your archery tackle.

The second advantage possessed almost

solely by archery as a game for ladies, is the development of muscular power necessary to success in its practice. Even a very weak bow will, if used constantly, soon double a lady's strength of arm and chest, thus adding symmetry and grace to her figure, reducing tendency to corpulence and rounding out attenuated muscles.

A word about how to take care of archery tackle. A good bow is much harder to get than to spoil. When you have obtained one you must realize the importance of keeping it as long as possible. There is but one way to do this. You must

have it, at all times, as dry as tinder. Moisture or the hint thereof must never touch even its outer coat of varnish. "How then do you hunt with the bow in all kinds of weather?" you pertinently ask. I am not talking of hunting-bows now. I am speaking of those beautiful and valuable things made by Mr. Highfield, mentioned before in this paper. As to hunting-bows to stand all kinds of weather, a home-made one of mulberry-wood is the best possible, and in fact such a weapon is little inferior to the best lance-wood or lemon-wood, English make. A cover of heavy green baize is considered best for a fine bow, and a well-lined ascham is the place in which to keep it. What is an ascham? It may be a plain walnut or oak box, or it may be one of the costliest bits of hall fur-

niture. It must be tall enough to receive the longest bow, and roomy enough to contain the archer's entire outfit. The ornamental finish may be of the richest kind of carving, done after designs to suit the owner's taste. The interior may be arranged on any plan to fitly accommodate the bows, arm-guards (bracers), clout-cards, quivers, arrows, belts, trophies and knickknacks pertaining to shooting; and a peep into it will always be a pleasant treat to visiting friends. An ascham should always be lined throughout with strong green woolen cloth to exclude moisture, though I have never in any work on archery seen this spoken of. One thing is sure, a fine backed bow will soon spoil by being left uncovered in a room where a constant fire is not kept, no matter how apparently dry it may seem, and as most of the best English self-bows (so called) are made of two pieces glued together at the handle, the same effect is wrought upon them as upon the backed weapons, by an imperceptible accumulation of moisture destroying the power of the glue. It was from this cause that Will and I lost each a fine strong bow, just before shooting the match with the rifles, which compelled us to use bows entirely too light for the purpose. A plain ascham of the style indicated in the drawing can be made by any cabinet-maker or carpenter.

A bow should have put on it a coating



A BUTT.

of fine oil varnish or French polish as often as its surface indicates the slightest tendency to a fracture of the gloss put on it by the bowyer.

A hunting-bow, to stand exposure to every kind of weather, may be of any kind of bow timber, but must be kept constantly saturated with oil. My practice is to dry my bow thoroughly every night when in the woods, and then rub it for a half hour with a woolen rag soaked in boiled linseed oil, which has had a little tallow and beeswax added to it; but the oil is well enough by itself. Hunting-arrows, also, must be attended to just as carefully as the bows. A thick coat of rubber glue between the feathers will keep out moisture from the glue that fastens them on, and the stele (*i. e.* the shaft) may be oiled.

But the real Bowman is as much so by birth as the real poet. He intuitively knows what to do for the safety of his favorite weapons. Indeed the whole process of archery is more easily learned than taught. The finer shades of its most difficult achievements, such, for instance, as that of nicely allowing for the effect of the wind upon an arrow's flight, are caught by the inexplicable operations of experience and memory, and are often so cleverly executed by the expert that the result seems something next to unaccountable. To note this, go stand near the target and let a good Bowman place himself sixty yards away. Let the wind be pouring heavily across the range at about right angles with the line of his arrows' flight. Watch him narrowly now as he makes ready to shoot. His left hand, clasping the bow, is elevated so that the arrow makes an angle of several degrees with a horizontal drawn through the archer's right hand, and its point also sets in toward the wind, so that when loosed, if it should fly off at a true tangent, it would miss the whole target far above and to the side next the wind. Surely, you think, that shaft can never touch the mark. But when the cord rings, and the arrow springs away, you see the line of its flight,—a trajectory double-curved,—and with amazing accuracy it drops with a dull thud right into the very gold. One must have a perfect judgment of distance, the strength of his bow, the weight of his arrow, the resistance of his arrow-feather to the wind, and the force and direction of the wind-current, all at once, to do this. But time and again you will see it performed by a good Bowman, with as much ease as if he were shooting with a rifle.

Let us go, now, and take a few shots by way of commencement. The weather is fine, and somehow I feel as if every shaft will find the gold.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"PLEASE, ROXY, DON'T LET HIM GO."

CHAPTER XXX.

LOVE AND GRAMMAR.

On the day following Roxy's infare, Mr. Adam took Mr. Whittaker down to Miss Rachel Moore's rooms, and, in defiance of all the customs of the time, was married privately, with no witnesses but Mark and Roxy. Miss Moore would have liked a little more of ceremony, a few friends, and some little show. But when Mr. Adams told her that people of their age would better be married without any nonsense, she answered, "Very likely, very likely, my dear Mr. Adams! che-he-he."

On the night of the infare at Bonamy's, some of the young fellows who were not invited, showed their wit by perpetrating a transposition—that joke that is as old as sign-boards themselves. No doubt in Babylon sign-boards were changed round at

night so as to make good Assyriac puns and other such jokes.

And what mischievous boys probably did in Babylon in B. C. 1841, that they certainly did in Luzerne in A. D. 1841. For Mr. Adams, on the morning on which he was to be married, found over his shoe-shop door a sign which read, "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantua-maker," and Rachel Moore came near snickering her head off with mingled shame and pleasure to find "T. Adams, Boot and Shoe-maker," at her place of business. It was characteristic of Adams that he let the signs remain as they were that day. Only he had the wedding earlier in the day, telling Rachel that when they were married the joke would be spoiled. To which she replied that she thought it very likely indeed. At any rate she willingly conspired to spoil the joke.

But the old man was resolved that the

joke should go no further. Hearing that he was to be shivered that night, according to the usage by which widowers, and old maids, and all whose weddings are eccentric, are serenaded with skillet lids, and "dumb-bells," and "horse-fiddles," and bells, and tin pans, he put a stop to it in his own fashion. He borrowed a double-barrel shot-gun, and carried it ostentatiously down the main street. When Tom Pilman, the rough who led all such serenading parties, saw him pass, and hailed him with: "Hello, Adams! What you going to do with that gun?" he made answer, "We're going to have a serenade at our house to-night, and a coroner's inquest in the morning." The empty gun stood peacefully in a corner that night, and there was no shiverer.

Mrs. Rachel wanted to continue her business, and Adams gave consent. There was a dignity and authority about her position as modiste, which she did not like to surrender. She thought she would rather keep "help" to do the work at home, and go on as usual, dealing in ribbons, and bonnets, and general intelligence. Only her husband stipulated that her sign must be changed.

"Millinery and Mantua-maker," he said, sneeringly. "Why, you aren't for sale, Rachel, are you?"

"Very likely, Mr. Adams," she said, in a blissful and absent-minded titter.

"Why, Rachel, you must have lost your wits!"

"Very likely. Che-he-he!"

"But the sign must be changed so as to read 'Milliner and Mantua-maker.' Don't you think it ought to be changed?"

"Very likely. The 'Miss' ought to be changed to 'Mrs.' now. Che-he-he!"

Poor Miss Moore had dreamed so long of that change.

"That would make you Mrs. Moore," said Adams. "Aren't you going to take my name?"

"Oh yes! I forgot. I'm Mrs. Adams. It seems so strange to change a lady's name—che-he—for the first time, you know. Now you're used to it, you know. Oh! I forgot—che-he—he—men don't—che-he—he—change their names, do they?"

Adams gave up making her understand his scruples of grammar, at least until she should recover from the idiocy of her honeymoon. He had the sign changed, however, and Mrs. Rachel Adams read it every time she approached the little shop, in a glad endeavor to impress it on her own mind

that her reproach among women was taken away, and that she was an old maid no longer, but on a par with any other "Mrs." in town.

In the matter of finding a help, Mr. Adams consulted Jemima, whom he met in the street. Did she know anybody that he could get?

"Yes, I 'low I do," she answered.

"A real good-tempered person and trustworthy?" asked Adams.

"Awful trustworthy, and crusty enough to keep you company any day, Mr. Adams."

"Well, who is it?" said the shoe-maker. "If she'll only quarrel with me, I don't care. I'd like a little quarreling, and you can no more quarrel with Rachel than you can with sunshine itself. Who is it that you mean?"

"The fust letters of her name's Jemima Dumbleton, and she's got a powerful dislike to the male sect in particular, and to most men in general."

"Would you leave Henrietta?"

"I'd rather leave'r not. I dislike the male sect, but Henrietta I dislike on her own particular account. She's too good for me."

Adams was pleased to get Jemima, and immensely gratified at having a chance to defy Mrs. Hanks at the same time. Poor subdued Mrs. Rachel was shocked. To brave Mrs. Hanks was too much. But Adams told her that now she was his wife, she must hold up her head and show her independence, or Henrietta would run right over her. "You're a married woman now, Rachel," he concluded.

At which Rachel smiled audibly, and answered, "Very likely, my dear."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ATTEMPT TO FORECLOSE.

THE little teapot of Luzerne society had been agitated during the two weeks of preparation for the marriage by surmises in regard to the ulterior purpose of Colonel Bonamy in consenting to Mark's wedding. Roxy, and even offering him help conditioned on his marriage. To pious people it seemed a special interference of Providence in favor of Texas. But not so to the sage and sagacious Lathers. He knew nothing about Providence—he felt distinctly his moral inability to understand God's way of doing things, though if he thought about God at all it was doubtless as one who was a good

deal shrewder in carrying his selfish ends than men were in achieving theirs. To him God and the devil were playing a series of games, and though the former might now and then let the latter gain a few points, it was only for the sake of making the play interesting, and of finally beating the devil into utter bankruptcy and locking him up in perdition for a thousand years. But if Lathers could not see through the ways of Providence so well as some of his townsmen, he thought he did know something about Colonel Bonamy.

"I say, watch out fer the devil when he is playin' possum," said Lathers. "But what the dickens Colonel Bonamy's doin' now, I can't see. Him help the missionary work? Not him. That aint his side of the question. Wait till you see this game out. Wait till he begins to play the aces he's got up his sleeve. Now, liker'n not the old man's goin' to git married to some young wife, er run fer Congress, and he wants Mark away off among the Egyptians in the land of Babylon, an' the like. I'm purty good at guessin', now,—I've knowed Colonel Bonamy nigh onto twenty-four year, an' he's powerful deep. Now you jest watch out fer him, will you, and see ef he don't do somethin' like I say."

But Lathers was far out of the way. Colonel Bonamy began to urge first on Mark and then on Roxy that they should postpone their journey.

"Better put it off till New-Year's. It isn't safe going to that climate so early," he said.

But the enthusiastic Roxy was hard to manage. Mark was impatient to be away, as any active-minded young man is impatient to set out upon the achievement of his purposes. He would have yielded readily enough however, notwithstanding his impatience; for, since his father's management of Nancy, he felt a certain confidence in the friendliness of his purposes. But the dire danger of souls without a shepherd oppressed the soul of Roxy. It was pleasant to her to enjoy, here in her own town, the devotion of Mark, the fine-looking young husband of her heart; but, because it was pleasant, the austere girl was eager to surrender it. Perhaps, too, there was in her mind some latent dread lest an easy temper like Mark's might not hold firmly fixed a severe resolution not immediately put into execution. So she resisted energetically, and with success, the influence of Colonel Bonamy's persuasions on the mind of Mark. If he did

not go at the time appointed, Roxy urged, the bishop would not want him at all. Indeed, this uncertainty and complexity of motive drove the straightforward Roxy into an irritable energy of temper which was a surprise to herself. She longed to be where she could act again directly toward a definite aim.

All the time that this discussion was being waged, and Colonel Bonamy was seeking some means of detaining Mark without a point-blank refusal to keep his agreement in the matter of furnishing money, Mark was supposed to be engaged in studies preparatory to his ministrations among the Texans. Wesley's "Sermons," and Watson's "Institutes of Theology" were especially prescribed; but to a man of Mark's animal spirits and glowing feelings, the clear-cut and severely unrhethorical sentences of Wesley seemed uninteresting, while the long-linked reasoning of Watson, by which it was clearly demonstrated that foreknowledge was not fore-ordination, even where God himself was the foreknower, was decidedly dry. He liked better a copy of Maffit's "Sermons," then fresh from the press, and full of far-resounding bombast about the stage-fixings of the day of judgment. But he managed to get on in the arduous task of reading Wesley and Watson, by dint of reclining laboriously on the bed, while Roxy sat by the window and read to him, putting something of the fire of her own enthusiasm into Wesley's grave and simple diction, and changing Watson's abstruse speculations almost into poetry by the illumination of her imagination.

On Sundays, Mark exercised himself in preaching in the country school-houses. The young missionary was quite the lion, and the crowds of listening people that came to hear him, and, above all, the eyes of his young wife, stimulated him to addresses of much warmth. They seemed to Mark far better than Wesley's.

Meantime Colonel Bonamy drew the reins tighter on his son. Now that Mark was married, he could not go to Texas on the pittance the church would pay, and the father had some difficulty in remembering that he had made any definite promise in the matter. At most, he could not raise the money before midwinter, and as he did not believe in their going to the South until January, he was not going to hurry himself. People who were going to be dependent should not be too domineering about it.

Slowly, as the old colonel began to hint that preaching in Indiana would do just as well, Mark perceived his duplicity; and, by degrees, he came to understand that his father had not intended to have him go to Texas at all. No man of Mark's spirit likes to be managed, and when once the scheme by which he had been encouraged to marry for the sake of keeping him at home dawned upon him, all his pride and combativeness were carried over to Roxy's side of the question.

"I am going to start to Texas by the 'Duke of Orleans,'" he said one day, with great positiveness. "She will leave Cincinnati about the middle of October."

"Well," said the old man in a whining drawl, under which he always covered any expression of defiance—"Well, if you go in the middle of October, instead of waiting until the time I have set, you must not expect me to keep you from starving. You'll have to look out for yourselves."

"That's just what we've made up our minds to," rejoined the son. "If we can't live on what missionary money we are to have, we will scratch for a living, like other poor emigrants."

"You can't pay your traveling expenses out there," said the old man.

"By selling my horse, and some other things, I can get there."

"And ride afoot when you get there, eh?"

"Well, I'm going. That's the long and short of it."

"Well, you can go to the devil, for all of me," said the old man, turning sharply away.

Mark was resolved not to be the dupe of his father, and Roxy, for her part, was rather pleased with the prospect of extreme poverty in the mission work. It filled her ideal. Indeed Colonel Bonamy was in every way disappointed in Roxy. She did not seem at all afraid of him, nor in the least conscious that she had married above her station, and she showed a resistance to his domineering will that was beyond anything he had imagined possible. His interviews in private with his daughter-in-law were a succession of defeats. She even showed, on occasion, a temper that seemed to him quite inconsistent with her general saintliness.

But Colonel Bonamy had not yet "played out his game," as he phrased it.

"Mark," he began, as they two sat together in the office one day, "you never asked me how I came out with your Rocky Fork girl."

"She's none of mine," said Mark.

"She shows rather strong proofs of your liking for her. You don't give your watch-seals and Testaments to every young convert, do you? Now, if Nancy were to bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage, these things might play the deuce with you. And she would have done it if it hadn't been for me. I kept the facts out of Lathers's hands, and I had hard work to keep her from coming in and making a row at the infare. If you and Mrs. Roxy are too stubborn, I don't know but that I'd better just let things take their course. I think you'd hardly set out on a mission to Texas with such charges against you." The old man emphasized this with a sinister laugh, very provoking to the other.

"You'd look well, setting such charges a-going against your own son," retorted Mark, reflecting that his father's family pride was protection enough from the execution of that threat.

But he was not at ease. Secretly he feared Nancy. Since his wedding, he had twice seen her at a distance in Luzerne, and had turned out of his way to keep from meeting her. This fear of Nancy was alone enough to determine him to get away to Texas by the next New Orleans boat. But at the same time, he dreaded an open break with his father. He knew the old man's love of mastery, and he did not know how far it might carry him. He no longer insisted that he was going, whether or no. The senior was lulled into security by his silence, believing that the enemy wavered, and that he should yet carry the day. And as days went by, with no visible preparations for his son's departure, the colonel thought that he was gaining time; and, since the others did not speak of it, he treated the matter as though it were tacitly settled as he wished.

But Mark had secretly sold his horse, had sent word by a friend to the captain of the steamboat "Duke of Orleans," then lying at Cincinnati, asking him to stop at Luzerne to take him and his wife aboard. Roxy's preparations were all made, but she did not like the secrecy which Mark enjoined. She could not bear to do right as though she were doing wrong.

As the time approached for him to depart, Mark felt that the storm would be all the more severe when it did burst upon him, and that he could not much longer keep the matter a secret, for all the brethren in the church wanted to know about it, and

they would wish to hold a farewell meeting on the coming Sunday. But he was relieved of all debate on the way in which he should communicate the matter to his father, by the accident that Lathers heard of the sale of his horse, and forthwith sauntered into Colonel Bonamy's office.

"Is Mark reelly goin', Colonel?" he began.

"Do you think he is, yourself?" retorted the old man, with a sudden suspicion that Lathers knew more than he did.

"I don't know what to think," said the sheriff. "Sometimes it seems like as ef he wuz, and then ag'in more like as ef he wuzn't."

"I'd a little rather he'd stay, Major, but I suppose he'll go," said Bonamy, affecting indifference.

"Did you know he'd sold his hoss and saddle?"

This was a thunder-clap to the colonel, but he did not let Lathers see the inward start it gave him.

"I believe he has sold several things. He didn't consult me, and I haven't asked who bought it."

"Done kind o' on the sly, wuzn't it?"

"He's a fool if he does things on the sly from me. He'll have to depend on me when he gets out there."

"Well, I heerd Ben Plunkett sayin' that he'd bought, but wuzn't to say anything about it till the time come. An' I thought a father ought to know what's goin' on in his own family."

"Oh, well, I know pretty well, Major, how the land lies. If they will be fools, let 'em. It's no lookout of mine."

Lathers left the office, but he was gratified to observe from the next street-corner, on which he had taken up a stand of observation, that the colonel went home soon afterward.

"Mark 'll ketch it now," he chuckled all his innate love of mischief being tickled by the consciousness of having exploded a mine at a safe distance from himself.

Colonel Bonamy was bitterly disappointed at having all his ambitious hopes of Mark overturned, and doubly chagrined that the whole village had now guessed out his motive in consenting to Mark's wedding Tom Adams's daughter. In conceding so much, and in employing all his art to defeat Nancy Kirtley, he had only rendered his own humiliation the more complete.

He found Mark and Roxy in their own room, in the midst of preparations for going, and poured upon them, for half an

hour, the fiercest and most sarcastic things he could say, all uttered in his irritating, whining drawl. Mark was a coward, the colonel snarled. He had meant, if they *must* go, to keep his promise. But a man guilty of sneaking disobedience and ingratitude toward his father, wasn't fit to be a missionary. He would corrupt the people of Texas. It was in vain that Roxy tried to take the blame upon herself; the colonel's aristocratic gallantry did not forsake him for a moment. He gently waved her aside, and continued to berate Mark; for indeed he knew well that a wife would rather be scolded than have her husband denounced. Mark did not receive this lecture in the meekest way. Even Roxy could not restrain him, and he replied with a vehemence that brought both the sisters into the room.

Seeing that he prevailed nothing, and having wrought himself into a passion that put diplomacy out-of-doors, Colonel Bonamy, who gave himself credit for his dignified forbearance in not speaking a rude word to his daughter-in-law, did not mind saying words—sometimes with a keener edge for her than a personal insult would have had.

"It was of much use that I interfered to keep that Kirtley girl from giving you trouble," he said to Mark. "She would have stopped your wedding if I had let her. Didn't she stand out behind the garden and storm at you and Roxy by the hour on the night of the infare, and didn't it take both Whittaker and myself to quiet her?"

Mark turned pale at this, but extreme anger generally puts on an appearance of calmness.

"You know there is no truth in what she says, and yet you throw out innuendoes here in the presence of my wife and my sisters. We will leave your house right off, sir, and never sleep here again."

But here Janet caught hold of Mark, and then of her father, and then of Roxy, and begged them not to part in that way. She carried her tears and sobs round, and they were effectual. For, if a man will not listen to a crying woman's entreaty out of pity, he may yet yield because he hates a scene. See, for example, the story of the unjust judge.

"Mark's going away forever," pleaded the tender-hearted Janet. "Now, don't send him off this way. Don't go to-night, Mark. Please, Roxy, don't you let him go." And then she stopped and sobbed on Roxy's neck, and Roxy began to feel that

her burden was more than she could bear. She had strengthened herself against poverty and barbarism; but what are poverty and barbarism to scolding men and crying women?

"I didn't send him," said the old man. "It's only his way of treating his father." Then, softening a little, he said: "Come, Mark, don't let's quarrel any more. Of course I know the Kirtley story is all a lie. I oughtn't to have mentioned it, but you are so stubborn. Don't leave the house; it'll make trouble."

Without waiting for a reply, Colonel Bonamy went out, reflecting, with considerable satisfaction, that, go where she would, Roxy would be nettled by thoughts of Nancy Kirtley, and that the knowledge that Whitaker had heard Nancy's story, would multiply the trouble. The more he meditated on it, the more did he think his allusion to the Kirtley matter a master-stroke. "She'll be sorry she ever crossed me," he said.

Still, he could not but see that he had lost ground by his passion. He had set all his son's pride and anger in favor of going, and he had given the stubborn Roxy new motives for seeking a mission in Texas without delay.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE OVERTHROW OF BOTH.

THE oldest son of the Bonamy family, the namesake of the father, had "turned out bad," as the village phrase ran. He was vicious from the beginning. Much money and many beech switches were wasted in vain attempts to beat the Latin paradigms into him against his inclination. He was sent away to boarding-school after awhile, but the education he got there only made matters worse. When at last Colonel Bonamy stopped giving him money in order to throw him on his own resources, he preferred to live on other people's resources and so became a gambler, in New Orleans, the Sodom of that day; after shooting a fellow-blackleg in an affray he sailed thence to Brazil and was never afterward heard from. The second son, a lad of promise, died in childhood. It would be hardly fair to say that all the old man's affection had centered itself in Mark. All his family pride and fierce ambition were concentrated in the boy. He rejoiced to discover in him as he grew up a fine force and fire in declamation, which was lacking in himself. He was sure that with his own

knowledge of law and his shrewd "management" he could, by the help of Mark's eloquent delivery, maintain his ascendancy at the bar to the last, and bequeath to his son the property and the distinction of the family. This was his whole dream of immortality. He had looked on Mark's Whiggery as rather a good thing—both parties would be represented in the firm. He was rather glad of his sudden religious turn for the reason assigned in Watts's hymn, that it would save him "from a thousand snares, to mind religion young." When he got old he could take care of himself. At present Colonel Bonamy thought it a good thing in that it would check a tendency to dissipation that had given him uneasiness. He had thought favorably of Roxy in turn as an antidote to the Texan fever, and as one likely to make an economical wife, and restrain all wrong tendencies in her husband. For Colonel Bonamy hated all sin that interfered with success and no other. But now this Texas fool's-errand was a rock likely to wreck all his hopes and send him into old age disappointed and defeated.

Is it any wonder that during the last week before the coming of the "Duke of Orleans," every sort of persuasion, scolding, contention, persistent worrying and continual badgering were put in force against the young people, to weary them out of their purpose? Offers of property, persuasions by Mrs. Hanks, coaxings by Janet, remonstrances by Mr. Adams, were brought to the front through the scheming of the colonel. But in vain. Roxy would not disobey the heavenly voice for any entreaty; and Mark also good-naturedly credited himself with much martyr-like endurance. He had gone too far to yield now. Though, indeed, lying lazily there in the quiet coolness of the old brick house, listening to the rustle of the poplar leaves, hearing the old long clock ticking slowly its sixty beats a minute, soothed by the "chook, chook!" of the red-bird under the window, and the distant music of the blue-bird on the fence-stakes, flattered by the loving devotion of the most superb woman he had ever known, there were times when he wished that he and Roxy might give over the hardness of Texas and remain in the comfort and dignity that surrounded them. He might even have proposed the matter tentatively to Roxy had it not been for a fear of annoyance from Nancy Kirtley. He was young and active and at times zealous. Toil and hardship he could endure, but annoyance,

entanglement and perplexity were grievous to him.

As for Roxy, she was in ever deepening trouble. Her father's scoldings and persuasions disturbed, her aunt's preachment angered her. She could not look at Bobo, whose education must now be arrested entirely, without the bitterest regret. The poor fellow seemed to have caught some vague notion of the impending trouble, from words he had heard.

"What will Bobo do when Roxy's gone?" she heard him repeat dejectedly, but whether he fully understood a saying that he echoed in this way she could not tell. Sometimes a sharp pang of doubt crossed her mind whether it were her duty to leave the little garden of Bobo's mind to cultivate an unpromising patch in the great wilderness of heathendom. But then the great thought of soul-saving perplexed her logic as it has that of many another. Bobo would go to heaven anyhow, but how about the people in Texas? Then, too, there was Mark's ability of which she more and more felt herself the keeper. She must not thwart his great destiny. But in all these perplexities she had to stand alone. She could not support herself on Mark; his heroic resolutions leaned more and more for support upon her. She could not go to Twonnet. There was no one to ask.

Colonel Bonamy was restrained by his conventional gallantry from scolding Roxy, but no gallantry kept him from scolding at her. And no gallantry checked the innuendoes of Amanda, who held Roxy a sort of intruder in the family. But Amanda heartily hoped that Mark would take himself off to Texas if he wanted to go. She did not care to have either him or his wife at home to interfere with her mastery of things. And, indeed, the haughtiness of Amanda did not disturb Roxy so much as the tearful entreaties of Janet, whom she loved now with her whole girl's heart. Janet came into the place that Twonnet had occupied. She had so taken her color from Roxy that she had even braved her sister's scorn in making an attempt to take up the teaching of Bobo. But no patience or tact less than Roxy's could effect that.

Along with all of Roxy's other troubles she found herself a prey to what seemed to her a mean feeling, and this was a new and bitter experience for one struggling to lead the highest and most ideal life. She was unable any more to think of that dark Kirtley girl with composure. It pained her

to recall how lustrous were her black eyes, how magnificent her *tout ensemble*. What truth was there behind Colonel Bonamy's hints? Had Nancy Kirtley any claim on Mark? Her growing knowledge of the vain and self-indulgent element in her husband's disposition did not re-assure her. The only feeling in her heart that rivaled her religious devotion was her passionate love for Mark, and in proportion to her love was her desire to be sure of her entire possession. Lurking in a dark corner of her mind into which she herself was afraid and ashamed to look, was a suspicion that served as a spur to her pious resolution to carry the Texas mission into execution at once.

The farewell meeting was duly appointed to be held on the last Sunday that Mark was to be in Luzerne, but on Saturday morning Haz Kirtley's dray rattled up in front of Colonel Bonamy's door. The drayman called Mark out and told him that "the w'arf-master had just heerd from the 'Duke.' She laid all last night at Warsaw takin' on a hundred bar'ls of whisky, and would be down this evenin' about four o'clock."

So the farewell meeting must be given up. Haz was to call for the boxes and trunks at two o'clock that afternoon.

As for Nancy, she was not capable of forming any plan for detaining Mark except that of trying to regain her influence over him, and this seemed impossible since he steadily avoided meeting her, and she was dreadfully afraid on her part of a collision with the Colonel. But when at last she heard that Mark was about going she determined at least to gratify the resentment of wounded vanity. She put the Testament and the watch-seal in her pocket and took her stand on the wharf-boat at noon. When all the curiosity-seekers and all the church members should stand around to tell Brother Bonamy good-bye, she would make her speech, exhibit her trophies and thus "send that hateful Adams girl away with the biggest kind of a bumble-bee in her bonnet." And so for hours she paced up and down the wharf waiting for the arrival of the "Duke of Orleans."

The persistent Colonel Bonamy had not shown his usual self-control in his present defeat. Perhaps this was because it was the most notable and exasperating overthrow he had known; perhaps some oncoming nervous weakness—some gradual giving way of brain-texture—in a man of sixty, whose

life had been one of continual strain and excitement, had something to do with it. At any rate he now lost all self-restraint; and, what was the more remarkable, even something of his sense of conventional propriety. He stormed, and at last raved, at both Mark and Roxy.

"Never expect me to help you. Never expect me to write to you. Never come back here again. I will not have anything to do with you. You are no son of mine. I renounce you, now and forever!"

"Oh, please, sir," said Roxy, "please don't feel that way. We are only trying to do our duty. Mark loves you, and I love you. Please forgive us for giving you so——"

"Begone!" She had taken hold of his arm in her earnestness, and he now shook off her hand as though it were a snake. For either because there was a possibility of feeling on his part, or because there was not, Colonel Bonamy could not endure to have any appeal made to his emotions. "Begone! I don't want to see or hear of you again. Get out of the house at once!"

It was already time to go. Mr. Adams stood gloomily on the wharf-boat, waiting to see his Iphigenia sacrificed. He would not go to Bonamy's, because he thought the family had a sense of condescension toward him. Mrs. Hanks had taken Bobo to the river to see Roxy leave. Jemima was there. So was Twonnet, with her little brothers and sisters; Adolphe was throwing sticks into the water, in order to hear Bobo chuckle at seeing these tiny rafts float away on the broad current. There was an ever increasing crowd on the wharf to see Mark leave. Mr. Dale, the Methodist preacher, and the chief brethren were there; and Lathers stood alongside the melancholy and abstracted Mr. Whittaker, explaining to that gentleman the good Presbyterian influences under which he had been reared, and how his mother had raised him in the nursery and admonition of the Lord, like Mary Ann, the mother of Moses, and the like, you know. And ever as the crowd increased the Rocky Fork beauty, with that precious bumble-bee in her head which she meant to put in Roxy's bonnet when the time came, slunk away down one of the aisles between a row of bales of hay, where, half hidden in the obscurity, she could keep a good watch for the arrival of Mark and his wife. And several people in the crowd busied themselves with suggesting that Colonel Bonamy would not come to the wharf. Grandma Tartrum had

been seized that very day with an attack of "the rheumatics," and had to deny herself the fun of seeing the departure. But she had sent a faithful reporter in the person of her little grandson, Zeb, whose natural gift for eavesdropping and nosing had been much sharpened by judicious training.

The last struggle almost overcame even Roxy's constancy. What right had a son to tear himself away from an old father? It was a hard law that a man must hate father and mother for the Lord's sake. It was to her like performing an amputation. All her strength was gone, and there was yet the awful parting from her own father, and the farewell forever to Bobo and to Twonnet, in store for her. She hesitated. Mark was not so much affected; he was accustomed to suspect an ulterior aim in all that his father did, and he doubted the reality of his anger. It was but for a moment that the heart of Roxy faltered; then the duty of leaving all for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the Macedonian cry of lost souls in the wilderness, the loyalty to her Christ-service, all came back to fortify her resolution. Meantime Colonel Bonamy, having given rein to his passion, could not or would not restrain himself, but raved like a man demented.

"Tell me good-bye, wont you?" pleaded Roxy, going up to him at the very last moment, with the assurance of one who was born to exert an influence on people.

"I will not! Out with you!" cried Colonel Bonamy in a hoarse staccato.

Bidding Amanda and Janet farewell, Roxy turned to Mark, who had become calmer as his father grew more stormy. Mark's intellect always grew clearer and his will more direct in a time of trial. With perfect quietness he took leave of his sisters and started out the door, never so much as looking at his father. The carriage had been ordered back to the stable by the wrathful colonel, and there was nothing now for the young people but to walk to the landing.

"Good-bye, father Bonamy," said Roxy, turning her head regretfully toward him as she reached the door.

The old man turned. Whether he meant to speak kindly or fiercely Roxy could not tell. He only said "Roxy!" and came toward her. Mark, knowing his father's pertinacity, trembled inwardly, with a fear of some new form of attack. Would the old man say more about that Kirtley matter? But as he held out his hand to Roxy, he reeled. Mark ran toward him too late. He

fell at full length upon the floor, unconscious. Mark lifted him to the bed, and Roxy stood over him, with a remorseful feeling that she had somehow struck him down herself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "DUKE OF ORLEANS."

At a little before four o'clock the "Duke of Orleans" came around the head of the island. She was one of the typical "lower country" boats of that day. The mail boats were built light of draught, and, for that time, swift of speed; the stern-wheelers and the insignificant, old-fashioned "chicken-thieves" were still lighter. But the lower country boat was heavy in build, deep in draught, slow in the revolution of her wheels; with a sturdy, bull-dog look when seen in front, and an elephantine solemnity of motion when viewed at broadside, the wheels seeming to pause at each semi-revolution. The lower country boat of that day defied all time-tables. She started whenever she was ready, and she stopped as often and as long as she found occasion. The arrival of a New Orleans boat at the wharf of one of the river towns at this time of the year was a great event. It was only in an exceptional season that there was water enough in the channel for such craft above the falls of the Ohio in October.

Now that the boat had actually come around the island, the fact that Mark and Roxy were not anywhere yet to be seen was a great disappointment to people on the wharf. They were, perhaps, to be cheated out of their spectacle; they would not see Roxy's tears, nor any of the other entertaining things they had a right to expect. Mr. Adams moved testily to and fro, fearing he knew not what. Twonnet strained her eyes up Ferry street in vain; Granny Tartrum's boy, Zeb, was exceedingly active in the effort to find out what it all stood for; and the wharf-master's little brown dog dashed about in a way that showed how keenly he also felt that a crisis had come, and that something ought to be done. The "Duke" approached with majestic tardiness, her captain ringing the great bell on the hurricane deck in a slow and imperious fashion. He rang five great taps, which were echoed faintly in the distant hills. If he had stopped at three, it would have signified that he intended only to send out the yawl for his passengers; but the five solemn tolls were the sign of a landing. Then the

boat "rounded to,"—brought her bow round so as to point her head upward against the stream. The line was thrown out to the wharf-boat and caught by the wharf-master, who, with Haz Kirtley's help, quickly took a turn with it round the check-post. This important operation was vigilantly superintended by the little brown dog, who, with tail in the air, ran around the check-post till the line was made fast, and then dashed away to attend to the running out of the "walk-plank."

Here was the boat and here the baggage; but the passengers were not. But now came galloping down the street an old negro, appendage from time immemorial of the Bonamy family, who rode his plow-horse to a most unwonted speed as he sat with legs projecting forward and outward, holding to the reins of his bridle with one hand, while he gripped the mane with the other to keep himself from being thrown by the awkward plunges of the stiff old animal. This spectacle set all the small boys laughing at Uncle Bob, and the attention of the crowd was divided between the negro and the steamboat. Reining his horse in the very edge of the river, the old man called out:

"I say, dah! Is de doctah on boa'd dah?"

The doctor was soon brought to the front of the crowd on the wharf-boat.

"I say, dah! Doctah! de cunnel's done had a stroke, or sumpin. Tumbled right down in middle ob de flo'. Git on heah and go quick. Be mighty spry now, I say, else ye wont see no cunnel when ye git dah. He done be dead afo' ye git dah."

The doctor took the negro's place, and the horse was soon charging back again through the town, while the steamboat captain with reluctance pulled in his line and left without his passengers. The crowd felt that a serious illness on the part of Colonel Bonamy repaid them but poorly for their disappointment; but they fell at once to making the most of it, by disputing whether it was Colonel Bonamy who had been struck by Mark, or Mark who had been struck by apoplexy. Granny Tartrum's little boy ran home breathless to tell about it; and, rheumatics or no rheumatics, the old lady felt herself called upon to hobble into the street and assail the passers-by with all sorts of questions about the case. Who struck whom? What was it? Was he likely to live?

As the facts came to be known with clearness, some folks thought it a sin and a shame for a son to disobey his father, and

be the death of him in that way. Pretty Christian he was, wasn't he, to be sure, now, for certain.

Some of the more lugubrious were sure that it was a judgment. Wasn't Uzzah slain for putting his hand upon the ark of God? Didn't Ananias and Sapphira die for lying? Colonel Bonamy'd learn not to oppose God, and it was good for him, and served him right besides, and was no more than he deserved, over and above.

Nancy went home, carrying the bumble-bee with her, but vowing she'd pay 'em up. She somehow looked upon Colonel Bonamy's stroke as one of the means taken to defeat her by the family. But she'd pay 'em up, yet. Give her half a chance, and she'd git Mark away from that Adams girl. Roxy Adams wasn't no great shakes, that all the town should turn out to see her off, now. It might better have been herself than Roxy. She wouldn't have minded going to Texas with Mark.

And Whittaker, who had observed Nancy's curious behavior on the wharf-boat, went home, putting this and that together, troubling himself with forebodings about Roxy's future, and with griefs about his own disappointment, and with questionings whether he had done quite right or not. He, at least, had a bumble-bee in his head, for he walked the floor of the upper porch half the night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MONITOR IN MASK.

THE next day after the passage of the "Duke of Orleans" being Sunday, Mother Tartrum contrived to keep the most conflicting rumors a-going in regard to the condition of Colonel Bonamy. She stood at the gate all day, hailing the negro messenger, the doctor going, the doctor returning, and everybody else, in turn, hearing where they had information, or thought they had, and telling her latest, where they had none.

On Monday morning Whittaker rose, after a sleepless night, and thought it his duty to call at Colonel Bonamy's, and inquire after his health. If, perchance, he were dead of apoplexy, the minister could condole with the family, and if he were better, he might sympathize with the patient. Anyhow, he would have a chance to speak with Mark about his plans of life, and he might happen to meet—say Amanda, or Janet, or—or well, yes, but that was not to

be desired at all; though he might, by some strange accident, see Roxy herself. He did not admit to himself that the dull agony that had kept him awake the livelong night, promised to be quieted a little, if that he could but look into the face of Roxy, and hear her voice.

It was Roxy whom he met at the door, and who was startled at the wan look of his face. She asked him to sit on the vine-covered front porch, and she told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Colonel Bonamy was lying quietly asleep in his room at the right; that he had had a stroke of paralysis from apoplexy; that his right side was quite powerless, but they hoped he would recover. She was dressed in a fresh calico, and her exertions for the sick man had brought back a little of the wonted look of peace, benevolence, and hopefulness to her face. When she could act in the direction natural to her, she was happy—when her energetic spirit was thwarted, it became an energetic temper; and the conflict between her irritability and her conscience produced the most morbid fitfulness of disposition. But now she could act with certainty and in straight lines again.

"You will not go to Texas yet?" said Mr. Whittaker.

"We do not know anything about the future. Our duty is very plain for the present." And Roxy put an emphasis on the last words that expressed her content at present release from the complexities of her life since her marriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Whittaker," said Janet. "Papa is awake now, and we can't understand what he wants. Roxy, you'll have to come. He says he wants 'Roly,' or something of the sort."

With a hasty "excuse me," and a "good-morning," Roxy disappeared through the hall into the room of the sick man.

"Poor pappy!" said Janet, adhering to the older speech of the country in saying "pappy," "he is unable to speak plain, and he forgets the names of things. But Roxy guesses what he wants, and he wont have anybody about him but her. I suppose he meant her when he said 'Roly' just now. He calls me 'Jim.' But the doctor thinks he'll get well. If he does, it will be from Roxy's nursing."

Mr. Whittaker rose to depart, but just then Mark came out, and the two walked down between the Lombardies together. They were a fair contrast,—Whittaker's

straight form, rather light complexion, studious and scrupulous look, with Mark's well-nourished figure, waving black hair, and face that betokened a dangerous love of ease and pleasure. He told Whittaker that this stroke of his father's would perhaps do away entirely with the project of going to Texas. He would have to take charge of his father's business until his recovery.

"You will probably enter the ministry here in Indiana then?" said Whittaker.

"I don't know what I shall do."

Whittaker thought he saw that Mark's plans were already turning to other things. For, indeed, Mark felt that now he was relieved from any committal to the public or to Roxy in the matter of ministerial work. He would rather enter upon the tempting field of activity opened up by the passing into his hands of his father's business.

The sight of Roxy had been a pleasure to Whittaker, but five minutes in the sunshine only makes a coal-pit the blacker. He went home, thinking that, after all, paralysis of the body was better than his own paralysis of heart and purpose. But to shake off his lethargy was a difficult thing. His congregation was small, and did not occupy his time. His efforts at study were vague and vain. He had been fond of dabbling in language-study, but even his love of languages had died within him, and he turned the leaves of his dictionaries and thought of Roxy, and dreamed of might-have-beens without number.

On the afternoon of this same day, he sat with his head leaning out of the window. There was a copy of Bossuet's "Oraisons Funébres" by his side, but even that *funeste* reading could not attract his attention. He had too real a sense of the fact that life was indeed *néant, néant*, to care for Bossuet's pompous parade of its magnificent nothingness. For Bossuet manages to make nothingness seem to be something grand and substantial—even royal. One would be willing to be a king, for the sake of feeling this sublime nothingness and vanity that he describes so picturesquely.

Whittaker was leaning thus out of the window, and dreamily gazing at the pale green sycamores that will grow nowhere but fast by the rivers of waters, when there lighted on his head with a sudden blow, a paper ball. He started, looked upward. There was nothing to be seen but the garret window in the gable above. But he had hardly looked away before another ball

descended upon him. He knew very well what sprite had thrown them. He looked away again, this time with a smile; then turning his eyes upward again, he caught the third paper missile full on his nose, and got sight of the mischief-full face of Twonnet, just as it was disappearing, with a sharp little cry of "Oh!" at seeing where the ball had struck.

"You are caught," he said, and then the blushing face re-appeared, looking exceedingly sweet, draped as it was by long curls hanging forward as she leaned out of the window, like Dante Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" looking out of heaven.

"I wouldn't have done it," she said, "but you look so like a funeral to-day. I don't like to see you that way."

"How can I help it, Twonnet?"

Her face was serious a moment. Then she laughed.

"To think that you would ask advice of such a giddy rattle-pate as me. Everybody knows that I'm only a mischievous little fool with a shallow head, and besides I'm only a child, as you know. See here!" She held a doll out of the window. "I've never quite given up doll-babies yet. I keep this old thing hid away in this end of the garret where nobody else ever comes, and I slip up here sometimes and play with it till I feel like a goose, and then I go down-stairs and try to be a woman. I wish I had sense enough and I would give you some advice."

"You've got more sense than you pretend to have. It might have been better for two or three people if I'd followed your advice and not Highbury's, before. If you won't hit me with any more paper balls I'll listen to anything you say. Some things are revealed to—little children."

"There, you call me a babe! That's worse than all. Now the advice I have to give is serious and I'm not ready yet. You ought to hear it from some one older than I am." And she withdrew her head.

Whittaker wondered what she meant. Was she waiting to frame into words what she had to say? Or, was she trying to get courage to say what she thought? Or, was she making game of him as she had of Highbury?

In a minute there appeared at the garret window the face of an old woman in frilled white cap and spectacles and a red neckerchief. The face seemed wrinkled and the voice was quivering and cracked. The words were uttered slowly and solemnly

and with a pronunciation a little broken with a French accent.

"You must not think about her now. It is very bad. It will do harm to everybody. Get to work and put far away these evil thoughts and wishes that can do no good. She is his and you *must* not think about her."

The head had disappeared before Whittaker could realize that it was but Twonnet in masquerade. He felt vexed to think she had guessed the secret of his thoughts. Then he was lost in wonder at the keen penetration and deep seriousness hidden under this volatile exterior. And he was annoyed that she had ventured to rebuke him, a minister, and to imply that he was likely to go wrong. Then he honestly tried to see the truth of what she said. At any rate he resolved to think no more of Roxy.

But when the human mind gets down hub-deep into a rut of thinking, it is hard to lift it out. He could not study, or walk, or talk, without this numb paralysis of wishing and thinking creeping over him. It was in vain that he studied the tables of Italian definitions hung about his room. He could not remember them. He preferred reading Petrarch's sonnets to Lady Laura, which he had forbidden himself. This struggle went on for two days. Twonnet did not take any notice of it. She laughed and sang French *rondeaux* and English songs, and gambled with the children, and chatted in superficial fashion with Mr. Whittaker, and scolded at things about the house that went wrong, until he was more than ever puzzled by this doubleness. He could not explain it, and he contented himself with calling her in his thoughts "that witch of a girl." He would have been yet more perplexed had he known that after her merriest laughter and her wildest frolics with the children, and her most bubbling and provoking banter, she would now and then elude the little sister "Teet" in some dark corner and escape to the garret where she could have a good cry under the rafters. Then she would take

up the old doll and caress it, saying, as the tears slowly dropped upon it:

"Nobody cares for *me*. Everybody loves Roxy because she is good. But nobody loves Twonnet—poor, wild, foolish, empty-headed Twonnet. Nobody loves me but you, old dolly."

And all this in the teeth and eyes of the fact that Dan Barlow, the newly arrived young lawyer, had walked home with her from church the Sunday evening before, and that more than one other would have offered her company at any time if there had not been a sly twinkle in her eyes that made them afraid of Twonnet's ridicule. But she cried in this inconsistent fashion and declared that nobody loved her. And five minutes after she would be dashing about the house, broom in hand, singing in a wild, reckless, cat-bird-like cheerfulness:

"Every lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I."

But beneath all this mirth and banter of the girl, Whittaker knew now that there lay the deep seriousness of the woman. How deep and serious her nature might be he could not tell. Conscience, shrewdness, courage—these he had seen. What else was there? At any rate he knew that Twonnet was expecting something of him. The vivacious, incomprehensible Swiss prattler had become a monitor to the grave minister, all the more efficient that she said no more than enough. So it came to pass that the soul of the man awoke and said to itself: "Whittaker, you are bad. You are thinking and dreaming about another man's wife and what might have been. This is a good way to be worthless or wicked. You must get to work."

And after a good lecture to himself he said to Twonnet:

"I am going to start a school."

"That's good; I will go. But I am a dull scholar. I hate arithmetic and all my teachers hate me."

That was all the response he got.

(To be continued.)

LISSY.

"BLESS me!" said Mrs. Zib, "bless me!" As she was always desirous of being blessed, and also given to express such a wish concerning others, I was not alarmed at her abrupt speech, but simply experienced a certain quiet amusement as I looked from my pillow at her. She was small and spare, with sharp features and little, keen eyes,—never handsome at the best of times; but now, as she sat in the low rocker beside the stove, with nothing on her black-stockinged feet, and the rest of her dress a short gown and petticoat, with a remarkably plain, peaked night-cap on her head, she might fairly have claimed a distant relationship to the witch of Endor. "Bless him!" she continued, peering at the small, week-old bundle of humanity on her lap; "he's got the stomach-ache. Let Auntie rock him a little. There! there!" with an inimitable rising and falling inflection on each word. "He did have pain, so he did. There! there! Now he's quieting. My, only a quarter past two! Well, I declare!" with a surprised look at the watch on the stand.

"Only a quarter past two, Mrs. Zib? Dear, dear! Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!'"

"Ha!" she said, looking quickly at me, as if I needed a strait-jacket. "Bless you, hadn't you better take your medicine, child? You haint got no fever, no chill, or nothing?"

"No, Auntie; I was only repeating something Shakspeare said. He used to write a little,—had some books printed. Did you ever read them?"

"Never," with a strong congratulatory emphasis. "Never read no novel stuff in my life. I've never read nothing but sometimes a newspaper, and the Bible, and a hymn-book of a Sunday. Fact is, I never had the time, and never had no books. I never went to school a day after I was ten year. I was sixteen when I married Lorenzo, and you guess we had a hard pull to get the farm, and pay for't, and keep the children in food and clothes. They came as near together as steps in a ladder, and the farm was poor at the best, and we was unlucky losing stock. I know one year a distemper carried the sheep off, and one of the cows overlaid her calf, and the best horse of the team broke his leg. As I said to Lorenzo, there was old Squire Demarest,

with money in the bank and never a child to save for, and I did think as how it would have been more fair-like for Providence to have taken a slice out of his things, for he never would have felt it.

"Then, to beat all, 'Renzo was took down with rheumatiz and fever. Goody gracious! looking back over it all, I don't hardly see how we pulled through. It's quite a satisfaction to think the worst is over, though Lorenzo never could have any satisfaction of it, poor man, for he died just as the farm was clear. The children was quite a good size when I first took to nursing and doing odd jobs at times for the neighbors. Lizzie, she was big enough to do the common work and see to father and the children, and when I got home again I mended and scrubbed for dear life, and fixed everything up square again. 'Renzo, he was willing I should go. He was always willing to have me earn an honest penny, poor man. Never foolish like some men, thinking their wives hadn't a right to do for themselves.

"That's a queer, old-fashioned pitcher standing there on your mantel, child. Makes me think, for all the world, of one they had over to John Wilkes's. Keep it there for a curiosity, eh, because it's old? My, I'd rather have one of them beautiful big green vases from the dollar store in New York, than that ugly thing, with those naked children running over its sides. It is for all the world just like Granny Wilkes's pitcher. Many's the time I've given Lissy a drink out of it. 'Just a little water, Aunt Becky, please,' she'd say; 'I'm so very, very dry.' Poor creetur, it's many a long year since. But 'taint no trouble for me to see her now in my mind as she was then, with her big, brown eyes, and thin face, and them long, thin hands o' hern.

"She was Granny's son Jake's wife. Granny and Jake was a couple, now I can tell you! I don't know which would go the furthest to get a cent. They was rich, too. There was two hundred acre of land in the farm, lots of stock, field after field in wheat and grain, a good water privilege, and plenty of good timber. Granny was a master hand to work,—always busy, and always proud of telling how much she did. She was a sot woman in her way,—sotter than any body I ever knew, except Jake, and he was bad enough. Granny and he always got

along good enough together, though; they both worked and saved right along steady. Jake was quite on in years—thirty, I guess—when he married Melissa Drake. Lissy was a nice, plain girl; nobody ever found any fault with her, that I knew on. She used to make dresses, coats, pants and vests for the neighbors, and was handy funeral and wedding times. Folks said Jake had a good wife, though some kind o' wondered how the match come about. How did Jake look, did you say? Well, he wa'n't a bad-looking man, by no means. He was tall and kind of spare, with black hair and eyes, and a small, straight nose. Somehow, I remember his nose, it was so straight,—came out sharp as a line in his shadder on the wall, as I used to look up at it from my mending on an evening.

"I suppose Lissy thought considerable of him when he was courting her; he could be quite pleasant when he had a mind, but laws! it takes living with folks to know 'em. Folks is uncertain creatures.

"Lissy Drake was in luck to marry him, so people said generally, and so she was, if being up to the elbows in work, and having a sot old woman to criticise all she did, was luck, commonly speaking. Granny was one of them folks as never give you any praise. She had her good traits too. Many's the woman she went cheerfully and tended to when she was sick; but then, as I said, she was so uncommon sot.

"Lissy settled down quiet as you please. Jake drew the reins pretty tight after they were man and wife. She was busy with this and busy with that, and found her hands full, I reckon. Some of the folks felt a little hard because she didn't return their visits and give 'em the chance to come again, but the truth was Jake was too mean to have company on account of the extra victuals; and I leave it to you, what woman of spunk was going to have company come and give them nothing better than rye biscuits and apple-sauce? So by-and-by she got so she didn't go anywhere but to church,—she was a professor,—and tired out and peaked enough she looked sitting there in the pew between Jake and his mother.

"Folks talked though, how she wore the same bonnet a whole year, which wasn't needful for folks in their circumstances; but Lissy kept her own counsel, and though 'twas said she never had one copper to spend and had to go to Jake if she wanted so much as a pair of stockings, she told no

tales. Si Smith, the boy who worked there, used to tell his mother some things, and Mis' Smith—we was neighbors—she told me, not in the way of gossip, but we both liked Lissy and kind of mistrusted she was better off as Lissy Drake than Mrs. Jacob Wilkes.

"Si went in all of a hurry one day, his mother said, to git a hammer out of the closet on the left hand side of the stove, and there set Lissy on a chair by the window, her head in her hands, sobbing fit to break her heart.

"She didn't hear him first, she was so taken up with grieving, but when she did she started up all of a flutter and actually tried to laugh a little. 'I'm a big baby Si,' she says, 'crying for a headache,' and with that she burst out crying again and threw her apron over her face. Si said he would have given his only dollar if he could 'a' said something to cheer her, but he could only hurry and git the hammer and go.

"Mis' Smith said she guessed if Lissy had said she was crying for a heartache she would have come nigher the truth.

"It was in November that Jake drove over to our house one day—we lived only four mile from the Widder's—and asked me to go over home with him for a couple of weeks. Lissy had a boy-baby two weeks old, and wa'n't able to be around yet, which seemed to hurt Jake's feelings mightily, and Granny was down every other day with the fever an' ager, and it was killing-time, and everything to see to, and if I'd come he'd do the fair thing by me. Of course I went over; our hogs were killed and salted, and the sausage and head-cheese made, and I knew Lizzie could get along alone for a while, and I calculated I could earn enough for a Sunday suit around for the children. Lissy was ever so glad to see me, and so proud of her baby, which was a big bouncing boy, but I could see she was sore in mind about not getting well quicker. 'Jest you never mind,' I says, when we were alone together, 'and don't let me hear another word about your setting up in bed to mend the clothes; if you haint earned the right to take it easy for a while, nobody has; jest pet your baby and be satisfied.' With that she broke out praising the baby to me. 'He was so sweet,' she said. 'Did I ever see a brighter looking child for his age? Oh, she loved him so! he was all her own! mother's precious angel!'

Granny, who had just come in to get

some clothes out of the cedar chest, turned around short and sharp, hearing Lissy go on like that.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "I thought consid'able of Jake when he was little, but I never said such foolish stuff about him. Some folks lack sense."

"Lissy only hugged the baby closer and kissed it. She never was a hand to talk back.

"I wanted to know, when Granny and I were out in the kitchen alone, what the doctor said about Lissy.

"Doctor," says Granny, touched like. "As if I don't know more about sickness than half the doctors! Lissy haint the ambition to pick up, that's the whole of it. There is that baby, two weeks old, and there she is content to lie abed and be waited on, jest now in killing-time too! I was up on the ninth day when Jake was a baby and did all my work when he wasn't three weeks old."

"All folks aint alike," I says, consid'able riled.

"Poor Lissy, they didn't fuss or fix up anything to tempt her appetite.

"She needs some delicacies," I said, right out, the next day after she had tried to eat the victuals Granny sent in to her and failed. "Pork and buttermilk aint the fare for her, or rye bread either. Git her some chocolate and wheat bread and oranges, I'll answer that she'll never get well if she don't eat more than she does now."

"Tut, tut, Becky," says Granny, who was frying pumpkin bread on the griddle. "Don't take foolish, fancy notions; common victuals was always plenty good enough for me, and so they are for Lissy, if she only thought so. Some folks don't know what they want."

"Come, come, mother, hurry up with that bread," calls Jake, who was a-setting drumming his knife on the table; "I've got to be off with that load of apples jest as soon as I can."

"And don't you forget to buy your wife some wheat bread and a cake of chocolate and some oranges, when you are in Rye," I said boldly, knowing the only way was to take the bull by the horns. "And now, Granny, I'll take the skillet and poach Lissy an egg; may be she'll relish it."

"Eggs are three cents apiece," says she, a little riled.

"Coffins are dearer," I says, cracking the shell.

"When Jake come home from Rye that

night with those apples turned into hard cash and clinking in his pocket, I was curious to see if he had got anything for Melissy. There was a cake of chocolate, sure enough, a loaf of bread, and *one specked orange*. Gospel truth, child.

"Well, Lissy drunk the chocolate and eat the bread crumbled into it, but she didn't grow a bit stronger, and then Granny took a new wrinkle.

"Twa'n't good for Lissy to give suck to the baby," she said, "or have it with her. It was actually losing flesh, for Lissy's milk wasn't good for it; she had brought up Jake by hand, guess she could his baby. So she'd take him away entirely from his mother." So she takes the little fellow out in the kitchen away from Lissy.

"I'll do Granny the justice to say she didn't do it out of spite or ill-nature. But she was sot in her way, you know, and really thought she was doing the best thing. But it did seem to me awful hard on Lissy. Oh, how she went on! She begged Jake to interfere and let her have it.

"Just leave it in the room with me," she said. "Let it lie here on the other side of the bed so I can only look at it. I'll feed it myself; an' it sha'n't have my milk if it hurts it. Oh, Jake! I will die if you take my baby from me. If ever you did love me a little, coax Granny to leave me my baby."

"I suppose Jake thought it was tantrums, and besides he wanted the baby, seeing it was a boy, to thrive, and he couldn't understand Lissy's feelings, for he himself cared nothing about seeing and handling little babies, so he just loosed Lissy's hands off his, and says, gruff-like,

"Don't make a baby of yourself, Liss; mother knows what's best," and goes out, and I had that crying, wild creetur on my hands. I declare I never knew Liss could take on so. She got hysteriky and went on so I was frightened for her. "Even God does not feel for me!" she screamed out once, but she was sorry for saying it a while after, and she told me she had prayed to Him to forgive her."

"Did Granny give in and bring the baby back to her?"

"Bless you, child, no, if you'd known how uncommon sot in her way Granny was, you'd never 've asked that question.

"We were powerful busy after that, what with killing and the extra work, but once a day I found time to carry that child into Lissy's room for her to see him. It seemed as if she was fairly crazy with joy then; she

never minded me, only just looked at him and kissed him, and talked to him, and the little fellow actually nestled in her arms as if he was happy at being by her.

"But Lissy didn't chirp up a bit, and when I went back home I told Mis' Smith I actually couldn't make out what ailed her. It didn't seem to be consumption, it was a gradual weakening of the whole system. 'It's heart troubles, you may depend,' says she. 'Si has told me things,' and then the aggravating creetur stopped right up and wouldn't say another word. It was all of two weeks before I found time to go over to the Wilkes's again. I had Lissy on my mind, though, every day, and one Saturday, after I'd been frying doughnuts,—mine were always so light and puffy that 'Renzo and the youngsters couldn't allow that they ever had enough of them,—I jest made up my mind to go over and see how she was getting on and take her some fresh cakes. Father was going over to Rye with corn and I rode as far as the Widder's with him. He would be going home again about nine, so I could have quite a visiting spell.

"But, bless me, how Lissy had failed! I saw it plain the moment I set eyes on her. Not that she was pale—her cheeks had a bright crimson spot on 'em, and her eyes shone like stars; but she was so wasted, so worn. She began right to me the minute Granny was out of the room, in a heart-broken sort of way.

"Some days Granny never brings the baby in to me at all,' she says. 'Never once when she's very busy; and I just lie and listen to hear it cry, or make some sound. Aunt Becky, it aint for my good: it's killing me!'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but just started off for that child; and jest then, as luck would have it, in came Mis' Jones from the mill and her daughter, to see the folks and spend the afternoon, and of course the baby had to be showed round and talked over. Lissy hadn't no eyes for anything or anybody but that little thing. She watched greedy-like when they was handling it, and talking about its weight and its looks. And then she says to me, panting-like, '*I can't wait!* I haven't had him for two days. Oh, let me have him!' And I just laid the child by his mother, and says, 'Granny, take the folks out in the kitchen; Lissy don't seem fit for company to-day.' And I went out, too, and sot with them awhile, for Mis' Jones could tell the neighborhood news always.

"I slipped in the room again, after awhile, to see how Lissy was getting along, and there she was, a real happy look on her face, and the baby a-sleeping quietly, close to her breast. So I went out again, and says to Granny, 'Let the baby alone; he is asleep;' and I helped her get tea early, for Mis' Jones had quite a ways to go.

"Now, though Lissy didn't seem actually to be long for this world, yet nobody thought of her dropping off sudden. Leastwise, I never did when I took her tea in to her, with something a little extra on her plate, on account of company. She didn't seem to want to eat, and wouldn't take her arms from round the baby. So I thought I'd let her have her way; poor thing, she didn't get it often. I thought, though, she was talking to me when I turned to pick up a crumb I had let fall; but she wasn't. She seemed clean to have forgot me, and was saying slow-like, 'O Father, for Christ's sake, let me have my baby in heaven!' Them's just the words. Then she said something about the sun setting early, and spoke about her own mother, who had been dead for a long spell. It was odd talk, and I turned to look at her sharp. Sure enough, she was going. The shadder was on her face!

"I had them all in in no time. But she never spoke again, and somehow we never thought to take the baby from her till it was all over. And may be something or other frightened him, for he cried pitiful when we took him away. But there was the sweetest smile on Lissy's face. I never could understand why she, of all people, should die smiling.

"She was buried two days after; had a big funeral, for the Wilkeses were known by most everybody. They had a deal of trouble, though, to get her grave dug, the ground was frozen so hard. Somehow, I couldn't feel sorry that she was gone. She was a professor, and seemed to me she was best off in heaven. As for Jake, he never was a hand to say anything, so nobody could tell how he felt about it. He married again, though, jest a year to a day after. But, as I was going to say, it always struck me as curious that Lissy's baby followed after her so soon. Granny did her best for it; but somehow or other, though it was a nice, healthy-looking child, it went all of a sudden; and if ever you saw anything that looked like an angel, it was that little creetur after it was laid out in Granny's parlor, and Granny seemed more upso't by its going than I would have believed. They laid it

right alongside of its mother, and neither of them graves had a tombstone for a long spell.

"But my, your eyes are like two moons, child! No more sleep in them than any-

thing! Tell you something more? Bless you, not another word do I tell you this night. Put the baby by you? Yes, I will; and now go right to sleep. Bless you!"

THE ASTRONOMER.

HE dwells not on the common earth,
He breathes of a sublimer breath,
He marks the wandering comet's birth,
He sees the planet's fiery death.

When first the star of evening glows,
Then, looking through the purple gloom,
Like Persian gardens of the rose
He sees the fields of heaven a-bloom

With starry clusters, all unseen,
Set on the brow of utmost night,
That in their loveliness serene
Shine only on his favored sight.

Entranced, enrapt, he reads the stars;
This spirit, flame-like, fills his breast;
What wonder, should it break its bars
And leave his body here to rest!

Wrought up to speechless ecstasy,
How easy were it now to spurn
The bonds of life, and soar away
Where those eternal beacons burn!

Fear not! Ye do not know what chain
Binds him to earth with links full strong.
Art has no balm for Love's sweet pain;
E'en now he thinks his vigil long.

Far in the lowly valley gleams
Her light, who, patient, waits for him,
And all the lore of starry dreams
Whene'er he glances there, grows dim.

And ere the touch of morning charms
To gold yon dark and clouded west,
He sinks within her faithful arms,
Like the tired eagle on his nest.

CAMPS AND TRAMPS ABOUT KTAADN.



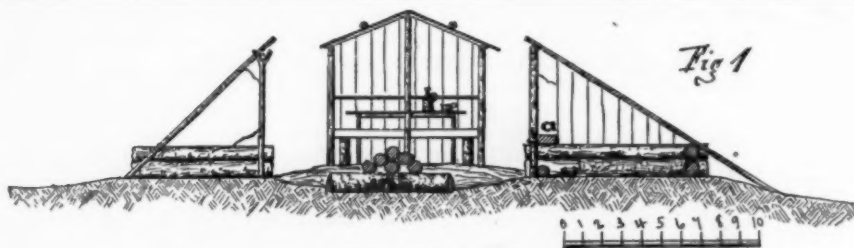
KTAADN, FROM THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE LAKE.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

THAT noble mountain Ktaadn,* towering grand and peculiar out of the vast and undulating forest of northern Maine, its lofty head a pyramid with ragged apex as of a volcano, its ever luminous face looking serenely southward and mirrored in a hundred lakes, its huge body lying leagues along to the north and plowed into gorges by the glaciers of æons,—Ktaadn and its retinue of magnificent domes, sole representatives of the primal continent,—all these have been sung by the poet and portrayed by the painter. We shall not follow Winthrop in

his artistic descriptions of this scenery, nor Thoreau in his intimate searches in forest life and frontier art and custom, nor even essay a sportsman's picture of wood and lake delights; but try to present a practical view of camp-life, with interspersions of tramp and camp incident and observation.

Imagine that you are fifty miles from any railway, twenty-five from the nearest highway, and thirteen from a practicable footing for any apparatus of transportation other than human legs; that you have come to stay a month; that your party, some of whom are not strong, is to be wholesomely and plentifully fed, and protected against rain, frost, and probably snow; that the forest affords no other habitation or subsistence to you than to the wild animals about you; that game is uncertain, and fish, while large enough, indeed, to delight the sports-

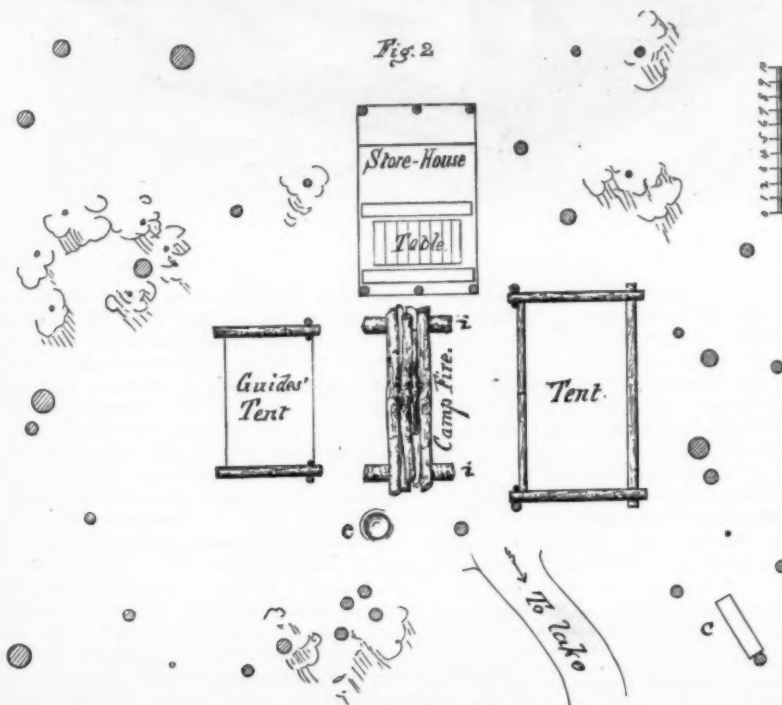
* The orthography—Ktaadn—is not that of the maps; the Maine State College people, who ought to be allowed to name their own mountains, insist upon "Ktahdin." But those eminent authorities, Thoreau and J. Hammond Trumbull,—the latter our best expert in Indian nomenclature,—prescribe the spelling here adopted.



CROSS SECTION OF CAMP.

man, are not plentiful enough to insure subsistence;—fancy this, and you will indeed have come short of a lumberman's idea of roughing it; but you will have put yourself in a puzzle over two propositions—1st, as the woods provide little, much must be carried in; 2d, as little can be carried in, the woods must furnish much. The resultant of these opposed ideas may be expressed by the following formula:—skill \times pork + blankets = success. Skill, in the form of experienced and strong guides, transports itself and the other necessities; pork means heat and tissue in the smallest compass;

warm and water-proof clothing are obviously indispensable. This is an expression of the essential in its simplest form; but it is quite practicable to add common supplies which the tonic air of the woods will turn into luxuries,—it is a mere question of more guides to do more “backing.” Hard-bread, tea, sugar and a few lemons (anti-scorbutic) are indispensable; beans, wheat flour and baking powders, potatoes, rice and a few raisins (a little sweet is so sweet in the woods), should be taken where transportation is not too difficult. Indian meal, canned meats and vegetables, and butter, furnish



GROUND PLAN OF CAMP.

the means of occasional luxuries. With regard to spirits, rum is probably the best adapted, and, while a little is necessary in case of exhaustion or chill, and often has a hygienic importance, it is a very serious mistake, as the hardy lumbermen well know, to use it as a stimulant before exertion, or freely at any time. It is the out-of-door life that gives endurance and elasticity. A specification of our food supplies as well as of the necessary utensils and proper clothing, will be better appreciated after an account of

two high on three sides, and the ends are covered with thin boards split from white cedar logs, or with birch-bark or boughs. The roof is a piece of heavy cotton cloth soaked in brine to protect it against the sparks of the camp-fire, and supported on poles. The front is quite open to the fire, not to speak of the rain. The ground forming the floor is smoothed off and covered thickly with small boughs of evergreen; upon these the rubber and woolen blankets which form the beds are laid.



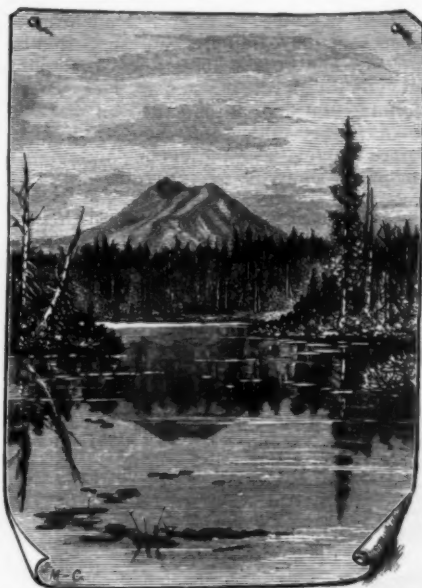
NIGHT VIEW OF THE CAMP.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

our daily life; but the latter should be preceded by a short description of the camp.

The natural essentials of a permanent camp are, 1st, convenient proximity to water; 2d, a forest to shield the works from the sun, and the tents and the fire especially, from heavy winds; 3d, a level bit of ground having as dry a nature as may be, and some natural drainage. The artificial essentials are, a camp-fire and a tent for the party and another for the guides. To this may be added a tent to be used for putting supplies out of the rain, and also for putting them out of sight. The working drawings and the night view so fully illustrate the arrangement and construction of our camp, that little other description is required. Fig. 1 is a cross section through the center of tents and camp-fire. Fig. 2 is a ground plan and a horizontal section of the surrounding trees. Permanent tents are "logged" a foot or

The "Deacon's seat," a, Fig. 1, answers almost every other purpose of domestic furniture. Our store-house and dining-room was constructed of round sticks, roofed and covered at one end with white cedar "splints." The wash-stand was at c; the bean-hole, e, will be further referred to. The camp-fire is laid on two "hand-chucks," i, i, or on two suitable stones, and consists of logs from four to fourteen inches in diameter and eight to fourteen feet long. Three-quarters of a cord of wood are burned per day. Lying in a three-sided tent, wrapped in blankets and water-proofs, with one's feet a length off from such a fire, is protection against any sort of bad weather, and yet it realizes every advantage of being out-of-doors. A temporary tent may consist of a mere cloth or of boughs laid upon inclined poles, or it may be logged or otherwise re-enforced according to the weather. Smaller parties sometimes prefer

the "A" tent. Works like ours may be built from standing trees, in a day or two, by three expert guides. Our camp was



KTAADN FROM CREEK AT WEST END OF LAKE.—FROM
A STUDY BY L. DE FOREST.

placed some thirty rods from Ktaadn lake, and a good path was cut to it through the underwood.

And now, having put our habitation in order, let us wander down to the lake shore in the placid afternoon. How grandly Ktaadn lifts its huge pyramid to the sun, which, standing right above, pours a flood of brightness down all its fretted flanks, illuminating every weather-beaten ridge and deepening every torrent-bed and chasm. Vast as is its height, wild as are its gorges, when angry clouds brood over it and tempests howl in its caverns, Ktaadn is not forbidding. Rising like a king clothed in purple and without a peer, standing at the head of his noble retainers in a vast and habitable domain, he so conveys the impression of splendid guardianship, that we contemplate his majesty with awe indeed, but with trustful admiration.

We are a party of six excursionists and five guides. Four of us are artists, whom we will call Don Cathedra, Don Gifaro, Herr Rubens, and M. De Woods. Two of us are professional men,—M. La Rose and myself, Mr. Arbor Ilex. Don Gifaro is a

fisherman of fishermen, whose long legs stalk forth before the dappled dawn, and whose rod makes obeisance to three-pound trout not a few. Don Cathedra, still the same faithful student of nature, beguiles the leisure hours with innumerable stories and jokes; and what things he can't make or mend, with the materials and tools at hand, I will not venture to state. Melting up bird-shot and an artist's paint-tube in a spoon and soldering a leaky tea-pot, was a minor achievement. La Rose cooks a trout and fries a potato in a way which Baron de Brisse might copy.

At seven P. M., September 4th, we boarded an Eastern Railroad sleeping-car at Boston. We breakfasted in Bangor and dined in the village of Mattewamkeag, on the European and North American Railway, fifty-eight miles further, where we met our chief guide and bought our heavy supplies. Wedged with our *impedimenta* into two wagons, we jogged twenty-five miles to the northward,—the last five through a continuous rain-storm,—and slept in the outlying settlement of Sherman. On the bright morning of the 6th, we and our roughing baggage were packed into a four-horse, springless wagon, with the running gear of a gun-carriage and the side-grating of a bear-cage. The significance of this construction soon became obvious. Upon driving some half-dozen miles to the eastward, we suddenly rose upon a crest where Ktaadn and its retinue of lesser mountains



DON CATHEDRA ON "SOFT SAWDER."

burst upon our view,—a revelation of grandeur and beauty all the more impressive because the previous scenery had been so tame. At noon, away out beyond the precincts of permanent habitation, we had our first out-of-door dinner. Our sportsmen cast in Swift Brook for trout, without success—it was a bad time of year; but a slice of pork toasted on a forléd stick, a piece of hard-tack, and a cup of milkless tea were, thus early in our quest of healthy appetites, more palatable than a *ragoût* at Delmonico's had been a few days before. Then came the tug of transportation. The excursionists, excepting myself, walked on; two guides and I stuck (with difficulty) to the wagon, upon a road consisting of a slit cut through a dense forest, over a tract of stumps, mud, thinly corduroyed swamps,

success, but canoeing with great satisfaction. This whole territory, except a few tracts, was burned over forty years ago; some of the new growth is already good timber, and here and there a dead monarch stretches his huge form across our path.

A canoe ride two miles up the east branch was to me as delightful as it was novel. Our stalwart guide fairly lifted our larger "birch" with its four passengers over the shallower rapids. A short tramp through the forest brought us before sundown to our first encampment on the "lower crossing" of the Wasatiquoik, twelve miles from Sherman. The wagon had started across the peninsula and broken down. The baggage was, after some delay, got over by sled and on guides' backs. It was eight o'clock before we had supper, and not a trout rose to



EAST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.—FROM A STUDY BY H. W. ROBBINS.

and granite boulders. After about a mile of personal tumbling, now upon, and now underneath, a sprightly barrel of crackers, and embracing a sack of mess-pork to keep from sliding overboard as the craft went upon her beam-ends over some extraordinary boulder, it suddenly occurred to me that walking in the majestic woods was one of the most tranquillizing of human occupations, so I sauntered on alone. The forest was broken only by "the farm" or "Hunt's," where hay and vegetables were raised in the early lumbering days, now a temporary habitation. Here, on the east branch of the Penobscot, I found our party fishing without

beguile the time. The camp was hastily prepared in the dark, so that our first night—a cold one, on uneven ground, thinly strewn with boughs—had the decided flavor of roughing it.

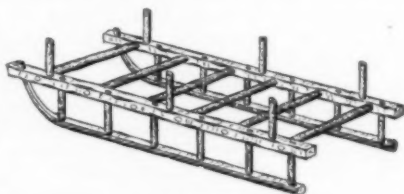
Next morning, the 7th, we witnessed the construction, in two hours, of a sled or "jumper," by means of an ax and a two-inch auger. At ten o'clock the baggage was bound to two jumpers and started off by four horses, our party of eleven, on foot, forming advance and rear guards. So we tramped over hill and occasional swamp, up the Wasatiquoik valley, stopping as much time as moving, occasionally holding the craft from capsizing, and

prying her over fallen trees, stumps, and rocks. Much of the surface of the country is a mass of granite boulders of every size. Where disintegrated stone and vegetable mold have accumulated for ages, the road is practicable for wagons; but on slopes, where the filling has washed out, it is amazing to see a horse get over it at all, especially when he has to drag soft wooden sled-runners over the serrated edges of big stones. Our teams were so blown by noon that we—the rear guard—stopped to bait them, and took occasion to dine ourselves; we had got as far as dessert (hard tack fried in pork fat), when the advance guard came straggling back to be similarly comforted.

The rest of the road presented still steeper pitches, deeper bogs, and more entanglingly strewn rocks. One of our horses, a straggling, raw-boned "missing link," afforded us no little tugging and plenty of amusement, in our fruitless efforts to keep him right side up and his various members comparatively collected together. Along toward evening he quite abandoned the transportation business, flinging himself in wild gymnastics, and finally he slid off the side of a corduroy and sank up to his middle in the muck. After we had tugged at him for half an hour, during which time he maintained a strict neutrality, we convinced him, by means of a birch rod, that he must take a hand in the encounter, whereupon he roused up and floundered out. We waded the "upper crossing" of the Wasatquoik at dusk, having traveled eight miles; the advance guard had already prepared a camp. We had at supper that excellent sauce which I need not name, and with pipes, a cheerful fire, a mild punch, and plenty of good stories, the evening passed pleasantly away.

Next morning we got a fair start, and by noon had made the remaining five miles to Ktaadn Lake, which we should have done the day before. After we had pried our unfortunate horse out of several holes in the first mile of road, and the other one had shown symptoms of collapse, we abandoned the jumper and sent the team back. Meanwhile, one horse of the other jumper having distributed most of his shoes and gone out of service, his companion dragged the vehicle alone up many steep pitches, and was only dismissed, with our blessing, when the jumper had left its starboard runner on a rock. So we had a chance to find out how wonderfully easier it is to walk light over bad roads than to lug twenty pounds of baggage. The guides spent the afternoon in "backing" in our wraps and a day's pro-

visions. We dined by the dam at the foot of the little lake,—one of the many difficult but unremunerative works built a few years ago to "drive" logs,—and got into a temporary camp for the night. De Woods had



A JUMPER.

the honor of taking and cooking the first trout—a handsome pounder. Walking to the head of the lake, one and a quarter miles (the width is two miles), we found two fine, sandy beaches, adapted for bathing and landing the canoe, and apparently in nightly use as a promenade for moose and caribou. The shore is generally rocky; where streams enter from the mountain water-shed, it is a swampy thicket of spruce and white cedar.

The 9th was a good day as well as a fine one, and we made and moved to our permanent camp. Some of us wandered to the inlets with our rods, and the guides "backed" provisions from the stranded jumpers. The morning of the 10th broke clear and mild. We celebrated it by a feast of pork and beans.

The bean-hole, that principal base in camp topography, is made large enough to take in an iron pot; and when the hole is heated to a cherry-red by a big internal fire, and when the pot is filled with parboiled, yellow-eyed beans and a cube of pork with fat and lean in proper strata, and when the pot is set in the hole for the night and covered with coals, then begins a beneficent tissue-making alchemy which transmutes the humbler food into ambrosia fit for Mount Ktaadn, if not for Mount Olympus.

The fishing along shore now began to abound chiefly in chub, and Don Gifaro, the epicure, was beginning contemptuously to dub this ever-ready-for-breakfast fish as "Ktaadn trout," while at the same time Don Gifaro, the sportsman, was silently determining where the real "fish" lay. All in good time, an ancient and dilapidated raft was discovered, and as soon mounted by the Don, De Woods and La Rose, who poled and paddled it with no end of work to the previously determined spot. After

an hour's fishing, La Rose's bare hands taking the place of a landing-net, they returned laden with trout; seven fish weighed over ten pounds, and one was a three-pounder, twenty inches long. Meanwhile a guide had shot a brace of partridges, and our style of living was rapidly assuming the Madison Square type. I give all concerned the benefit of two experiences I acquired this day: first, don't lay a trout in a frying-pan of red-hot fat with your fingers; second, when you do, get a distinguished artist to paint them with white lead and turpentine; it prejudices one against a warm tone in art, though the ultimate repose of the composition is charming.

The mountain was now growing in our sight, and our artists were already making

with autumnal color. In front, on the near opposite shore, abruptly rises Mount Turner, its flanks dense with primeval hard-woods, the green interspersed with daily deepening red and yellow, and its summit a thicket of evergreens. Twenty miles away on the right, and most beautiful of all, the Traveler, —a flattened dome, rising higher than the loftiest peak of the Catskills, grand and symmetrical indeed, but lovely, as I see it far away in the soft, rosy sunset, when Ktaadn has put on the darker robes of evening. Such appears to be the view from our camp-shore; but as I look over my shoulder at the canvas of my companion, I realize how inadequately it can be described in words.

The three fishers next day stuck to the



THE MISSING LINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. W. ROBBINS.

finished pencil studies and catching the ever-changing tints. Few views of mountains in any country exceed that from the southern shore of Lake Ktaadn, in combined grandeur and beauty,—the great pyramid, ten miles away on the left, ever changing in the varying moisture of air and shadow of cloud, brilliant and rosy in early sunshine while twilight still broods over the valley; each rock-rib, and rift searched out by the full blaze of midday, opalescent in the mistier air of afternoon, and then a harmonious mass of blended purple and blue outlined against the sunset and mirrored in the lake; its foreground a densely wooded plain of dark evergreens, broken here and there on the margin by tangled underwood of every hue of green, already richly flecked

raft, with reasonably good sport. To their great relief, our chief guide, John Sanford, stalked in at supper-time with a birch canoe on his back; it had 20 feet length, 30 inches beam, and 11½ inches depth; it weighed 80 pounds dry, and 100 wet, and he had lugged it five miles. Don Cathedra, this morning, performed his celebrated feat of baking a three-pound trout in hot ashes. The fish, just as taken, was simply washed, wrapped in a buttered paper, buried in a bed of ashes, covered with hot coals, kept in *just long enough*, and properly seasoned.

The 12th was as lovely and warm a day as the preceding had been, and the artists were busy with studies of the mountain. I had the opportunity—a most interesting experience—of seeing Don Cathedra make



THE TRAVELER, FROM SOUTH SHORE OF KTAADN LAKE.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

many of his sketches, of observing the bold and rapid manner in which he caught all the characteristic colors and effects of the landscape.

But our life, pleasant as was its routine by day, was not mere sketching, fishing, and tramping. The evening meal, with its liberal fare and its rousing appetites, its jokes and its relation of the day's experiences, and then the lying at ease before the glowing camp-fire, with its pipes, and punch, and stories, and the dropping off of one and another in sweet, healthful sleep, without the formality of "retiring"—these are scenes of which the memories will last like those of Ktaadn itself.

On the bright, clear morning of the 14th, Don Cathedra, Rubens, and De Woods, with two guides bearing supplies, penetrated the trackless wilderness of Mount Turner,—a tangling and difficult progress through primeval forests, to gain what the Don had imagined to be the grandest view of Ktaadn. While the rest of us were con-

soling ourselves for our loneliness, about dark, with a rice pudding composed of two raisins to one grain of rice, and a ravishing sauce,—a thoughtful study by La Rose,—uprose De Woods in our midst, pale as an apparition. He had preceded and lost his party, ascended a peak of Turner, and being without provisions, descended after four o'clock and waded a mile of lake to escape the entangling thicket of the margin.

This day the canoe was appropriated to the Turner party, and Don Gifaro, after wasting his artistic sportmanship awhile on the six-inch chub of the shore, threw down his rod, and, for the first time, took up his palette, and a noble study he made.

The sunrise of the next day was like opening the book of Revelations. While everything was lying asleep in misty twilight, suddenly the lurking leaden clouds in the west blushed as the east flung them its salute across the sea, and wreathed themselves in rosy garlands upon the brow of the monarch. And then the monarch



WOOD INTERIOR ON MOUNT TURNER.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.



A VIEW IN THE GREAT BASIN.—FROM A STUDY
BY F. E. CHURCH.

awoke, and rose up in the mirage, and bathed himself in the yellow light, till his crest was transmuted into gold, and his breast into leagues of pink coral, while every glory of the rainbow rolled down his gorgeous flanks, as morning broke upon the plain.

The Mount Turner party returned next day, and told their stories over the evening camp-fire,—stories of hard struggles over wind-falls and through tangled underwood, of a few spoonfuls of water apiece on the mountain top, and of compensation for their troubles in the rare beauty of a primeval forest,—singular growths, dead trunks tumbled picturesquely together by the wind, great trees wreathing their roots around big bowlders cushioned all over with mosses, and little rivulets running out below, all variegated with the glistening white birch and the great bronzed and many-tinted leaves of the moose-wood. The Don pronounced the view of Ktaadn "grand, but not pictorial." When rallied about getting lost, De Woods simply told the story of the Indian found wandering to and fro in the wilderness, against whom a similar charge was made. "Lost!" growled he; "Indian no lost, Indian *here*; wigwam lost."

On the morning of the 16th, Don Cathedra and I, with two guides, started toward

the Great Basin, lying in the mountain in rear of the pyramid. Two other guides had preceded us, with provisions for the whole party; they were to return the same day, and to go up with the others in the morning. I started earlier, not expecting to be able to make the whole ten difficult miles in one day, but after various halts, we reached the Basin at 5 P. M. and pitched our camp. Being too tired to sleep, I lay

for hours in this solemn amphitheater, watching the moon-lit clouds drift over its ragged summit, but not yet appreciating its vastness and its awful grandeur, for the night was singularly mild, and there was no sound but the soft sighing of the wind in the evergreens, as an occasional current circled round the Basin. I was yet to hear the sounds and see the sights of that great gulf.

The first half of our journey was through a comparatively level country, over the remains of an old lumbering road. While there was much good walking, there were occasional swamps over which the footing of stumps and slippery logs was made still more precarious by a low growth of shrubs, which quite concealed it. Getting over these places brought a stress upon the temper as well as upon muscle and nerve. The remainder of the way to the Basin was chiefly a line of spotted trees, which gradually led up the lower flanks of the mountain, but wound in detail over steep pitches and through tangled thickets. There were occasional "wind-falls," which were difficult to penetrate or to get around, and where the blazed line was easily lost; and there were rocky stream-beds to be climbed on all fours. A point two miles from the Basin reveals a magnificent view, both of the mountain and of Ktaadn Lake and its surrounding hills. Much of the forest has been harmed by neither fire nor ax, and is full of beautiful pictures.

The body of Ktaadn extends, in bulk, some ten miles to the north of the pyramid. Its east side is gouged out in two enormous chasms—the Great Basin and the North Basin, the depth of which does not appear to the beholder from Ktaadn Lake. The Great Basin is a horse-shoe shaped gorge, some three miles in longest diameter and above a mile deep. Its floor is a plateau, a thousand feet above the general plain, embracing a forest and a little lake. The less precipitous northern lobe is divided from the southern by a "horseback." The southern lobe of the Great Basin, not visible from Ktaadn Lake, is an amphitheater a mile in diameter. Its formation is not only magnificent, but surprising, in that it occupies the whole interior of the pyramid. The huge head of Ktaadn is hollow. But its hollowness only adds to its pictorial effect. It is the twofold wonder of our eastern scenery,—our grandest mountain inclosing our grandest gorge,—and so associating in one harmonious whole the effects

of Sierra peaks with those of Colorado cañons.

At the foot of our camp is the little Basin Lake, a thousand feet long and half that width,—cold, clear, and as azoic as the granite cliffs that rise out of its shore. Around it lie drift boulders of every age, and huge rocks, split from the mountain, like monolithic houses tumbled together by an earthquake. Over the smaller *débris* many-colored foliage creeps up into the rifts, and towering above and beyond is the ragged granite precipice, half a mile in sheer altitude. On such a grand scale is everything here that distances are deceptive. What was apparently a mere belt of trees on the opposite shore, is a forest more than half a mile deep, through which we followed up a picturesque stream-bed to the foot of the cliffs.

Don Cathedral was most fortunate in visiting the Great Basin on this seventeenth day of September—one day out of a hundred. It was gloriously bright, and yet there was moisture enough to give the most charming atmospheric effects. The Don made many studies, and worked diligently all day with pencil and brush, catching the effects of golden and rose-tinted rocks at sunrise, the yellow foliage creeping up the dark purple ledges on the shaded side of the ravine, the dim line in the atmosphere between the light and the shadow, falling diagonally down the eastern cliff, the wild and ragged slides and stream-beds on the illuminated west slope, the picturesque foreground of autumn-tinted hard-woods and dark evergreens reflected in the lake—that wonderful association of grandeur in mass, with exquisite beauty in detail, such as one can rarely see among all our Appalachian mountains. In the midst of our musings, suddenly an avalanche came tearing down the precipice,—enormous rocks bounding from ledge to ledge, bursting and scattering as they struck, throwing out white clouds like cannon smoke, and finally lost in the crashing forest below. The long time occupied in the descent gave evidence of the enormous height of the precipice.

But the afternoon brought a rapid change of scene. As the party from Lake Ktaadn came straggling in, a storm—which can be so quickly brewed on a mountain-top—had no sooner thrown its shadow upon us than its substance followed in wind and rain, driving us into the little temporary tent while the guides were preparing a better one. During the intervals in the storm, our



KTAADN LAKE FROM THE SLIDE IN THE BASIN.—FROM
A STUDY BY H. W. ROBBINS.

united exertions resulted, before dark, in a logged tent, well shielded and floor-
ed with boughs.

We supped, and packed our supplies and ourselves into night-quarters during a drizzling rain, choked and blinded every few minutes by clouds of smoke, which the eddying wind flung in every direction, and secretly brooding, every one, over the probability that the equinoctial had caught us in that meteorological whirlpool, Ktaadn Basin.

At midnight, Pomola, the deity of this domain, who had so sweetly beguiled us into his den, gave us a taste of his wrath. Being at the tempestuous corner of the tent, I was roused from my dreams by a ripping and a snapping of things in general, and awoke to find the roof gone, the protecting boughs blown over, a torrent of rain pouring upon us, and the last embers of the camp-fire nearly extinguished. The guides' tent had quite disappeared in the gust. But before the general eye had perceived the situation, the ever-ready John had pulled back and fastened down our flapping roof, and given an impetus to the fire. Then there was a general re-adjustment in the

tent; the edges of underlying rubber cloths were propped up so that water would not run in, and overlying wraps were ridged so that rain would run off. Always excepting that old campaigner, Don Gifaro—he wasted no time by waking up and fooling around in the dark. I got hold of the tea, and slept with it the rest of the night under my water-proofs, and somebody else did the same with the sugar.

Next morning we hung out our blankets, and they got alternately dry and wet in the radiation of the camp-fire and the intermittent drizzle. We reconstructed our tent, and the guides, who had got thoroughly soaked, built a new shelter. Whatever good thing the weather did not do for us that day, it did stimulate our appetites, and Don Gifaro, La Rose, and I worked ourselves up to the highest pitch of gastronomic excitement by describing various well-remembered good dinners, and making out a *menu* for a subsequent celebration of our tramp. I am half tempted to copy it here, but it wouldn't do in these times of enforced economy to let loose such a flood of epicurean science.

On the cool, bright next morning, we early got ourselves into a broad good humor by frizzling ham and ourselves before a roaring fire. The efforts of the toaster—screwing himself into all sorts of uncouth shapes to shield himself from the heat—were so grotesque that our artists soon dropped the forked stick, and took up the pencil.

Ascending the mountain was the prescribed work of the day, and we made an early start. It soon became so warm that we strapped our coats and waistcoats about our waists (the best way to carry weight, as John Gilpin knew), and scrambled up a dry stream-bed, over every form and size of rocky impediment, till we reached a "slide," which I supposed might conform to the angle of repose; but the unscientific way in which Ktaadn rocks will arrange themselves, overhanging rather than receding, I leave succeeding tramps to account for. It was a hard and exhausting scale, but by no means a harmful one, when there were plenty of rests. We ascended a slide in the north lobe of the Great Basin,—the lowest part of the mountain, and yet so high that lichens were the largest growths,—and there we found what is called the table-land, but which is, in fact, a gradual slope toward the west. Here Don Cathedra and his guide left us to explore

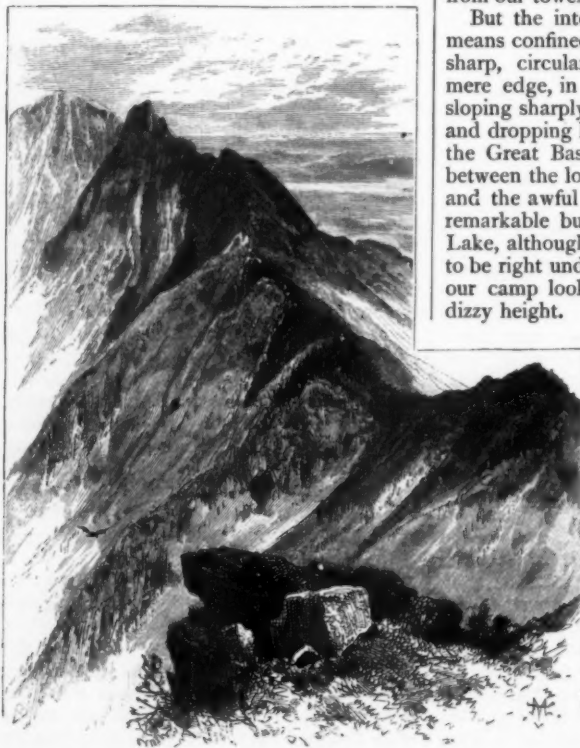
the comparatively undiscovered North Basin, and we proceeded up a gradual but rugged incline, now through entangling shrubs, now over patches of huge rocks tumbled together, until we at last reached the summit of Ktaadn.

I have seen many stretches of splendid landscape from many mountain tops, but to my thinking the view from the top of Ktaadn is the most remarkable and the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was, on this peculiarly bright day, a panorama of exceeding splendor. The groundwork of the whole visible landscape is a vast wooded plain, broken in the rear of Ktaadn by a few bold and picturesque hills, bounded on the south-western horizon by the grand group of the White Mountains, and interspersed everywhere with innumerable shining lakes—Moosehead in the far distance, Ches-uncook, a river expansion, Millinocket with its hundred islands; and on the other side, our own little Ktaadn lake, and Mount Turner and the Traveler looking so small from our towering height.

But the interest in the scene was by no means confined to the distant outlook: the sharp, circular crest of the mountain—a mere edge, in some places but a foot wide, sloping sharply down on the west and south, and dropping half a mile perpendicular into the Great Basin on the east,—the contrast between the lovely prospect on the one side and the awful gulf on the other, is not only remarkable but startling. The little Basin Lake, although more than a mile off, seems to be right underneath, and the forest about our camp looks like a grass-plat from this dizzy height. Up this ragged cliff, clinging

to toppling stones and scaling the almost vertical rocks, climbed De Woods and La Rose, the athletes of the party; but I am happy to say that they could not go down the same way, and that they were properly scolded for risking their lives in the very place where we had seen an avalanche crashing down the day before.

The descent was even more tiresome than the ascent,—and upon staggering into camp quite exhausted, a stew of ducks, upon which John



CREST OF KTAADN.—FROM A STUDY BY S. R. GIFFORD.

had been lavishing his art all day, and then a quiet subsidence into a long, refreshing sleep, were not the least delightful events of the occasion.

The night of the 20th was a memorable one. Don Gifaro, Rubens and De Woods were to leave us next morning, and as we helped them pack by the camp-fire light, it suddenly occurred to us all that this was the beginning of the end of our delightful excursion. We sat up talking over our adventures, and promising ourselves many happy returns, till the unprecedentedly late hour of ten o'clock. After a rainy night, in the dismal dawn, we bade a sad adieu to half our party; and it was not without some emotion that we watched their receding figures until they vanished in the mist, leaving us alone in the wilderness.

The remaining days of our camping, although we could not get used to the vacant seats, were full of pleasant incidents. La Rose kept our table loaded with splendid fish, and Don Cathedral and I sketched from morning till night, producing some of our finest studies. The Don manipulated the brush and the palette, to be sure, but as I held the umbrella and generally supervised the work, I feel justified in the foregoing use of the pronoun. The aspects of the mountain were now surprisingly various and beautiful. Our equinoctial storm was chiefly a wind storm. One day it drove the Great Basin all full of clouds, and they poured out of the apex like steam out of a volcano; and when they were luridly lighted by the setting sun, the scene was extremely wild and gorgeous. One bright morning, the whole crest of Ktaadn was covered with snow, and also a part of the interior of the Great Basin, visible over the edge of the crater; this great, white, shining surface, contrasted with the purple mountain and the blue sky, made a picture of remarkable beauty.

And so, day after day, the mountain and the forest grew more beautiful. But the end must come; and on the 25th, with great reluctance, we broke camp and started back to Sherman *en route* for home.

The altitude of Ktaadn has been variously reported. Professor M. C. Fernald of the Maine State College, has lately made some barometrical determinations which are more complete and trustworthy than any which have preceded them, and from his interesting monograph we learn that the mountain is 5,215½ feet high above the sea. The railroad at Winn, between Bangor and

Matteawankeag is but 205 feet above tide, so that Ktaadn towers nearly a mile above the general surface of the country. Professor Hitchcock makes Ktaadn Lake 790 feet above the east branch at Hunt's. The altitude of Hunt's I do not find recorded, but as the east branch is navigable by canoes up to this point, and as the whole country appears generally level, it is safe to say that Ktaadn rises three-quarters of a mile straight up out of the immediately surrounding plain. Professor Hitchcock calls the precipice in the Great Basin 3,000 feet high; our own barometrical measurements gave 2,600 feet.

The geological questions which arise concerning Ktaadn are most interesting. Dr. Jackson and other early explorers are of the opinion that the glacier passed quite over the top. Professor Hitchcock states that the shape of the basin with its loose, angular rocks, like those known to be above drift action on Mount Washington, and the absence of *striae*, and of rounding and smoothing on the higher ledges, is proof that the drift did not reach the summit. He describes the drift boulders at the foot of the west side as fossiliferous Oriskany sandstone, hard, flinty, and containing seams of shale and conglomerate, and he states that he found nothing of the kind in the basin. I made a careful examination of the rocks in the basin stream-bed, and I found, and brought away with me, specimens of exactly the sandstone above described, together with the two strikingly different granites which make up the mass of the mountain. The upper granite is red,—purple when wet,—and arranged in plates; it looks like a stratified rock resting unconformably upon the gray granite below, which presents quite a different cleavage, thus adding largely to the pictorial as well as to the scientific aspect of the basin.

Our supplies for 11 men (6 excursionists and 5 guides) 16 days, and 5 men 5 days, = 1 man, 201 days, were:

Mess pork.....	115 lbs.	Butter.....	5 lbs.
Hard bread.....	80 "	Raisins.....	5 "
Crackers.....	16 "	Bread powders..	3 "
Sugar (granul'd)..	80 "	Tea.....	9 "
Wheat flour.....	70 "	Canned meat....	7 "
Indian meal.....	25 "	Lemons.....	8 "
Beans.....	65 "	Sundry pres'v's,	
Potatoes.....	180 "	etc.....	5 "
Ham.....	15 "	Fish, mostly	
Onions.....	10 "	trout (est'd)..	100 "
Rice.....	5 "	Game.....	10 "
Total.....			813 lbs.

This gives, say, four pounds of raw food per day per man. There was, of course, a large percentage of waste in its preparation and in its transportation from camp to camp. The cost of this raw food (excluding, of course, fish, game, and transportation) was \$65.00, or 32½ cents per man per day. Our bill of fare has included the obvious simple and the following compound dishes.

Crackers, dampened and fried in pork fat, with onions (*bisque à la Illex*); fried cakes of various mixtures of wheat and corn meal; Indian plum-pudding (*cauchemar*); rice-pudding, with raisins; raisin-pudding, with rice (*ex Cathedra*); baked pork and beans; canned meats warmed up with potatoes and cracker crumbs; eel-pie; partridge-soup and stew; duck-stew, and sauces of sugar, butter, and rum. As the guides were so constantly employed in arranging new camps and transporting supplies, they had no time to seek large game, although we saw both moose and caribou.

The necessary camp-utensils (some of which most guides have on hand), for our number and our style of living are: An iron pot with overlapping cover, a tin tea-pot, two frying-pans, four tin pails, two of them having covers and removable wire legs (parboiling vessels), the whole to pack in a nest; a nest of four deep tin dishes or pans, the largest fifteen inches and the smallest ten inches in diameter, to be used as mixing vessels and platters; a tin baker, say 16x12x7 inches; a dozen of each of the following: tin pint cups, tin dinner-plates, and cheap tea-spoons, knives and forks; three larger cooking spoons of different sizes, two butcher-knives, two tin wash-basins, a salt-box, a pepper-box, and a wire gridiron. We did not have a camp-stove, which would have been a great convenience. The half of a stout barrel is good to keep pork in, and will also hold fish, game, etc., in separate birch-bark vessels. A birch-bark lined hole in the earth is a good store-room for meat. There should be plenty of dish-cloths and towels, and five pounds of bar soap. A can of kerosene and a student-lamp may be readily taken; a dozen candles are convenient, although the camp-fire furnishes the necessary illumination. No work nor amusement requiring a good light is attempted after dark. The matches should be distributed among the party, and each person should carry a few in a corked metal case. Some nails and tacks of assorted sizes prove surprisingly useful. We brought in cheap crockery plates, mugs, cups and saucers, and

left them. The guides will, of course, have plenty of axes and guns. A one-and-a-half-inch auger and a draw-shave are often very useful. A shovel is convenient, but not indispensable. The provisions and utensils are most conveniently transported in bags.

The baggage and clothing (including that worn) which I found at once ample and necessary, were: A stout coat and waistcoat, two pairs of stout trowsers, a thick cardigan jacket (instead of an overcoat), two pairs of heavy woolen socks and a pair of lighter ones, two pairs of stout boots,—not necessarily top-boots, and better if not very heavy,—heavy slippers, leggings, two pairs of woolen drawers, a very thick and a thinner undershirt, two blue flannel overshirts, a light felt hat, a night-cap for windy nights, six handkerchiefs, four towels, two heavy double army-blankets, a piece of light rubber cloth five feet wide and seven feet long, a silk rubber coat, an air-pillow, the fewest possible toilet articles in a rubber case, four leather straps three to five feet long, a piece of mosquito-netting, two balls of cord coarse and fine, a stout pocket-knife with say three-and-a-half-inch blade, pins, buttons, thread and needles, a box of water-proof boot-varnish, and a flask of tar-wash to keep off black flies, which are the only nuisance in the Maine woods, and not active after the middle of September. It is a great mistake to take other than stout clothing. Bad boots may make a whole trip miserable, since tramping is the chief employment and long marches are often indispensable. Boots should be neither new nor old, but in the vigor of youth. Adaptation of clothing to the great variations of temperature may be readily made by "doubling up." The rubber cloth should be permanently lined with the half of one blanket to lie on, the other half of the blanket and the sides of the rubber cloth forming a cover. The foot of this bed should be made, by means of straps and buckles, into a bag, so that the occupant may roll about, bed and all, without pulling the clothes off or getting them wet when it rains. The second blanket may be put into the bag, to lie on, or as a cover, as required. This bag of bedding, rolled into a bundle, forms its own water-proof case. The clothing is transported in a rubber bag, made like a mail-bag, and having an inside flap. To this outfit each person will add the implements of his specialty. A few quires of heavy paper, both for wrapping and for preserving leaves, are of use to all. Pencils, pocket-knives, and such indispensable

bles, should be taken in duplicate. Climbing mountains and tumbling through thickets is pocket-picking business. The party should have a good field-glass, an aneroid barometer for measuring heights, and a pocket-compass.

Thoreau specifies much more limited fare and wardrobe for this very route. But as the cost of the expedition is but a fraction of that at a "summer resort," it seems worth while to make things agreeable; discomfort is not necessarily healthful.

The cost of the expedition (sixteen days

in the woods) to each excursionist, was as follows:

Expenses from New York to Mattewamkeag and return.	\$38.00
Transportation, Mattewamkeag to Ktaadn and return, including pay of guides (\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day each).....	32.00
Food	10.83
	\$80.83

The railway transportation was 47 per cent. of the whole expense. The distance from New York to Ktaadn by our route is exactly 600 miles.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

THE BOWER-BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.—THE GARDEN AND CABIN-BUILDING BIRD OF NEW GUINEA.



BOWER OF CHLAMYDODERA NUCHALIS.

In the present paper, the first of a series illustrative of some of the more remarkable instances of the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes, we limit ourselves

to the exploits of a small and very remarkable family, generally known as the bower birds, and confined to the Australian group, inclusive of New Guinea. In the papers



GARDEN AND CABIN OF THE AMBLVORNIS INORNATA.—AFTER DR. BECCARI.

that may follow will be considered the architecture of this class, as exhibited in their nests, giving some of the most exemplary exhibitions of their skill, ingenuity and sagacity, as displayed in the construction of what are designed to be places for the deposit and development of their eggs, and for the shelter and protection of their callow young.

The wonderful structures we are to describe have no connection, either with the preservation of their eggs, or the rearing of their young. They are not nests in the proper significance of that term. They are, instead, places in which they assemble; places of amusement for the meeting with, and making the acquaintance of, their fellows, and especially for the commingling, in social entertainment, of the sexes. Their true nests are very different affairs, and, unlike their bowers, are carefully concealed amid the foliage of high trees, in the thick depths of forests, and are not unlike those of many other birds, in most respects. On the other hand, the extraordinary and incredibly wonderful constructions—both those of the bower-birds of Australia and of the cabin

and garden building birds of New Guinea—are really mere pleasure-houses, created for purposes of entertainment and amusement, and for these exclusively.

BOWER-BIRDS.

Of all the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes there certainly are none, so far as is now known, to compare with these or that approach them in the high degree of intellect they attest. They are without rivals, either in intrinsic interest, the evidences they afford of something beyond mere instinct,—powers hardly distinguishable from reason,—or in the ingenuity and æsthetic taste they manifest. These places of assembly display very wonderful design in the general plan of their construction on the part of their builders, an incredible amount of skill and practical application in their creation, and a degree of taste and refinement, even more surprising in the manner in which interior and exterior, and surrounding grounds are adorned with various objects of curiosity, beauty and interest. In a word, their achievements would well deserve

to be treated as improbable fables were not their correctness attested by the evidence of many witnesses whose veracity is beyond suspicion, and did not our museums not only contain examples of these architectural achievements, but also large accumulations of the colored leaves and flowers, the bright feathers, the polished agates and jaspers, and other botanical, conchological, mineralogical and anatomical curiosities and adornments by means of which the æsthetic aspirations of these feathered votaries of pleasure have prompted them to add to the attractions of their cherished retreats. If they have not filled their homes with painting and statuary, or with fragments of ancient pottery, they have at least diligently adorned them with attractive specimens more in conformity, perhaps, to their own ideas of good taste and beauty, such as bright cockle-shells, polished pebbles, brilliant red or blue feathers of parrots, colored seed-pods, bleached bones of small animals and similar ornaments and curiosities.

The birds responsible for these almost incredible evidences of intelligent design, as well as of artistic and sensuous aspirations, belong to, or rather are remotely allied with, the *Paradisæide*, or birds of paradise, and are, by more modern systematists, classed with that family but are by others grouped with the *Oriolide*. They also have many points in common with the *Corvidæ* or crows. The tendency of the scientific mind to split into innumerable generic divisions, instead of combining around proximate forms, has inflicted upon this small and well-marked family, an unnecessarily minute division into four or five genera, and has loaded them down with such undesirable and difficult appellations as *ptilonorhynchus*, *ailurædus*, *clamydodera*, *amblyornis*, and others equally trying.

The entire group hardly numbers more than a dozen species, most of which have been ascertained to possess the same remarkable architectural gifts, combined with even more surprising æsthetic tastes, while the habits of a few are as yet inferred rather than known. They are assigned by Mr. Gray exclusively to Australia, New Guinea, and the island of Aru. Mr. John Gould mentions six different species of bower-birds that had been ascertained to construct various kinds of play-houses, and, more recently, other ornithological explorers have made several remarkable additions to their number.

The satin bower-bird of New South Wales (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*) was the

first of this family to whose agency was traced the mysterious bower-like structures that had so long been a source of much speculation as to their origin and purpose, and by some had even been conjectured to be the work of the native inhabitants, as rude cradles for their children. A Mr. Coxen of Brisbane, New South Wales, was the first to ascertain with certainty that these curious constructions were the unaided work of these birds. He exhibited a specimen of their handiwork in the museum of Sydney. Mr. Gould, the well-known author of an elegant work on the birds of Australia, afterward followed up and confirmed Mr. Coxen's discoveries by thorough explorations made among the cedar-brushes of the Liverpool range of mountains. He discovered several of these artificial playing-places on the ground, under the shelter of the low branches of overhanging trees, in the most retired parts of the forests. The bowers differed considerably in size. Their base consisted of an extensive platform of twigs, finely interwoven together, and on the center of this the bower itself is built. This is also made of twigs; but these are of a more slender and flexible description. These were so arranged that their tips curved inwardly and nearly met at the top, but were so placed that their projecting forks turned outward or upward, so as to present no obstruction, within the bower, to the movements of the birds. These curious structures were always found decorated with the most gayly colored articles that could be collected, such as the deep crimson-red tail-feathers of Pennant's parakeet, the brilliant blue-and-white feathers of the Rose-hill parakeet (*Platycercus eximius*), bleached bones, and the shells of snails. Near one entrance Mr. Gould picked up a small, neatly worked, stone tomahawk, with fragments of blue cotton rags, both of which had evidently been purloined from an encampment of the natives.

More recent and fuller investigations demonstrate beyond all question that these bowers are merely sporting-places, in which the sexes meet,—the males to display their finery, and both to exhibit some very remarkable feats of curious and rapid evolutions. And to remove all doubt and to silence all possible incredulity, it may be added that birds of this species, confined in the garden of the Zoölogical Society, in Regent's Park, London, have been actually known to construct their bowers, to decorate them, and to keep them in repair for several successive years. Both sexes were observed

to assist in their erection, but the male was the principal workman.

There are four members of the genus *Chlamydodera*, so far as is known, and all of these are builders of bowers, and each one of these differing structures, in some respects, is more elaborate and interesting than those of the satin-bird. They are larger, are more highly decorated halls of assembly, and would be regarded as the most wonderful examples of ornithological architecture ever met with, were it not that the recent discoveries of Dr. Beccari, the distinguished Italian explorer, have brought to light in New Guinea, in the achievement of another and closely allied bird, something far more wonderful and interesting, to which we shall presently refer. In the north-western and little-known portions of Australia is found what Mr. Gould calls the great bower-bird, the *C. nuchalis* of authors. It builds a very strong and elaborate bower, from three to four feet in length and about two in width. A fine example of one of these structures has been recently added to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, in Cambridge. Accompanying this structure, which had been preserved with wonderful care and success, were more than half a peck of the decorations with which the builders had adorned their place of assembly. These consisted principally of a large white univalve; the shell of a large land-snail, of which there were in all about four hundred; shining stones, principally flint-stones and agates; bright-colored seed-vessels and pods; bleached bones of small quadrupeds, and other objects of interest.

Captain Stokes, in an interesting account of his discoveries in Australia, mentions meeting with one of these structures near Port Essington. He first noticed a number of twigs with their ends stuck in the ground, which was strewn over with shells. The tops of the twigs had been brought together so as to form a small arbor. It was not until his second visit to that locality that he supposed this anything but some Australian mother's toy to amuse her child, but being asked to go and see the "birds' play-house," he immediately recognized the same kind of construction he had before inspected. This time he found the bird amusing itself by flying backward and forward through the arch-way, taking a shell alternately from each side and carrying it in its mouth to the other.

A fine specimen of the avenue-like structure made by the spotted bower-bird (*Ch. maculata*) is preserved in the British Mu-

seum. It was taken from among the bush that clothe the lower hills north of the Liverpool plains. It had been outwardly built of twigs and was beautifully lined with tall grasses, the heads of which nearly met. The decorations were very profuse, and consisted of bivalve shells, crania of small animals, and other bones bleached by exposure to the rays of the sun. Evident marks of a high order of instinct were manifest throughout the whole of this bower and its decorations, and particularly in the manner in which stones had been placed within the structure, in order to keep the grasses, with which it had been lined, fixed firmly within their places. From each of the two entrances to this bower the stones diverged on each side, so as to form little paths, while at either end, the decorative materials had been placed in heaps. In several instances, Mr. Gould found half a bushel of bones and shells at each of the two entrances. As these structures are often at a considerable distance from the rivers, where only the shells and the rounded pebbles can be procured, their collection and transportation must involve great labor and patient assiduity. In the case of this species, as is also probably true of all the family, these bowers are places of rendezvous of many individuals, and are not restricted to a single pair.

The nest of this bird has been found to be a very distinct affair from the bower, and is made in high trees. One was found by Mr. Coxer, containing young. It was built in one of the *myrtaceæ* overhanging a water-hole, near the scrub on which a bower had been built. It was in form very similar to that of the common European thrush,—cup-shaped and made of dry sticks with a slight lining of feathers and fine grass.

The guttated bower-bird (*Ch. guttata*) makes structures essentially similar to the preceding, both in shape and in the manner of its ornamentation. Sir George Gray, in his "Travels in Australia" refers to this structure as a "nest." This very curious sort of nest, he says, was frequently found not only along the sea-shore, but at a distance of six or seven miles from it. They were formed of dead grasses and parts of bushes, sunk a slight depth into two parallel furrows in sandy soil, and then nicely arched above. He was told they were the playing-places of this bird. He adds that the most remarkable fact connected with them was, that they were always full of broken sea-shells, large heaps of which protruded from each extremity. In one instance, in a bower the most

remote from the sea, was found the stone of some fruit that had evidently been rolled in the sea. They were lying in a heap in the nest.

The bower of the *tewinga*, as it is called by the natives,—the fawn-breasted bower-bird of Gould,—differs essentially from those of the other species. In one of these structures, taken by Mr. Macgillioray near Cape York, and now in the British Museum, the walls are very thick, and instead of being overarched are nearly upright, and the passage through them is very narrow. This bower is made of fine twigs on a thick platform of stouter twigs, is nearly as broad as it is long, or about four feet each way, and, here and there, had small berries or snail-shells dropped in as a decoration. It was eighteen inches high. In his "Voyage of the 'Rattlesnake'" Mr. Macgillioray speaks of having observed this bird as it darted through the bushes in the neighborhood of the bower, announcing its presence by an occasional loud "chaw," and imitating the notes of various other birds. It was very wary, but was observed from time to time to alight on the bower, deposit a berry or two, take a run through it and be off.

The regent-bird, *Sericulus melinus*, claimed by Gould to be allied with the bower-birds, has since attested its right to be so connected by exhibiting the same peculiarities of habit. It is found in Queensland and in Eastern Australia generally. Its peculiar bower was first discovered by a Mr. Waller of Brisbane. It is formed between, and supported by, two small brush plants and surrounded by small shrubs. The ground around the bower was clear of leaves for some eighteen inches and had the appearance of having been swept. The only objects of ornamentation were small specimens of *helices*. This bower was subsequently removed without injury to its architectural style. It was found to differ from that of the satin-birds in being less dome-shaped, straighter in the sides, and with a much smaller platform, but thicker in proportion to its size. It had no other decoration than shells of *helices*, or land-snails.

The constructive habits of the various kinds of bower-birds, thus briefly given, the high degree of intelligence that thus prompts and enables them to build and adorn edifices created merely for purposes of recreation, have been, with good reasons, regarded the most marvelous examples of bird architecture known; but even these seem commonplace and trivial in compari-

son with the achievements of a nearly allied species, the *Amblyornis inornata*, as narrated by Dr. O. Beccari. This Italian naturalist has recently explored the before unknown interior of the island of Papua (New Guinea), and contributes a very interesting account of the wonderful habits of this species to the Annals of the Civic Museum of Genoa. This paper, published in Italian, has only been briefly referred to in one or two scientific journals; and has never been translated. Though intensely interesting is too long for us to give more than a brief abstract.

THE GARDEN-BIRD.

This wonderful creature, that under a modest exterior conceals the best-developed intellect of the entire class of birds, is found in the island of Papua, where it was discovered and described by Count Rosenberg. Its cabins and gardens were first met with by Signor Bruijn who supposed them to be nests. Count Salvadori, before their discovery by Beccari, ventured the opinion they would prove to be places of assembly and not nests. This bird, called by Dr. Beccari, the gardener, is about the size of the American robin; in appearance is unattractive, being totally wanting in bright color, but wholly of an obscurely rufous shade of brown. It was the good fortune of this naturalist to be able to examine several of these marvels of intelligent design in the remote recesses of the forests of Mount Arafak, near the hamlet of Hatam, in June, 1875. He had left Warmendi early in the morning; it was already an hour past noon and he had taken no rest, though the route had been very fatiguing, as he was near his journey's end. He was ascending the slope of one of the foot-hills of Mount Arafak. The primeval forest around him was tall and lovely, hardly penetrated by a single ray of the sun. At every step he met with objects never seen before; elegant palms and other strange plants attracted his attention. He was constantly excited by the song and cries of new and unknown birds. Those procured were not only different from the birds of the plains but were often new species.

He had just shot a small marsupial as it was running up the trunk of a large tree, when, turning round in close proximity to the path, he found himself in front of a piece of workmanship more lovely than the ingenuity of any animal had ever before been known to construct. It was a cabin in miniature in the midst of a miniature meadow studded with flowers. He recognized

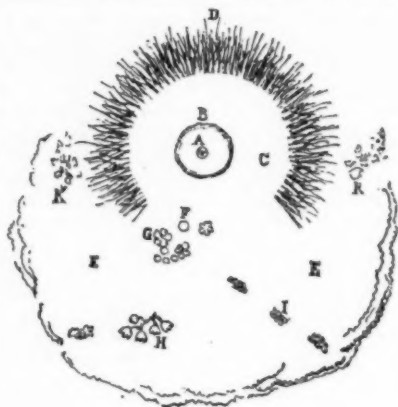
at once the famous nests that had been described to him by the hunters of Bruijn. Contenting himself for the moment with a brief examination of this marvel, he enjoined his hunters not to disturb it.

After several days spent at Hatam in the preservation of specimens, at last, one morning, his crayon and box of colors in hand, he set out toward the habitation of the *Amblyornis*, and immediately applied himself to the task of making the sketch which has been exactly reproduced in our illustration. At the time of his visit the proprietors were not at home, nor was he afterward able to ascertain with any certainty whether any cabin was frequented by a single pair or by more; whether by more males than females, or the reverse; whether the males alone construct the huts, or whether the females aid in the work, or how far they may be the work of several individuals. That these cabins are used season after season, is made probable from the fact that they are constantly being renewed and embellished.

This bird selects for its hut and garden a spot on a level with the plain, having in its center a small shrub, with a trunk about the height and size of a small walking-stick. Around the base of this central support it constructs, of different mosses, a sort of cone, about a span in diameter. This cone of moss serves to strengthen the central pilaster, upon the top of which the whole edifice is sustained. The height of the cabin is at least half a meter. All around, from the top of the central pilaster and diverging outward therefrom, arranged methodically in an inclined position, are long stems, their upper ends supported on the apex of the pilaster, and their lower resting on the ground, and thus all around, excepting immediately in front. In this way is made the cabin, conical in form and quite regular in the shape the whole presents when the work is completed. Many other stems are then added and interwoven in various ways, so as to make a roof at once strong and impervious to the weather. Between the central pilaster and the insertion in the ground there is left a circular gallery in the shape of a horse-shoe. The whole structure has a total diameter of about a meter.

The long, straw-like stems of which it makes use as rafters, are the slender and upright branches of a species of orchid (*Dendrobium*), an epiphytal plant that grows in large tufts on the mossy branches of tall trees. They are as slender as fine straws, and are about half a meter in length. These

stems retain their small and closely packed leaves, which are still living, and continue to maintain their life a long while, as is the



PLAN OF THE GARDEN AND CABIN OF THE AMBLYORNIS INORNATA.

A, central pilaster supporting the whole; B, support made of moss around base of pilaster; C, gallery; D, projecting roof of the cabin; E, artificial garden made of moss; F, fruit of the *Garcinia*; G, opened fruit of the *Garcinia*; H, flower of a large species of *Vaccinium*; I, fruit of *Scitaminea*; K, K, rejected fruit and faded flowers.

case with the greater part of the epiphytal orchids of the tropics; and there is little doubt that these sagacious birds select this plant, on account of this vitality, purposely, to prevent the decay of their dwelling.

But the æsthetic tastes of our "gardeners" are not restricted to the construction of a cabin. Their fondness for flowers and for gardens is still more remarkable. Directly in front of the entrance to their cabin is a level place occupying a superficies about as large as that of the structure itself. It is a miniature meadow of soft moss, transported thither, kept smooth and clean, and free from grass, weeds, stones, and other objects not in harmony with its design. Upon this graceful green carpet are scattered flowers and fruit of brilliant colors, in such a manner that they really present the appearance of an elegant little garden. The greater number of these ornaments appear to be accumulated near the entrance to the cabin. The variety of the objects thus collected is very great, and they are always of brilliant colors.

Here were several of the bright fruit of the *Garcinia*, as large as small apples, and of a violet color; others of the fruit of the *Gardenia* that are as large, opening irregularly, having four or five valves displaying their brilliant pulp and colored seeds of a bright saffron. There were also many clusters of a small

rose-colored fruit; but to what plant they belonged is not known. These inclosed yellow seeds projecting, with singular effect of contrast, through the roseate skins. The beautiful rose-colored flowers of a species of *Vaccinium* was one of the most conspicuous ornaments, and it is probable that the floral decorations vary with the season. Not only does the *Amblyornis* select its ornaments from among flowers and fruit, but showy fungi and elegantly colored insects are also distributed about the gardens and within the galleries of the cabin. When these objects have been exposed so long as to lose their freshness, they are taken from the abode, thrown away, and replaced by others.

The genius of this bird is not only displayed in its ability to construct an abode of pleasure; it is otherwise very accomplished. One of the many names it has received among the natives is that of *Burun-guru*, or master-bird, because it varies its own notes and intermingles with them the songs and cries of quite a large number of other birds. Its song was thus a constant series of variations. Dr. Beccari's hunters were often,

when attracted by some unknown note which promised a new species, driven nearly to distraction at finding that the sounds came from the throat of one of these birds.

"From all that I have given," concludes the explorer, "it appears to me that there is no room to doubt that the cabins and the gardens of the amblyornis, as well as the galleries of the bower-birds, are places of pleasure and retirement, in which, at certain seasons of the year, the males meet to pay their court to the females and to contend for their favor."

Can we conceive of anything in Nature, on the part of her instinct-guided creatures, more wonderful than that a bird, for mere purposes of social enjoyment, apart from all instinctive promptings to incubation or care for its offspring, should display the intellect, the ability, and the taste, evinced by its constructing a stable edifice around a single central support, or should exhibit the æsthetic promptings, the fondness for the beautiful, shown by its embellishing its grounds with bright-colored and beautiful objects?

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

I.

THOU first gay flutterer of the opening year,—

Like some bright flower awakened ere its time,
Thou wanderest o'er the fields of late so drear,
In search of kindred from thy fairy clime.

On frail, uncertain wing, by rough winds blown,

Thou beatest up and down across the wold,
With not a flower to cheer thee save the lone
Anemone that shivers in the cold.

By the soft, wooing breath of Spring betrayed

To leave the shelter of thy warm retreat—
Thou, too, hast found how false the promise made
Of balmy airs and blossoms fair and sweet.

II.

Exhausted by thy flight, thou givest o'er

Like some poor wanderer dropping by the way,
And sinkest in the grass as if no more
To flaunt thy beauty in the eye of day.

Lost in the verdurous sea, like the lone sail

That shrinks before the tempest's awful frown,
Thou hast but added to the throngs that fail,
Or for the moment seem to have gone down.

III.

O thou bright spirit of the sunshine born,
Touched with the softest immaterial hues,
How vain thy struggle in the hope forlorn
To cleave the viewless path the lark pursues!

None may thy mission know but He who calls
The myriad insects of an hour to life,
Without whom not the tiniest sparrow falls,
Nor worlds are shaken by contending strife.

IV.

Emerging like a specter from the deep,
Again thou flutterest idly to and fro,
As if, benumbed by cold or dulled by sleep,
Thou wert uncertain where to stay or go.

Poised on the stubble of the last year's grass,
Thy weary wings thou foldest for a space,
Uncaring who may come or what may pass,
To tear thee like a culprit from thy race.

Like a lone mourner brooding o'er her loss,
Fixed to the spot that holds her precious dust,
Thou clingest to thy perch the mad winds toss
Unshaken in thy faith and hope and trust.

V.

But now the bright sun breaks through clouds that part,
And in a moment all the scene is changed;
And on thy wanderings thou again dost start,
And field on field from side to side is ranged.

Ah, there thou pausest with thy outstretched wings
On the bright golden dandelion's crown,
Delighted like the bee that sips and sings
And wallows in the depths of honeyed down.

Up, up on lightsome wing thou mountest high,
As if thy thankfulness thou too wouldst bear
To Him who over all with sleepless eye
Extends his never-failing love and care.

VI.

Type of the world, that buffets all who haste
To flee the irksome narrowness of home,
Impatient to be free those joys to taste
That lure the light and gay of heart to roam.

"Too early" or "too late" the dismal doom
That waits on many a brave, adventurous soul,
Born out of time to struggle on in gloom
Against adversity's malign control.

But when amid the darkest hours of doubt
All closes round us like the voiceless tomb,
Some golden thought like heaven's bright ray gleams out,
And gladdens all the waste of life with bloom.

LITTLE ROSE AND THE HOUSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

ROSITA, which being turned from Spanish into English means Little Rose, is a mining camp in the silver region of the Sierra Mojada in southern Colorado. A legend runs that there was once another "Little Rose," a beautiful woman of Mexico, who had a Frenchman for a lover. When she died her lover lost his wits and journeyed aimlessly away to the north; he rambled on and on until he came to this beautiful little nook, nestled among mountains, and overlooking a great green valley a thousand feet below it. Here he exclaimed: "Beautiful as Rosita!" and settled himself to live and die on the spot.

A simpler and better authenticated explanation of the name is, that when the miners first came, six years ago, into the gulches where the town of Rosita now lies, they found several fine springs of water, each spring in a thicket of wild roses. As they went to and fro from their huts to the springs they found in the dainty blossoms a certain air of greeting, as of old inhabitants welcoming new-comers. It seemed no more than courteous that the town should be called after the name of the oldest and most aristocratic settler,—a kind of recognition which does not always result in so pleasing a name as Rosita—Tompkinsville, for instance, or Jenkins's Gulch. Little Rose, then, it became, and Little Rose it will remain. Not even a millionaire of mines will ever dare to dispute this vested title of the modest little flower. Each spring would brand him as a usurper, for the wild rose still queens it in the Sierra Mojada.

I suppose there may be many ways of approaching Rosita. I know only the one by which we went, last June; going from Colorado Springs, first to Cañon City, by rail.

Cañon City lies at the mouth of the grand cañon, by which the Arkansas River forces its way through the Wet Mountain range. It is a small town, which has always been hoping to be a large one. Since the Arkansas comes down this way from the great South Park, men thought they could carry and fetch goods on the same road; but the granite barrier is too much for them. Bold and rich must the railroad company be that will lay a track through this cañon. Cañon City has also

many hot springs, highly medicinal; and it has hoped that the world would come to them to be cured of diseases. It has coal, too, in great quantity, and of a good quality, and this seemed a certain element of prosperity. But spite of all, Cañon City neither grows nor thrives, and wears always a certain indefinable look of depression and bad luck about it, just as men do when things go wrong with them year after year. It is surrounded on two sides by low foot-hills which present bare fronts of the gloomiest shade of drab ever seen. One does not stop to ask if it be clay, sand, or rock, so overpowering is one's sense of the color; it would not seem that so neutral a tint could make a glare, but not even on the surfaces of white houses can the sun make so blinding and intolerable a glare as it does on the drab plains and drab foot-hills of Cañon City. One escapes from it with a sense of relief which seems at first disproportionate,—a quick exhilaration, such as is produced by passing suddenly from the society of a stupid person into that of a brilliant and witty one. You see at once how frightfully you were being bored. You had not realized it before. Through six miles of this drab glare, we drove in a south-westerly direction when we set out for Rosita. On the outskirts of the town we passed the penitentiary,—also of a drab color,—a fine stone building. To liven things a little, the authorities have put the convicts into striped tights, black and white. The poor fellows were hewing, hammering, and wheeling drab stone as we drove past. They looked droll enough,—like two-legged zebras prancing about.

The six miles of drab plain were relieved only by the cactus blossoms; these were abundant and beautiful, chiefly of the prickly pear variety, great mats of uncouth, bristling leaves, looking like oblong, green griddle-cakes, made thick and stuck full of pins, points out—as repellent a plant as is to be found anywhere on the face of the earth; but lo, out of the edge of this thick and unseemly lobe springs a many-leaved chalice of satin sheen, graceful, nay, regal in its poise, in its quiet. No breeze stirs it; no sun wilts it; no other blossom rivals the lustrous transparency of its petals. Of all shades of yellow, from the palest cream-color up to the deepest tint of virgin gold;

of all shades of pink, from a faint, hardly perceptible flush up to a rose as clear and bright as that in the palm of a baby's hand;—myriads of these, full-blown, half-blown, and in bud, we saw on every rod of the six miles of desolate drab plains which we crossed below Cañon City. As soon as the road turned to the west and entered the foot-hills, we began to climb; almost immediately we found ourselves on grand ledges. On these we wound and rose, and wound and rose, tier above tier, above tier, as one winds and climbs the tiers of the Coliseum in Rome; from each new ledge a grander off-look to the south and east; the whole wide plain wooded in spaces, with alternating intervals of smooth green fields; Pike's Peak and its range, majestic and snowy, in the north-eastern horizon; countless peaks in the north; and in the near foreground, Cañon City, redeemed from all its ugliness and bareness, nestled among its cotton-wood trees as a New England village nestles among its elms. It fills consciousness with delight almost too full to look off at one minute upon grand mountain summits, and into distances so infinite one cannot even conjecture their limits; see the peaks lost in clouds and the plains melting into skies, and the next minute to look down on one's pathway and be dazzled by a succession of flowers almost as bewildering as the peaks and the plains. Here, on these rocky ledges, still grow the gold and pink cactus cups, and beside these, scarlet gilia, blue pentstemons, white daisies and yellow spiræa, blue harebells and blue larkspur. This blue larkspur is the same which we see in old-fashioned gardens in New England. In Colorado it grows wild, side by side with the blue harebell, and behaves like it,—roots itself in crevices, and sways and waves in every wind.

The crowning beauty of the flower-show on these rocky ledges was a cactus, whose name I do not know. It is shaped and molded like the sea-urchin, and grows sometimes as large as the wheel of a baby-carriage. Its lobes or sections are of clear apple-green, and thick set with long spines of a glistening white. The flower is a many-leaved tubular cup of a deep, rich crimson color. They are thrown out at hazard, apparently, anywhere on the lobes. You will often see ten, twelve, or even twenty of these blossoms on a single plant of only medium size, say eight or ten inches in diameter. When we first saw one of these great, crimson-flowered cacti, wedged in like a cushion or flattened ball in the

gnarled roots of an old cedar-bush on the side of this rocky road, we halted in silent wonder, and looked first at it and then at each other. Afterward we grew wonted to their beauty; we even pulled several of them up bodily and carried them home in a box; but this familiarity bred no contempt; it only added to our admiration a terror which was uncomfortable. A live creature which could bite would be no harder to handle and carry. It has one single root growing out at its center, like the root of a turnip; this root is long and slender; it must wriggle its way down among the rocks like a snake. By this root you can carry the cactus, and by this alone. Woe betide you if you so much as attempt to tug, or lift, or carry it by its sides. You must pry it up with a stick or trowel till you can reach the root, grasp it by that handle, and carry it bottom side up, held off at a judicious distance from your legs.

At last we had climbed up to the last ledge, rounded the last point. Suddenly we saw before us, many hundred feet below us, a green well, into the mouth of which we looked down. There is nothing but a well to which I can compare the first view from these heights of the opening of Oak Creek Cañon. The sides of the well slant outward. Perhaps it is more like a huge funnel, little end down. The sun poured into these green depths, so full and warm that each needle on the fir-trees glittered, and a fine aromatic scent arose, as if spices were being brewed there. One small house stood in the clearing. It was only a rough-built thing of unpainted pine, but Colorado pine is as yellow as gold, and if you do not know that it is pine, you might take it, at a little distance, for some rare and gleaming material which nobody but kings could afford to make houses of.

Down into this green well we dashed, on precipitous ledges as steep as that we had climbed. Once down at the bottom of the well, we stopped to look up and back. It seemed a marvel that there should be a way in or out. There are but two, the way we had come,—scaling the ledges,—and the way we were to go, keeping close to Oak Creek. Close indeed! the road clings to the creek as one blind might cling to a rope; for miles and miles they go hand in hand, cross and recross and change places, like partners in a dance, only to come again side by side. It would take botany and geology, and painting as well, to tell the truth of this exquisite Oak Creek Cañon.

Its sides were a tangle of oak, beeches, willows, clematis, green-brier and wild rose; underneath these, carpets of white violets and blue, yellow daisies and white, and great spaces of an orange-colored flower I never saw before, which looked like a lantana, a rich purple blossom also, for which I have neither name nor similitude. Above these banks and waving walls of flowers, were the immovable walls of rock, now in precipices, now in piles of boulders, now in mountain-like masses. Often the cañon widens, and incloses now a few acres of rich meadow-land where a ranchman has built himself a little house and begun a farm, now a desolate and arid tract on which no human being will ever live. At all these openings, there are glimpses of snowy peaks to the right and to the left. The road is literally in the mountains. At last,—and at last means nearly at sunset,—we reached the end of the cañon. It had widened and widened, until, imperceptibly, it had ceased, and we were out in a vast open with limitless distances stretching away in all directions. We were on a great plateau; we had climbed around, through, and come out on top of, the Sierra Mojada. We were on a plateau, yet the plateau was broken and uneven, heaved up into vast billowy ovals and circles, which sometimes sharpened into ridges and were separated by ravines. It was a tenantless, soundless, well-nigh trackless wilderness. Our road had forsaken the creek, and there was no longer any guide to Rosita. Now and then we came to roads branching to right or left; no guide-posts told their destination, and in the silence and forsaken emptiness of these great spaces all roads seemed alike inexplicable. In the west a long serrated line of snow-topped summits shone against the red sky. This was the grand Sangre di Cristo range, and by this we might partly know which way lay Rosita.

By a hesitating instinct, and not in any certainty, we groped along in that labyrinth of billowy hills and ravines, twilight settling fast upon the scene, and the vastness and the loneliness growing vaster and more lonely with each gathering shadow.

We were an hour too late. We had lingered too long among the flowers. Had we come out on this plateau in time to see the marshaling of the sunset, we should have looked down on Rosita all aglow with its reflection, and have seen the great Wet Mountain valley below like one long prism of

emerald laid at the feet of the mountains which are called by the name of the "Blood of Christ."

It was dark when we saw the Rosita lights ahead, and there was a tone of unconfessed relief in the voice with which my companion said:

"Ha! there is Rosita now!"

I think if I had driven down into a deep burrow of glow-worms in Brobdingnag, I should have had about the same sensations I had as we crept down into the black, twinkling gulches of Rosita. When I saw them by daylight, I understood how they looked so weird by night, but at my first view of them they seemed uncanny indeed. The shifting forms of the miners seemed unhumanly grotesque, and their voices sounded strange and elfish.

"The House of the Snowy Range," they all replied, as we asked for the name of the best inn. "That's the one you'd like best. Strangers always go there."

"The House of the Snowy Range" was simple enough English, I perceived, the next morning, but that night it sounded to me mysterious and half terrifying, as if they had said "Palace of the Ice King," or, "Home of the Spirits of the Frost."

Never was a house better named than the House of the Snowy Range. It is only an unpainted pine house, two stories high, built in the roughest way, and most scantily furnished. Considered only as a house, it is undeniably bare and forlorn; but it is never to be considered only as a house. It is the House of the Snowy Range. That means that as you sit on the roofless, unrailed, unplaned board piazza, you see in the west the great Sangre di Cristo range,—more peaks than you would think of counting, more peaks than you could count if you tried, for they are so dazzling white that they blind the eye which looks too long and too steadily at them. These peaks range from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet in height; they are all sharp-pointed and sharp-lined to the base; no curves, no confusion of overlapping outlines. Of all the myriad peaks, lesser and greater, each one is distinct; the upper line made by the highest summits against the sky is sharply serrated, as if it were the teeth of a colossal saw; the whole front, as shown sloping to the east, is still a surface of sharp, distinct, pyramidal peaks, wedged in with each other in wonderful tiers and groupings. From the piazza of the House of the Snowy Range to the base of the nearest of these peaks is only five miles;

but you look over at them through so marvelous a perspective that they seem sometimes nearer, sometimes much farther. They lie the other side of the great Wet Mountain valley. The House of the Snowy Range is one thousand feet above this valley, and gets its view of it between two near and rounding hills. From the piazza, therefore, you look at the Sangre di Cristo peaks across the mouth, as it were, of a huge, oval, emerald well, one thousand feet deep, yet illuminated with the clearest sunlight. It is an effect which can never be described. I am humiliated as I recall it and re-read these last few sentences. I think it would be the despair of the greatest painter that ever lived. What use, then, are words to convey it?

The Wet Mountain valley, or park, is thirty miles long and from four to five wide. It is one of the most fertile spots in Colorado. In July the meadow grasses grow higher than a man's knee, and the hill slopes are carpeted with flowers. It is full of little streams and never-failing springs, fed from the snows on the mountain wall to the west. Here are large farms, well tilled and fenced in, and with comfortable houses. The creeks are full of trout, and the mountain slopes are full of game. It ought to be a paradise coveted and sought for; but the sound of the pickax from the hills above them reaches the ears of the farmers and makes them discontented with their slower gains. Man after man they are drawn away by the treacherous lure, and the broad, beautiful valley is still but thinly settled. This is a mistake; but it is a mistake that is destined to go on repeating itself forever in all mining countries. The contagion of the haste to be rich is as deadly as the contagion of a disease, and it is too impatient to take note of facts that might stay its fever. It is a simple matter of statistics, for instance, that in the regions of Georgetown and Central City the average miner is poor, while the man who sells him potatoes is well off. Yet for one man who will plant potatoes, twenty will go into a mine.

I am not sure, however, that it is wholly the lure of silver which draws men up from the green farms of Wet Mountain valley to the hills of Rosita. It might well be the spell of the little place itself. Fancy a half dozen high, conical hills, meeting at their bases, but sloping fast and far enough back to let their valleys be sunny and open; fancy these hills green to the very top, so that cattle go grazing higher and higher, till

at the very summit they look no bigger than flies; fancy these hills shaded here and there with groves of pines and firs, so that one need never walk too far without shade; fancy between five and six hundred little houses, chiefly of the shining yellow pine, scattered irregularly over these hill-sides; remember that from the door-ways and windows of these houses a man may look off on the view I have described,—across a green valley one thousand feet below him, up to a range of snow-topped mountains fifteen thousand feet above him,—and does it not seem natural to love Rosita? Another most picturesque figure in the landscape is the contrast of color produced by the glittering piles of quartz thrown up at the mouths of the mines. There are over three hundred of these mines; they are dotted over the hill-sides, and each mine has its great pyramid of loose stone, which shines in the sun and is of a beautiful silvery gray color. The names of these mines are well-nigh incredible, and produce most bewildering effects when one hears them on every hand in familiar conversation. "Leviathan," "Lucille," "Columbus," "Hebe," "Elizabeth," "Essex," "Humboldt," "Buccaneer," "Montezuma," "Ferdinand," "Sunset," "Bald Hornet," "Silver Wing," "Evening Star," and "Hell and Six," are a few of them. Surely they indicate an amount and variety of taste and research very remarkable to be found in a small mining community.

On the morning after our arrival we drove down into Wet Mountain valley, crossed it, and climbed high up on one of the lower peaks of the Sangre di Cristo range. From this point we looked back on the Sierra Mojada; it was a sea of green mountain-tops, not a bare or rocky summit among them. Rosita was out of sight, and, looking at its close-set hills, one who did not know would have said there was no room for a town there.

At our feet grew white strawberry-blossoms, the low Solomon's seal, and the dainty wild rose, as lovely, as perfect, and apparently as glad here, ten thousand feet above the sea, as they seem on a spring morning in New England's hills and woods.

Finding one's native flowers thousands of miles away from home seems to annihilate distance. To be transplanted seems the most natural thing in the world. Exile is not exile, if it be to a country where the wild rose can grow and a Snowy Range give benediction.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.



SEAL OF NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

In the good old days when Franklin was postmaster-general of the colonies and kept all of his accounts in a nice little memorandum-book of three hundred pages, he introduced many wonderful improvements for the time, and it is actually said that he almost took away the breath of the people by proposing in 1760 to run a wagon to carry the mail from Philadelphia to Boston once a week. In the postal system of that time, New York was a way station, where the bold fortnightly rider from Philadelphia was accustomed, perhaps, to change his horse, or hand the Boston mail over to his successor. In 1775 the revolutionists established a "constitutional post-office" in New York, in place of the unconstitutional one which the British had kept. This constitutional post-office was kept by Mr. William Goddard, at Holt's printing-office. It may be interesting to the reader to know that the printing-office was "in Water street, near the coffee-house." The post went "to Mr. Bradford's, at the coffee-house in Philadelphia." There seem to have been just as many coffee-houses in the two cities as there were post-offices—namely, one in each place.

When the British troops evacuated New York, the post-office was set up at 38 Smith street. Sebastian Bauman, the first postmaster under the Federal government, kept the office in his grocery store at 62 Broadway; then at 51 Wall street; later at the corner of what is now Wall and South William,—then Smith street,—and finally at 29 William street. In this last house General Theodorus Bailey found the office, and here

he continued it for more than twenty years, in a room twelve by fifteen feet. There were one hundred and forty-four wooden letter-boxes in the window. In 1825 the office was moved into the Academy building in Garden street, at which time eight clerks and eight carriers did the postal business of the city. Thence the post-office went into the Merchant's Exchange in Garden street, the number of the boxes having grown to three thousand. Here the great fire of 1835 found it and burned it. It was then located in the Park, in the building known as the "Rotunda," until 1845, when the Middle Dutch Church was bought, and the post-office removed nearer to the business center of that day. There is extant an old circular, signed by John Lorimer Graham as postmaster, and ornamented with a cut of the church. This circular extends an invitation to "view the interior arrangement of the establishment." This old church, with its numberless additions, so familiar to the present generation of New Yorkers, continued to be the resting-place of the office for thirty years, until in August, 1875, the location was changed to the imposing new building at the lower end of City Hall Park. And now, in the new office, the employ  s, embarrassed by the clumsy devices of government architects who knew nothing of the needs of the service, sigh for the old church, where no awkwardly placed pillars cramped their assorting-tables, increased the distances, and embarrassed their work.

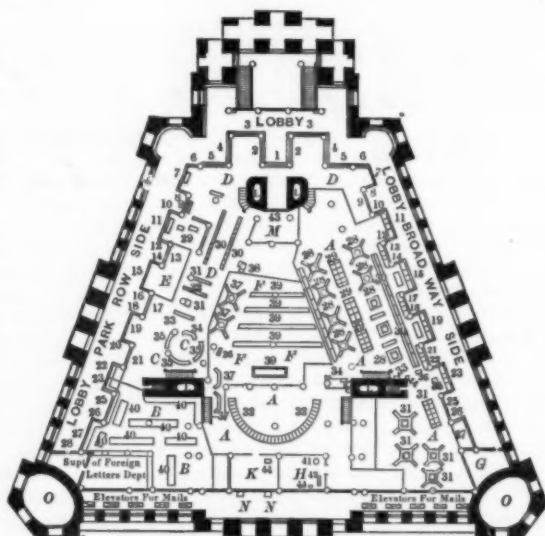
But the enterprising Dr. Benjamin Franklin, with his little memorandum account-book and his ambitious weekly stage-wagon from Philadelphia to Boston—stopping, may be, to leave a few letters at a coffee-house in New York—would have rejoiced could he have foreseen how perfect a machine the modern metropolitan post-office would become. For what the heart is to the body, that is the post-office to the commerce of a great city. Unobstructed postal communication is one of the first requisites of business. A mistake or delay in the delivery of an important letter may entail bankruptcy, may bring any kind of serious misfortune to somebody. In the days when horses and the sails of schooners were the best motors known, and when a man's loose pocket-money was exhausted in paying the postage on a single letter, neither commerce nor

social life had come to depend on the mails. People did without expeditious communication between New York and Philadelphia, as we to-day do without daily intercourse with Puget's Sound. But we have now so long lived next-door neighbor to the other great cities of the country, our social and business affairs have come to be so intimately entangled with those of people a thousand miles away, that the interruption of mail trains, even for a single day—by a railway strike, for instance—throws the whole intricate machinery of our modern life out of gear. The very perfection of postal organization has brought about a state of things in which that perfect organization is indispensable. Forty years ago, what we now call expedition was out of the question. To-day every letter received in New York is stamped with the hour of its arrival, and a single hour's delay in its delivery is a grievance to be grumbled at by the receiver and hunted down by the post-office.

But did you ever reflect how difficult of achievement is this wonderful accuracy and dispatch? Nearly one hundred and thirty-four millions of letters, papers, and packages were delivered through the New York post-office in 1876, and the rate is ever on the increase. If to this inconceivably large number of parcels delivered, you add the like number sent out to all parts of the country through all manner of complex routes, and to this again all the vast foreign and local mails in transit, which are made up, assorted, or sent forward through this office, you will have some glimmering notion of the amount of organizing and administrative ability needed to manage so vast and so complex a business. There are over twelve hundred men in the service of the New York post-office, and yet so

perfectly is everything adjusted, that the letters dropped into the central office at the closing hour for the up-town mail are faced-up, stamped, assorted, pouched, and carried to the station of the Elevated Railway in just nineteen minutes. And in this vast establishment, where everything is of necessity done with the utmost rapidity, and where there is an infinitude of intricate details, it is almost impossible for a clerk or a carrier to make an error that cannot be traced directly back to him.

We hear much about the accuracy of the



GROUND PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

BROADWAY SIDE.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, Lock-box delivery; 11, drops for letters and printed matter for delivery in New York City; 12, window for reception of bundles of letters for delivery in New York City; 13, drops for Middle States, Canada and Newfoundland; 14, drops for Southern States; 15, drops for New England States; 16, window for reception of letters and packages too bulky for the drops; 17, 18, 19, drops for Western States and Territories; 20, window, superintendent domestic distribution department; 21, window and drop for reception of circulars; 22, window for sale of postage stamps and stamped envelopes in sums less than one dollar; 23, cases for separation and distribution of letters for outgoing domestic mails; 24, tables upon which mails are verified, and letters made up in mail packages; 25, table for post-marking letters and cancelling stamps; 26, cases and table for distribution, separation of circulars, and making up same in mail packages; 27, large case for pouching letter packages; 28, indicator of telegraph from Sandy Hook; 29, table for opening pouches of incoming mails; 30, superintendent domestic distribution department; 31, machine for post-marking postal cards.

PARK SIDE.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Lock-box delivery; 12, superintendent post-office delivery window; 13 and 14, general delivery—ladies' window; 15 and 16, general delivery—gentlemen's window; 17, call window—carrier delivery; 18, general newspaper delivery—window; 19, 20, 21, lock-box delivery—newspapers; 22, drop for newspapers, books, and merchandise, packages for United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and window for sale of stamps—foreign mails; 23, supplementary foreign mail window; 24, drops for North and South America—foreign; 25, window for reception of mail from ship-masters; 26, drops—Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania; 27, window—superintendent foreign mails; 28, office of superintendent post-office delivery; 29, two tables and cases for box-sorters; 30, opening-table for mails received; 31, table for making up mails for branch offices; 32, case for distributing newspaper mails for branch offices; 33, case for distributing newspaper mails for box delivery; 34, cases for distribution of papers for general delivery; 35, superintendent carriers' delivery; 36, cases for distribution of papers for carriers; 37, post-marking and cancelling table; 38, tables and cases for use of carriers.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.—39, Tables for stamping and distribution of foreign letters; 40, telephone connected with stables of contractor for carrying mails; 41, indicator for arrival and departure of mails, and connected with large indicator, No. 43; 42, large indicator for arrival of mails; 44, speaking-tubes and call-bells connecting with assistant postmaster's offices.

Subs Bremen

*An F. W. Schrader
Gardener*

*Von 3414. Klein. St. Angleroot.
S. Schrehan.*

*Shade & Fruit. Sold
Planted & Trimm'd. Graps Plotts.
neatly. laid. garden werr. promptly attended
Nord Amerika. to.*

A "BLIND" LETTER RECEIVED AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

English postal system, and the wonders achieved by the London office. But the New York service is certainly not less efficient, and, in some respects, it is very much better. The difficulties of the New York office are much greater than those of any metropolitan office abroad. London sends about twenty mails a day, while New York sends eighty-four, and receives eighty-six mails a day. The whole number of post-offices in Great Britain and Ireland is but about ten thousand, and these are compactly situated within a small territory, while in the United States there are over thirty-seven thousand (37,575) offices scattered over all the wide territory from one ocean to the other, and reached by many connecting and intricate routes. The problem which confronts the New York post-office is therefore many fold more difficult of solution than that of the London office. For we must remember, also, that the schedules of the mail trains in England are under government control, and have by consequence a certain fixity, while here the time-tables and connections are regularly upset every spring and fall, and are liable to change at any time at the pleasure of the railways; yet the New York office has mastered these difficulties, and it would seem hardly possible to make human minds and human hands work with more accuracy and expedition than they do in the metropolitan post-office.

Armed with Postmaster James's authority

and his personal request to the superintendents that every detail of the business shall be open to our inspection, and that no desired information shall be withheld, we get on one of the lifts and descend into those sacred precincts to which no outsider is ever admitted except by rare favor. Let us go to the bottom of the matter by beginning in the basement.

Here, first of all, we see the leathern bags and the canvas pouches. To prevent confusion, the present postmaster hit upon the plan of having the pouches for each service made of different appearance from those meant for other uses. There is no danger that a pouch for foreign service will go by mistake up the North River, for it has a wholly different physiognomy. The pouch for the city branches is also unique. The registered letter pouches are quite the aristocracy of mail bags, and nobody can by any chance mistake one of them for any of the common herd of plebeian pouches. You would as soon think of hiring a young man with white neck-tie and lavender kids to shovel coals into your cellar, as to think of putting to common uses one of the registered-letter bags with its beautiful stenciling and its thirteen symbolical stripes. The pouches are all made of the very best goods, and with many curious devices for safety from pilfering and from water, and for the detection of robbers. So unlike every other sort of bag are the mail-bags, that any per-

son outside of the service, found with one of them in his possession, or even with part of one, is forthwith arrested for a thief. Perhaps, even more curious than the registered-letter pouch is the "catcher pouch," cunningly arranged for the taking up of mails at a way station by a train on the fly. Many of these devices are the ingenious work of Mr. Boyle, the contractor for the canvas bags, whose exhibition of this sort of manufactures at the Centennial Exhibition attracted much attention from foreign governments.

When a bag has been once used, and after each successive use, it is sent down into this basement and thoroughly inspected. If it is at all out of order, it is sent at once into the repair shops. These shops in the basement were planned by Postmaster-General Jewell, and have already resulted in a saving of eighteen thousand dollars to the government. This office is a supply station for all the mail bags used in the country, and they are stacked up here by thousands in great bins.

When you stand without in the lobby, on the Broadway side of the great new post-office building, you see letters dropped in all day long. There are separate drops for foreign letters, and places of deposit for all sorts of domestic mail matter,—from that which is to go to Harlem, to the letters meant for Texas, or Arizona, or Alaska. You ask, What becomes of all these? What is the great human machine that seizes and distributes these countless letters to the four quarters of the globe?


If we stand on the inside, we see the

letters coming through. There is something weird and mysterious about it. One sees no hand, there is no regularity about the intervals, but now one, now three letters are dropped, and all up and down this side of the office letters are being pushed in by unseen hands, and are dropping in a strange, irregularly intermittent way, with a muffled rustle and slapping upon the tables beneath.

The first thing to be done is to "face up" the letters,—to put them all with directed sides facing the same way. New York's largest correspondence is with New York, and at the table where drop-letters come through, sits an old man, with a kind of short-handled rake,—perhaps I ought to call it a hoe. As fast as the letters fall upon his table he rakes them toward him and faces them up ready for the stamper. Every stamp has its number, and by that number any miscarried or delayed letter can be tracked through all the hands that have handled it. The envelope will tell a post-office official whether the letter was posted at a lamp-post, dropped at one of the stations, or at the central office, and upon what tables it was stamped and made up in the mail. If it is tardy in arriving at its destination the superintendent of the mailing department can fix the responsibility of the delay. The system by which this is achieved was devised by Mr. Thomas L. James, the present postmaster.

After the stamper comes the separator, who puts the letters for each mail together; after him the mail-maker, who verifies every

Houn-Lin = Lahl Loffenma
County, Slingoka
North Amerika
via Hamburg
für. von Niebe



letter in each mail, ties them into a bundle and puts on each a printed label marked with its destination, and stamped with his own name. When the packages are opened on the postal car, the route agent marks whatever errors there may be in them upon the labels and returns these to the New York post-office. A rigid account of these errors is kept, and every man's percentage of correctness for a given time is set opposite his name, on a sheet that is conspicuously posted in the office. Some men have become so accurate that they will have for some months a clean record, not having made a single mistake in the mailing of a letter. This accuracy is one of the tests upon which the salaries are graded from time to time, and there is consequently the liveliest emulation in the matter.

But expedition is also of great importance. If you step in here on a day when a steamer has arrived you will see how fast men can work. A marine telegraph at the north end of the building gives information of the approach of a mail steamer while she is yet "outside the Hook," and by the time the great load of foreign mail arrives the post-office decks are cleared for action. On one day in October last, for instance, three hundred and twenty-eight sacks of mail matter were landed from the "City of Chester," and one hundred and twenty-eight at the same time from the "Hermann." And that was on Monday, the day when the number of letters to be dispatched is always larger than on any other day. For Sunday is the day for writing and mailing social and family letters, and the number taken from the street boxes at 9 P. M. of that day is immense. So that when steamer-day and Monday come together, these stampers, separators, mail-makers, pouchers and dispatchers are up to their eyes in work.

When the mail-maker has tied up his letters they go to the poucher, who sorts them, throwing the several packages with unerring aim into their several divisions, arranged like large pigeon-holes in a semi-circular form. These pigeon-holes slope downward toward the back, and even while the poucher is throwing, the dispatcher may be affixing the pouches at the back, opening a sliding door and emptying the mail into the bags, which are immediately locked and sent off to the wagons of the contractor, George K. Otis, waiting at the door. Here is a telephone hanging by a pillar. If there is a mail of size extraordinary, the dispatcher has only to speak

the word to this instrument and it is distinctly heard at the stables in Wooster street, a good two miles away.

The newspaper tables in the basement are among the most curious. The straight pitching and the rapid distribution are perpetual wonders to an outsider. The papers and letters are not all assorted to separate offices, but what are called "mass states and territories,"—mails for the whole of a distant state or territory in a single package—are sent to be distributed on the postal cars. Some notion of the vastness of the business may be had from the fact that two hundred and forty-six bags went out to New England and Canada, on the day of our inspection.

There are two other curiosities in this department. Postmaster James found that deaf mutes could be used for some of the work, and there are now three engaged in stamping, and one in sorting. "When we get two noisy men," said the assistant superintendent, "we put a 'dummy' between them and so secure quiet."

The other thing that interested us was the arrest of lottery matter. The law gives the post-office power to stop all matter of this kind. But the lottery men resort to many ingenious tricks to defeat the vigilance of the office. There are always newspapers on their last legs, with a respectable reputation, but very few subscribers. The lottery swindlers buy up one of these and fill the outside with the usual innocent reading matter, while they stuff the inside of the paper with puffs of their scheme of capital prizes and lovely frauds. The edition is suddenly swelled, and it is mailed to the list of names which have been assiduously gathered by the harpies. One such transformation had been detected on the very day of our first visit, and the whole edition stopped.

Of the whole number,—nearly a hundred and fifty millions of letters and packages a year at this time,—about one half are distributed through boxes, at the central office, about one-fourth by carriers, and about one-fourth are sent to the stations in other parts of the city. Every letter received here is stamped at once with the hour of its arrival. All letters coming in between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning are stamped "11 A. M." When the hour turns, the stamper wipes his stamp clean of ink, lays it away in a drawer and takes a new one with the next hour upon it and proceeds again. The greatest care is exercised to have the stamp legible. In London a machine is used for stamping, but here it is found that nothing

Mr General Grant
 Expräsident der
 Nordamerikanischen Union.
 in New-York.
 Nordamerika



is so good as the human hand. These stampers are incredibly swift and dexterous, in their alternate rapid stamping of a letter and the ink-pad.

From the stamper the letters go to the assorters. The letters are separated into box letters, carriers' letters, and letters for the branch offices. The assorter for the boxes has to distribute to each of the windows of box delivery its letters, and, to do this, he must remember twenty thousand names, and at what window each one of this twenty

thousand gets his mail. The letters should be addressed to the box number, but in most cases they are not. Though Jenkins & Company are always addressed at 97 Fiddler street, their letters must always be put in box 9,775, let us say, which box is at a certain window, which window the assorter must always keep in his head associated with Jenkins & Company of Fiddler street, and with some thousands of names besides. Moreover, there is a John Jenkins & Son in Huckleberry lane, whose letters must be

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Sam Kee

Washing and ironing
 polishing and fluting
 all work done good
 536 palego st buttons
 sewed on



kept separate and sent through carriers, and there is another Jenkins & Company at 73 Vandernocker street, whose box is at another window. Besides all that, the firm at 73 Vandernocker street has the whole building, so that when a letter comes addressed to Titus Oates at that number, it must be

Jenkins & Company, located at 73 in that street.

The greatest pains are taken to find the address to which a letter should go, so that it shall not fall into the general delivery. To return to our friends of the name of Jenkins, for instance. Here is a letter



AN OLD TIME POST-BOY.

evident to the infallible assorter, that the said Titus Oates, of whom he has never before heard, is in the employ of the Vandernocker street Jenkins & Company, and that the letter must not go to the carrier for the street, but into the box of the house of

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addressed to "John Jenkins, New York." Now, the directory may show us twenty of that name, we will say, from the railway president to the cab-driver. But on the upper left-hand corner of this letter, it says, that this letter, in case of non-delivery, is to

be returned to Peters, Smith & Hubbard, dealers in garden seed, in Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. The clerk to whom the assorter has referred the matter, hence concludes that the letter does not belong to John Jenkins of the firm in Fiddler street, for he finds that that firm is engaged in the manufacture of real Cremona violins; nor to the John Jenkins of the firm in Vander-nocker street, for that manufactures real Orange County milk and butter. But, as the firm in Huckleberry lane are seed dealers, he sends it there on trial. But, should there be no sign of any kind on the letter other than the name, and should the name be a common one, the letter must needs take its way to the Dead Sea of the general delivery, where there is an average of thirteen thousand letters awaiting claimants. Twice a week letters are advertised, and every thirty days they are sent up to the dead-letter office at Washington.

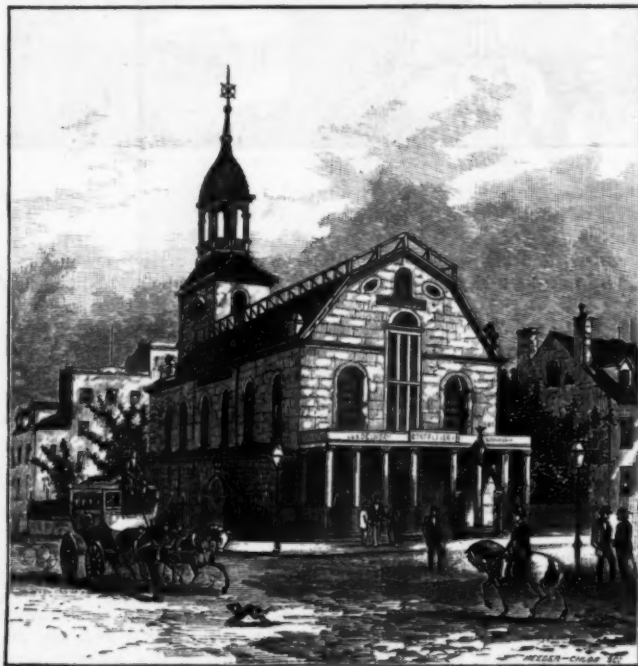
Among the devices for securing accurate delivery is the list of ships in port, cut from the "New York Price Current." The consignees' names are given in this list, and a letter addressed to Ole Knudsen, sailor, on

the bark "Thor," is sent to the house of Knud, Olafsen & Co., 75 Downtown street, consignees of the bark, "Thor." The clerk shows me a letter that has gone astray. It is marked "R. H. Dana, New York," and he draws his pen through the name of New York, and writes the proud name of Boston in its place.

The assorters for carriers have to remember each carrier's boundary. All the odd numbers, we will suppose from 701 to 741 Broadway, are in one carrier's district. But the even numbers on the other side of the street are differently arranged. These he must also remember with an infinitude of other things; for instance, the Equitable Building at 120 Broadway is a place of delivery for thirteen hundred names, and there are other numbers as populous. The assorters for city stations are fined for every error which sends a letter to the wrong station, and the system is so perfect that the error is always fixed on the man who makes it. Ten of these assorters, the quickest and most accurate, get fourteen hundred dollars a year each, fourteen get twelve hundred, and five get ten hundred and twenty,—not a large

wage for so much skill and mental quickness.

At the hour of the departure of carriers, the delivery department is full of animation; the men in their uniforms pass from one assorter's table to another and take, each from his own box, all the mail deposited therein, while the impassive assorter goes right on throwing mail into the box for the next delivery. Then you will see the carriers at a long counter which is divided by little raised partitions into compartments, each making his mail into a conveniently arranged bundle. In a carefully prepared report on file in the office, I find that during the



THE OLD POST-OFFICE.



THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE BUILDING.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET.

year 1876, the carriers handled—*i.e.*, collected and delivered—in all, over one hundred and thirty-six millions of pieces (136,631,116),—an average of three hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty-four pieces to the man.

When a carrier cannot find the person to whom a letter is addressed, he enters it in his log-book. He sets down the address of the letter, the reason for its non-delivery, and a few cabalistic initials which describe it. "M." "M. R." "C. D." "D. R.," and such-like initials stand for "Mail," that is a letter from outside the city; "Mail Request," that is, the same kind of a letter with a request for return to writer; "Card Drop," a postal-card dropped in New York, and so on. These books explain a great many of the complaints made against the service by showing that the fault lay somewhere else. The letters which ultimately fail to find owners are sent to the dead-letter office, but the lost postal-cards are tied into bundles

to be burned. Here they are—thousands that have baffled the diligence of the clerks and carriers; they will be sent down-stairs presently in charge of a clerk who will see them fed to the fire under the boilers, and thus they will help to lift the elevators.

All the boxes to-day are lock-boxes of a new pattern, and they are very convenient. But some of the great houses get mails too large for the boxes. Some of these send hand-trunks for their mail. Keys to these trunks are kept in the post-office and at the business house; the messenger cannot unlock them in transit. Here is a rough pine box in which the "Herald's" mail is stored; the Fourth National Bank has a similar one. The Importers' and Traders' Bank gets the largest bank mail, and they send a trunk for it. But the very largest mails of all are those of the two great dry goods houses of A. T. Stewart & Co., and H. B. Claflin & Co. Their letters number about two thousand a day each. They have trustworthy mes-

sengers who give their whole time to the transportation of the mail to and from the post-office. Houses with good messengers do not often complain of the service.

There are mistakes, of course, in the service, and there are mistakes of correspondents that the service must correct, and hence the need of the inquiry office for missing and dead letters; at the head of which is the second oldest clerk, Mr. Hallett, who has served the office more than fifty years. When a valuable letter has gone to the dead-letter office, been opened and returned to the writer, if the writer is in New York it comes to this department where it must be receipted for before it is delivered. To this room come all the packages that are "short paid."

By law they should go to the dead-letter office; for though a short-paid letter goes to its destination if one full postage is paid on it, a short-paid package does not. But where the business card of the sender is on the package a note is sent to the firm informing it of the detention of the parcel and a second chance to pay in full is thus given. This is done out of pure courtesy, from a desire to facilitate business; but for this voluntary service the office rarely gets thanked, but often censured for not sending forward the package. Eighty such notices of short-paid parcels were sent out on the day of my visit. These mistakes are often made by the largest houses, and sometimes consist in paying fifty-one cents on a parcel which should have fifty-two. In many cases no clue to the sender can be found. Here they show me a forlorn copy of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which somebody, having read it, is kindly sending to a friend in the country. But alas, it has but three cents postage, and not having enough to pay its fare it will never get to cousin Sallie out in Pennsylvania, but will waste its sweetness in the desert of the dead-letter office.

Some of the bundles which they show us here are too long for the mails, others not properly packed. Here is a naked auger-bit with a directed tag, and alongside of it a coil spring. Either of these would make havoc in a mail-bag. They show us also a package of vials,—one of these medicine

bottles is already broken, and though the post-office people may feel never so sorry for the ailments of the folks in the country, which ailments would all be cured on receipt of this physic, they cannot carry any liquids in glass. Only yesterday, they tell me, forty pieces of wedding-cake in nice pasteboard boxes tied with the delicatest white ribbon, were dropped into the mail. But bride-cake is more than even the post-office can digest, and the unsentimental clerks were obliged to arrest the cake, which somebody was to have dreamed on. I saw a box of it, and the grease had already struck through. Among the articles that have been stopped in the New York office



—UNITED STATES MAIL-BAGS.

was a roll of butter, a package containing chicken-on-toast, and a string of trout sent in from New Jersey.

One principal branch of the business carried on in this room is the seeking for letters that have gone astray. The complaint-book shows that the office is able to get some account of the letter in more than forty-nine per cent. of the cases brought to its notice. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the service is not found in fault. Somebody complained that a pair of shoes sent by mail had been stolen; but the office found, on writing to the sender in Indianapolis, that the shoes had not been sent by mail at

all. In one case of complaint, the person to whom the letter was sent was out of town when the carrier tried to deliver it. It is hardly right to put upon the post-office the duty of keeping the people in town to get their mail. A revenue collector complained that his returns had not gone forward to Washington, and a few days later he found the document in his own office. Another man complained that a check had been lost in the mail. The letter turned up, and the stamp on it showed that the sender had mailed it three days too late, and thus gained time by throwing the blame on the post-office. Many a debt is paid by money said to have been lost in the mail. In one case a country bank complained; but it was found that their check had been sent to the wrong bank in New York. A merchant, who was in distress about a check stolen in the mails, found it safely shut up in his own check-book. A great stir was made over the loss of a check of \$800. Look opposite the complaint here in the book, and you will see this entry, "The writer of the letter had carried it five days in his pocket."

In this office a list of all the fictitious concerns is kept, and all letters going to them are stopped and sent to the dead-letter office. Seven or eight hundred names of concerns without existence are kept on a list here. They are technically called "saw-dust people," and the post-office uses its utmost endeavor to defeat their schemes for swindling the public.

Here come also the misdirected letters, whose direction cannot be corrected by the clerks down-stairs. A clerk sits surrounded by a semicircle of the directories of all the principal cities. In most cases he does not have to consult them. He knows that a letter to Peter Blank, Camden Street, New York, should read Camden Street, Baltimore. This sort of mistake is very common, and, what is curious, is more often made by banks than by any other kind of business houses. A boy who can write a good hand sits down in a bank addressing letters to correspondents, and New York is in his mind; he puts it down, in place of Jersey

City or St. Louis, and the letter goes wrong. The average of misdirected letters sent up to this department is over 500 a day; the day I was there last it ran up to about 1,000.

The most difficult of these go to Mr. Stone, who is called "the blind man," perhaps because he can decipher an inscription that is utterly illegible to any other man in America. His most difficult cases are the foreign letters. Here is a letter directed to "Sanduik," which he makes out to be Sandy Hook. Sometimes the arrangement of the name and address is curious.

For Mr. Thomas
Smith Bridge
port post-office
Conn. America

is very plain when you once understand that it is "For Mr. Thomas Smith, Bridgeport, Conn., America." But when a man says "Hoio," how is anybody but a blind man to know that he means Ohio? One letter reads, "Bet Feet Rue de Agua." Now the



REPAIRING MAIL-BAGS.

blind man knows that "Rue de Agua" is Spanish for Water street, and that there is a Water street in New Bedford, Massachusetts. "Lysram, Warner Co.," he translates into Luzerne, Warren Co.; and "Common



"WHITE STAR STEAMER "GERMANIC" RECEIVING MAIL OFF SANDY HOOK IN A GALE.

County, P. A.," is made into Cameron County, Pennsylvania. But who would guess that "Overn C. D. Learey," in one line, means that it is to go to *Auburn*, in search of C. D. L.? One letter is directed to "Kunstanzer Brauerei, S. I., Amerika." Mr. Stone recollects the fact that Constance's Brewery is at Stapleton, Staten Island, and the letter is sent there. He reads "Ioël" into Iowa, and "te Pella in Yomah" he makes to go to Pella, in the same state. Nor does Ohio get off with one miss. Here is one letter that wants to go to "Stadt Hioh Zunsounati, Strasse 15,"—that is, to the State of Ohio, Cincinnati, Street 15. But that is not all. This other one wants to reach the same

city; but it has a bad spell of another kind, for its direction runs "Scitznaty." And then "Pizzo Burg Messessip," is sent to Vicksburg. Michigan is spelled "mutting." "Glass works Berkshire" is sent to Pittsfield, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where there is a glass factory. But the hardest one I saw was addressed to "John Hermann Schirmen," in one line, with the wonderful word "Staguckaundo" for the rest. Mr. Stone cut the word in twain, and read it "Chautauqua County," while he translated the whole into "John Hermann, Sherman P. O., Chautauqua County, N. Y."*

But there are some which even a blind man cannot make out. One letter in rather a good handwriting is very vaguely addressed to

"Mackay, Esq., Amerique."

Another reads:

"Too much of this.
"From your affectionate son,
"ANTON HIEMBURGER."

In this case the close of the letter has been copied exactly by some one who did not understand the language. In-

stead of too much of this, there is really too little. But here is a case where the top of the letter has been imperfectly copied in the same fashion. It reads: "Tuesday Evening, Nord America."

If Tuesday Evening should see this article, he will know that his letter has gone back again to Europe.

Some mistakes are curiously common. About twenty-five letters come from Europe every week directed simply to Westchester

* The humor of some of these letters is better shown in the fac-similes before given. The one on page 62 is intended for "Mountain Lake, Cottonwood Co., Minn;" while that on page 61 was sent to St. Louis, where there is a Klein street crossing the other streets named.

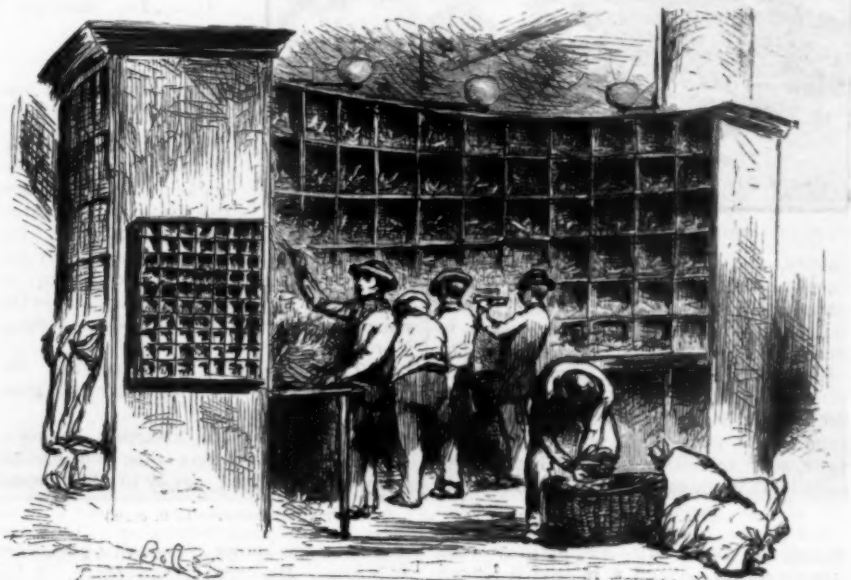
County. Some institutions are given to making mistakes. The Bank of Montreal sends its letters into this department to be corrected as often as any business house on the continent.

Letters of value need some greater security than is afforded by the ordinary mail system; hence the registered letter department. The old registered letter system was rather worse than nothing, for since the registered letter went into the ordinary mail-bag its registration was an advertisement to a post-office thief that this was the letter to take. But of late the system has been carried to a high degree of perfection. Last year 369,000 registered letters were sent out of the New York office, and though six or eight of these failed to reach their destination, there are but three that have not been accounted for, and the responsibility for these will soon be fixed. Under the present system, the envelope containing registered letters is receipted for by every person into whose hands it goes, and a package of registered letters, or a registered-letter bag, is never opened except in presence of two persons. The system of accounts is exceedingly perfect, though to an outsider very intricate. The books show the name of every clerk who handles a package or letter, and of the clerk who verified the number of letters in every package.

The registered letter department is indeed a complete post-office within a post-office. It is located in a gallery, and no one is admitted but clerks in the department, each of whom carries a special key to the room. The locks of the registered-letter pouches are peculiar, and the keys are only intrusted to those who have to do with the registered-letter bags. Here in New York the key is fastened in the safe, and the several pouches must be taken to the clerk in charge at the safe and unlocked by him, so that it is always known into whose hands the contents of every pouch pass.

The foreign registered mail is made up independently, and about nine hundred bags are used for the foreign service alone. The foreign government sends these bags back inclosed in their own, and the New York office returns the foreign pouches in the same way. The foreign mail is often of great value. Many millions in government bonds are sometimes in the office at once for shipment abroad.

Large shipments of gold are now intrusted to the registered-letter mail. One thousand dollars in gold weighs less than four pounds, and is consequently within the limit of a mailable parcel. Twenty-five of these thousand-dollar parcels are put in one box and sent through the mail. This office also



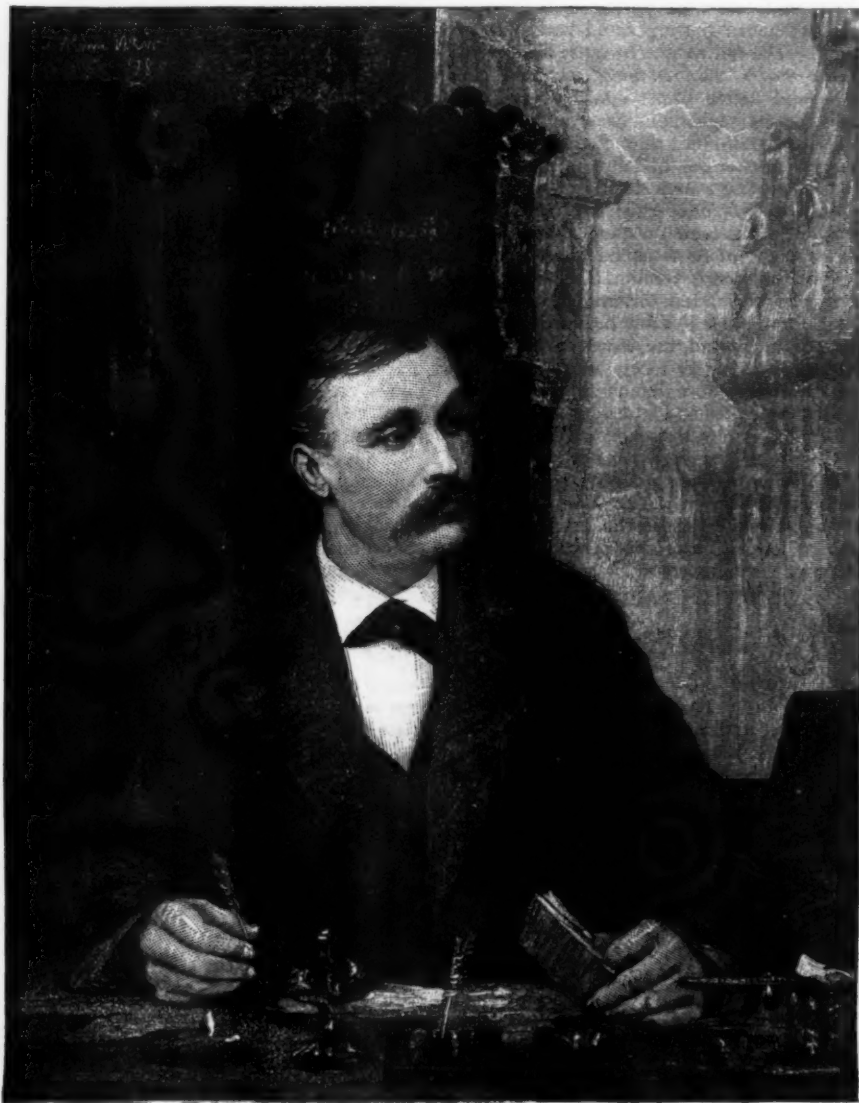
POUCHING-CASE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

receives and registers all the postage-stamps and postal-cards for the whole country. The postal-cards are sent in boxes.

Besides the precautions for safety already

out to be delivered at Augusta, Georgia, advice of that letter is sent to the postmaster at Augusta in the ordinary mail.

Having received this bill and failing to get



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS L. JAMES. (DRAWN BY J. ALDEN WEIR AND ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.)

described, there are innumerable other guards set up. When a registered letter is inclosed in a registered pouch and sent

the letter, he knows at once that something is wrong. Between certain offices of importance, registered mail-pouches are sent



VIEW FROM POST-OFFICE BUILDING LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY.

"Herald" Building. "Evening Post" Building. Trinity Church. W. U. Telegraph Co's Building. St. Paul's Church. Astor House.

daily whether there is anything to go in them or not. Two such pouches are sent to Albany, and awhile ago a dispatch came to the New York post-office:

"Only one registered bag received. Did you send two?"

On receiving this, Mr. Forrester, the superintendent of the registered letter department, hastened to the Grand Central Station, where he telegraphed ahead and intercepted at Syracuse the bag that had gone astray.

In the New York office the accounts of incoming and outgoing letters are carefully balanced like a cash balance every evening, and not a man is allowed to leave the department if the balance is not correct. One night the men were kept until nearly morning looking for a letter that had dropped through a crack in an old table, and lodged in the folds of a worn-out mail-bag, and so got kicked into a corner during the search. At another time when the office

was at its wit's end after a night of search it was found that an absent-minded man had carefully deposited his pen in the safe and put the missing package in the pen's place in his table drawer.

Of a million and a half (1,573,633) of letters and packages handled in the New York office, in 1876,—the latest year reported at this writing,—not a single one was lost. The country offices are not so vigilant. Three hundred and seventy-three letters came to New York last year unsealed; and these contained over twenty-six hundred dollars in currency, and more than three thousand in checks.

One of the latest and most important improvements in postal communication is the money order system, but it is a department which has few details of interest to the general public. In 1865, the first full year of the money order business, the New York office paid 28,921 orders, while in 1876 the orders paid amounted to 555,663. The amount of money paid on orders in 1876

was over six millions. During the year 1877, the number of orders ran higher than in the previous year, but the aggregate amount of money sent was less. This department is a pretty accurate barometer of the state of trade, and the present gradual improvement in commercial affairs shows itself in the business of this department during the last quarter of last year.

When an order is presented for payment the clerk receiving it writes a check on the paying teller, who stands at another window. This check is put upon a belt rotated by a tiny steam engine and carried to the teller. This dainty little engine is enough to make a boy delirious with happiness. The superintendent shows us little pigeon-holes for each of the great publishing houses where duplicate orders are kept always ready for them. When you sent a money order for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, the postmaster in your town made out an exact duplicate, except that he put *your* name in the duplicate, and this last he sent to the New York office, where it was deposited in the pigeon-hole which is labeled with the name Scribner & Co., until its mate, which you sent, should be presented for payment.

The English money order department is not so accurate as the New York office. Some time ago Mr. Plimley, of the New York money order department, wrote to the London office, pointing out discrepancies in their two official lists of money order offices. The New York office had only examined three or four letters of the alphabet in the London Official Guide, and pointed out the errors in them as examples. The London office thereupon issued a circular making the corrections pointed out, but no others. The English department also requires the New York office to make out duplicates for orders on England, while it refuses to furnish similar duplicates for this country, leaving that also to be done in New York. The foreign orders are often carelessly filled; some of them are orders payable in "Washington, U. S."—a very puzzling address.

In the auditor's office the whole business of detecting the errors of other offices is carried on. An average of sixty dollars a day is collected on matter improperly charged elsewhere. It is also the business of this office to examine packages for articles which are forbidden to be sent. One package which had contained grasshopper eggs when it started had hatched out on the journey, and the little creatures escaped

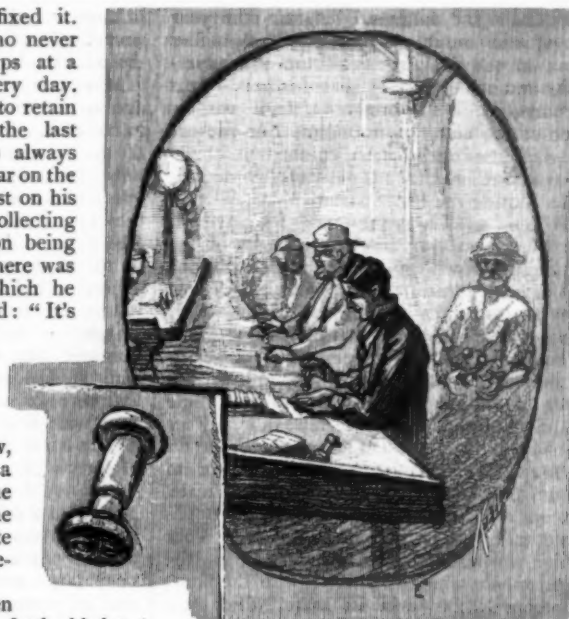
through an opening in the box making a very lively mail. Everything is found in the mail sooner or later, even alligators.

Here one sees the system of paying postage on periodicals in bulk, a system said to have been first suggested from the office of this magazine. Here are stamps that only the most enthusiastic collector will ever add to his list. They cost too much, and they cannot be had after they are canceled (see p. 79). The publisher pays his postage on the whole wagon load of matter delivered at one time, and the clerk affixes stamps not to the packages but to the stubs from which the receipt is taken. Here is one hundred and forty-two dollars paid with eight stamps, including two for sixty dollars, and here we see a larger amount, \$204.58, paid with five stamps, viz.: three of sixty dollars each, one of twenty-four dollars, one of forty-eight cents, and one of ten cents. Any amount up to about two hundred dollars can be paid with five stamps. A publisher can buy these stamps if he wishes, and pay his postage with them; but as it locks up a large amount of money there is but one publishing house in New York that chooses to keep a stock of them. None of the large denominations have been sold to collectors from the New York office. A foreign government bought some for samples, but they were so expensive that the agent brought them back and wished to return them. The office could not receive them, but they were sold to a publishing house at a discount. On the floor below you will see the large Fairbanks scales on which the publishers' mails are weighed.

The stamp business belongs in the department of the cashier, and in his office all large amounts are sold. In one of the galleries I saw boxes containing thirty-seven thousand dollars' worth of envelopes and postal-cards, and the stock of stamps on hand at the same time was a hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth. The New York office orders one million of postal-cards at a time. In little rooms fronting on both lobbies you will find the sellers of stamps in small quantities. To render the keeping of their accounts as simple as possible, each stamp-seller has his own "capital," and buys stamps at the cashier's counter, like an outsider, paying cash for them. These stamp-clerks are subjected to all sorts of vexatious and amusing encounters with queer people. There is one old man who regularly brought a copy of the same paper every morning to be weighed, then bought

his one cent stamp and affixed it. There are men of means who never buy but two or three stamps at a time, though they buy every day. They are, probably, anxious to retain the use of their money to the last moment, like the man who always sits in the rear seat of the last car on the train, so as to save the interest on his fare while the conductor is collecting from the rest. One man on being asked by a stamp-seller if there was any writing in the book which he offered to post, gruffly replied: "It's none of your business." The clerks at the stamp windows, remember the ill-natured people. As we stood inside watching the stream of faces passing the window, and the clerks answering a steady torrent of questions, one of them said: "There is the man that called me a brute one day; we have a way of remembering these people."

In spite of all the care taken to insure the safe transmission of valuable letters, inclosures, and money orders, people will continue to send money through the ordinary mail, sometimes in considerable quantities; therefore the utmost pains are taken and with surprising success to make even the ordinary mail safe from depredations. But the unregistered mail will always suffer from theft, while human nature is what it is. The aim of the post-office department is, by care in appointments and by the use of the skill of expert detectives, to reduce this to the minimum. In the rooms of the special agent of the post-office department, in the New York post-office building is the center of the detective operations of the department for the metropolis. Mr. Sharratts, the agent, has a genius for the work; full of irrepressible energy, eager, tireless, you will find him sometimes strolling in the lobbies, watching the messenger boys, who, all unsuspecting of his vigilance, are peeping into their employers' boxes at unwonted hours, or doing worse. Sometimes he will lift his hat to a man. You think he is greeting a friend. This man is a detective, and the hat-lifting is a sign perfectly understood between him and Mr. Sharratts. His rooms overlook the great first floor where the letter mail



STAMPING.

is handled, so that nobody knows when his eye is on a suspected employé of the office.

In his rooms there is no machinery—nothing to show the immense work done—but two or three clerks. You would not think that from this office the mails coming and going from New York are guarded. Nor will you get much account of methods by inquiring. The vigorous detective does not relate blood-curdling stories, or take the public into his confidence. Mr. Sharratts tells us that he has a victim in the inner office now, "telling what he knows about farming." Which means that a rascally messenger who has been robbing the mail between his employer's office and the post-office, is left alone in that room to write out a full statement of his pilferings.

"You can come in here if you want to," says the special agent, "and take a view down Broadway." We are thus admitted to the private office, where, Mr. Sharratts, making show of ignoring the criminal at the desk, points to the view down the street, bids us be seated, and thus gives us a chance to see the poor victim to whom the fear of punishment is now applying the rack. He is a not bad-looking boy of sixteen, with flushed face and bitter tears in his eyes. The

special agent takes up his now completed confession and reads what is written. Then he leans over and says some rapid words that we cannot hear, shakes his head threateningly to the young man, and bids him come again in the morning. For the mo-

a mother and two children in an attic tenement. The boy's lunch is a little piece of bread and butter tied up by his mother. He is beset by the temptations of the Italian stalls, the chestnuts, bananas, pies, and what-nots. You know," adds the special

agent, dryly, "what a gulf there is in a boy's inside. Some day a companion suggests that he can hook a few stamps off the letters and exchange them for pies. And presently the fine merchant is berating the postal service for the loss of his letters."

Sometimes the thief is inside the office, and then the toils are slowly and surely wound round him. His habits are studied, his day and night life is known, his accomplices spotted, and when at last the favorable moment comes, the unfaithful servant meets a swift doom and is sent to prison for a terrible term of years. But the greater part of the thefts are outside. In a drawer in one business house were found three

thousand letters; in another case the remains of fifteen hundred were hidden away. In yet other cases, the fault lies higher up than with the messenger. It suits the convenience, now and then, of some rascally house to complain of lost letters where no letters have been lost. So that the special agent must unravel a problem full of intricacies and complications before he finds the depredator.

Under Mr. James's administration a system of genuine civil service has grown up. He has steadily resisted the demands of politicians that good clerks shall be removed on account of their lack of efficiency in ward politics. It is said to be a beautiful sight to see him send for a superintendent and ask what kind of a man the clerk is, in the presence of the "statesmen" of the Assembly district who are urging his removal. A good report from the superintendent, and a polite, "You see, gentlemen, that it is impossible to remove him," ends it, except that the ward statesmen never think well of the postmaster's efficiency after that.

There is a notion prevalent that with every change of postmaster a pretty clean sweep of employes is made. But only one hundred and four removals have been made in Postmaster James's five years, and of this number eighty were for drunkenness. This vice at one time made sad havoc among the



THE DIRECTORY TABLE.

ment the rack releases its grasp, and he is allowed to go free until the next day. The confession tells how he has plundered letters of over a hundred dollars in money. In his confession, he euphemistically calls it "stopping" them. To soften the name of a crime is the first step toward committing it. He says he spent the money on "theaters, apples, and things." Mr. Sharratts says as he looks over the paper, "He lies. That is not all." The young fellow had told only what he supposed had been found out. The rest will be extracted from him painfully and in installments. It is curious how a bright boy like that can be so weak in common sense and moral feeling.

Mr. Sharratts has demonstrated that most of the plundering of the mails is outside of the post-office. He has found that thousands of letters have been stopped by a single messenger. The special agent has almost never failed to reach some result, outside or inside of the office, in every case of letters of a house having been stolen. Detection is only a matter of time, and would seem to be almost as inevitable as death.

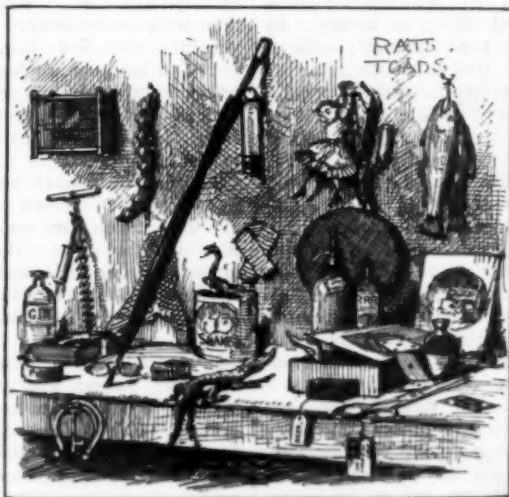
"Fine merchants," says Mr. Sharratts, "who draw checks on tinted paper and do business in a gilt-edge style, will send their mail to the office by a little boy whose salary of two dollars a week is half the support of

rank and file of employés; but there is at present an efficient post-office temperance society, and there have been some remarkable reformations, while a sentiment in favor of temperance has diffused itself through all departments of the office.

That clean sweeps have not been made is sufficiently shown by the time of service of some of the clerks. In the delivery department you will see the venerable figure of the patriarch of the office, Mr. Charles Forrester, Sr. He entered the service as clerk in 1825, when the office had just been removed out of its twelve by fifteen feet quarters at the corner of William and Garden streets, where the postmaster, General Bailey, lived upstairs over the office for twenty years, and closed his office when he went to dinner. Mr. Forrester has been in the office now for fifty-two years, and may well call himself by the title of which Southey was so proud: "A man of letters by profession." Mr. Forrester's father was a clerk in the office before him, having served under General Bailey from 1808, and his son, Mr. Charles Forrester, Jr., is now superintendent of the registered letter department, so that the post-office may be said to run in the

vice in practice. Promotions and salaries are now based partly on length of service, partly on a careful system of testing the correctness of work done, partly on conduct, and partly on a periodical re-examination. This examination is not a test of the clerk's knowledge of the names of the extinct volcanoes in the moon, but a trial of his expertness in his work. For instance, the clerks who are distributing matter in the mailing department were recently required to place correctly 2,200 cards, containing the names of all the post-offices in Ohio, in a series of pigeon-holes labeled with the names of the counties in that state. One man succeeded in making the distribution in two hours and twenty minutes, with only thirteen errors. The best man at the New York table was yet more remarkable. He put the whole two thousand eight hundred and forty cards bearing the names of the post-offices in this state into their proper counties in one hundred and five minutes, with but a single error. Awhile ago, there was a competition for the vacant chief clerkship at a table, and the lowest man of all, by sheer excellence, took the place.

. In the delivery department, the box



SOME THINGS THAT ARE DETAINED IN THE SEARCHER'S DEPARTMENT.

family. Mr. John H. Hallett, chief of the inquiry office for missing letters, lacks but a year of having served as long as Mr. Forrester, Sr.

While others have advocated it in theory, Postmaster James has exemplified civil ser-

assorters, whose wonderful memory of twenty thousand names I have described above, are tested by the distribution of cards containing 2,000 names of persons and firms holding boxes. A little over a year ago, when these examinations were begun, the

highest man on the list received a mark of ninety for correctness, while the lowest ran down to sixty. At the last trial seven were marked over ninety-nine per cent. for correctness. The swiftest assorted the whole two thousand cards in forty-five minutes, the slowest—a new man, perhaps—was more than four times as long. But the very lowest of the whole twenty-nine received sixty-seven as the percentage of correctness and



THE VETERAN.

expertness. Such is the improvement wrought by the stimulus of emulation. Perhaps this is better shown by the average of the whole force, which, under this severe test, was, in July, 1876, but sixty-four, while in September, 1877, it attained ninety. The salaries are graded in part by the results of these examinations.

Nearly all the higher officers of the New York post-office have come up from the ranks. Even Mr. Pearson, the assistant post-master, rose from a clerkship in the office and passed through the various grades in the railway postal service (of which he was one of the originators) before attaining his present position; Mr. Gaylor, general superintendent of the city delivery, began as a \$600 clerk; Mr. Forrester, superintendent of the registry department, began as a \$600 clerk in the distribution department; also

Mr. Wareing, the assistant general superintendent of the mailing department, told me frankly that he came in as a porter. Mr. Yeoman, the superintendent of the same department, began as a stamper, on a salary of three hundred a year, and so on through the list. All but one of the nineteen superintendents of branches entered as clerks. In short, here is civil service of the most approved kind in successful operation in the best conducted of all the government institutions.

The clerks are quite satisfied to go down if they are beaten down. Under the old system, a man in the post-office had but little chance for promotion, except by the intrigue of some political clique. In giving men a chance to be something, and a perpetual stimulus to their ambition, Mr. James has undoubtedly wrought a marvelous improvement in the service. But he has done better than that; for by opening a door of hope to a man one makes him a man. Men no longer expect removal on the caprice of a ward committee. The office offers them a career, and they have every stimulus to faithfulness and excellence. It is found that the least efficient clerks in the office are generally those backed by the most eminent names, while the poor fellows who have no hope but in winning the favor of their superiors by fidelity and excellence are altogether the most valuable.

The swarm of applicants for places in the office are tested by examinations also, but these look more to their general intelligence. I was permitted to see some of the very original answers on the examination papers. One question, "What has been your clerical experience?" is a veritable *pons asinorum* to the applicants, and many are the donkeys who are lost here. Most of them take clerical in its ecclesiastical sense. One man answers that his clerical experience has been "Catholic," and so through all the denominations. One man responds by saying, "Have taught in a Sunday-school." Another man has not had any occasion to deal with clergymen, for in answering the question as to his "clerical experience," he breaks out, "Well, I was never sick a day in my life." There are others who give the term a wider sense. One answers, "Compositor;" another, "Working as porter in a store;" while a third hits it exactly when he says, "Making horse-collars." The geographical questions are quite as troublesome. On one paper the large rivers in the United States are "North River and East River," while another applicant, when he is required

to name the British Possessions in America, rises to the occasion and answers, "Laying the Atlantic cable and visit of the Prince of Wales." In these papers we find the Black Sea put into the Arctic Ocean, the prevailing religion of Turkey set down as "Protestant," and "Garibaldi" made to be King of Italy. To the question: "What nation assisted the United States in the war of the Revolution?" we have answered, with perfect naïveté, "The Irish." When one man was required to state into what three departments the government of the United States was divided, he answered, with the promptitude of a lightning calculator, "Philadelphia, New York, and Boston." But another man of more statesmanlike cast of mind wrestles with the same question and divides the government into "federel, judishel, and navel."

More and more as we look through the complicated details of the office do we feel the pervading influence of the head. Everything is carefully centralized, and a wonderful unity is given to every movement of the office. For instance, all the letters of the various superintendents on matters pertaining to business of their departments, are sent up to the room of the assistant-postmaster at three o'clock. Mr. Pearson, who is second in authority in the Office is the embodiment of accuracy and painstaking. He receives and examines these letters checked only with the initials of the clerks who write them. They are then sent forward to the postmaster, who signs every one of them, so that the correspondence all receives the signature of Mr. James, and no one else is known or allowed to speak for the office. In this way a perfect supervision of the business of all the departments is maintained.

Here is a large room with shadowy reeds and ferns, green stalks, and other plants of elegant form, frescoed in light and shade on the walls. The windows look off down into the ceaseless roar of Broadway and over into the somber quiet of St. Paul's ancient church-yard. On the sofas in this elegant room are generally several gentlemen,—Congressmen, merchants, eminent foreigners perhaps, waiting to take their turn in speaking to the postmaster, who sits at a table in the middle of the office. Mr. James is an active man of alert faculties and prompt decision. There is not a trace of official snobbery about him. He is an easy, gentlemanly, unspoiled and entirely American man, with a world of human kindness and good fellowship. He is an organizer and administrator of a very high order, and is

himself the pervading genius of the office. He will generously boast of the excellence of his lieutenants, without leaving any room for merit in himself. But you have only to talk with superintendents or subordinates to find out that Mr. James is the postmaster. He is always in his office in business hours, and I was told that he had come down at four o'clock on the morning of one of my visits to attend to the transfer of an Australian mail for England to a Cunard steamer sailing at seven. This mail of one hundred and eighty-two bags had reached San Francisco three hours after the departure of the mail, and had been sent forward on a special train to overtake the regular mail. In New York Mr. James accomplished its transfer in one hour, the aim being to beat the Red Sea mail, with which our service is in lively competition.

On another occasion, the steamer "Germanic," of the White Star Line, anchored off Sandy Hook in a furious gale to receive the Australian mail, dispatched by Mr. Cortis, the agent of the Line, down the bay in a steam-tug, from which it was transferred in a "crate."

I went into the office a total stranger to the postmaster, and without any predilections in his favor, except what had come from the praises of the service I had heard from business men. But everywhere I found not only admirable system and thorough discipline, but what is more important and more difficult of attainment, a cordial and even zealous *esprit de corps*. To produce this a man must be a natural leader of men. The postmaster's inspiration is felt in every rank of the service. Wherefore, it only remains for me to add my voice to the rest, and to say that of all who have had charge of the metropolitan post-office, from colonial times to the present, Mr. Thomas L. James will go into history as the great postmaster of New York.



STAMPS OF LARGE DENOMINATIONS, USED BY PERIODICALS.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"THEN WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE AS I WISH?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CITY WITH A PAST.

THERE is at least one city in New England which boasts of a past. Not a far-off past shrouded in beauty and mystery, like that which follows in the footsteps of the old-world cities; but a yesterday only, as nations reckon time, the story of which is remembered and repeated to-day. And lest it should be forgotten, with the lesson it is believed to teach, a shaft of granite has been erected in the town, about whose summit on cloudless nights the stars gather and shine. Even as I write the flags are but just lowered, the bells have hardly ceased ringing, the echo of the cannon is still in my ears which celebrates the hundredth anniversary of the event which gave to the town its importance; and to a scattered, feeble people the hope of becoming a nation.

It does not matter that this monument

really commemorates a defeat instead of a victory, or that the battle fought here bears in history the name of another height not far distant, which never trembled to the thunder of cannon. That it marks the beginning of a great nation and keeps in memory a struggle for independence which was successful at last, are enough to endear it to the hearts of the townspeople and make it the shrine of a continual pilgrimage.

For here upon every day in the year comes the nearest approach to the genus tourist we Americans can show in our own land, since the more sober sort among us, who keep within the generous confines of our own country, still hold it half a sin to give ourselves up to ease and idle roaming about. Bridal parties come here: Though what care they—happy, self-engrossed souls—for General ———, who, without food and with scant ammunition for his men, held his position through all the long, hot day, a hundred

years ago? Or for General ———, whose fall is yet considered by the hearty patriots of the town to be of scarcely less importance than that of Adam? Clerks and students of an historical turn of mind, off on a brief holiday, find their way here, also, with a straggling multitude of miscellaneous people—well-to-do people who have traveled abroad, and, returning full of restlessness and national pride, are inclined to make the most of their own historical relics; or others less successful, who, having no hope of viewing foreign lands, make a virtue of knowing their own. Among the first may occasionally be seen the traditional tourist, recognized by his clothes,—made in London,—by his open guide-book, which in this case cannot be Murray, but above all by his air of omniscience. For it is the proper thing to do, if one desires to be a genuine tourist, to travel a thousand miles, more or less, to see an object, and to view it at last with an indifference akin to contempt.

But the true shrine-seekers, the real hero-worshippers, come like pilgrims, on foot, dusty and travel-worn. Their faces are often old and wrinkled; their garments worn and queer. Not for them wait the carriages by the curb-stone at the foot of the mound. They climb the high steps with many a pause, their hearts filled with holy emotion, their eyes blessed with double sight—of time that was and time that is. For them bugle and drum and cry of wounded men mingle with the peaceful drone of busy life in the town below, and the shaft of stone, over which the summer sun creeps lazily, is an altar red with the blood of patriots.

From the windows of the handsome houses in the square surrounding the monument, the towns-people look out approvingly upon all this adoration, unlike the inhabitants of many a storied city in other lands, who wonder stupidly why travelers should come so far to view what they regard so little, be it memento to saint or hero. Here, one shred of history, preserved through a hundred years, a martyr or two to liberty whose names are almost forgotten, have served to bind the older inhabitants together like a chain; have dwarfed other objects in importance, as though they had indeed been viewed from the top of the monument itself, and aroused a pride almost like personal vanity. Nor is this to be wondered at in the people of whom are the fathers, and to whom have been committed, if not the oracles, at least the traditions of this spot.

But all this is changing and passing away.

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Already the town has been swallowed up by the larger and adjoining municipality. A tide from the outside world brings indifference to the glory of the past. We look to the future. A hundred years more, and the tourist wandering over the neglected mound so carefully kept now, may find the monument converted into a vast chimney to serve the purposes of a new age.

But although we write of a past, the monument has not been standing a quarter of a century yet. The square about it is new. The houses are new and clean. More than one generation must sweep by before they attain to the moldy ugliness of respectable age. But in the less fashionable parts of the town dingy old wooden mansions belonging to the time of its earlier—though not to its first—settlement, still abound. Poor old houses! They have been exposed to fire. They have been drawn and quartered and sawn asunder, not to mention the indignity of being given over at last to the refuse population.

Some, however, from their situation and connections, like high-born recusants, have fared better than their contemporaries. Among these, most fortunate of all, perhaps, has been the Brock house, where old Jeremy Brock had spent many years of a long life, and from which at last he had passed away to a mansion even less destructible, it is to be hoped.

The High street which skirts one side of the monument had, like the sword of a conqueror, cut its way through this old house, just beyond the square. The wound healed, having been patched up with brick and mortar, and the street went its way years ago without heeding the harm it had done or turning, indeed, to the right or left; but the scar remains. The entrance to the house is upon the side. There is a garden here, filling up the corner where this cruel, blood-thirsty street intersects a more peaceable thoroughfare descending the hill. It is shut in from curious eyes by a high wooden fence, and as though this were not enough, the last has been surmounted by a narrow lattice. But in truth there is nothing to screen or conceal, as any one may see through the gaping cracks in the wooden wall,—nothing more than a sloping grass-plot and a few old trees, which perhaps ran down the hill when they were young and frolicsome, and have grown too crooked and old and rheumatic to return. A narrow border of flowers did once follow the path from the gate to the door, and at the time of which

we write, a few daring crocuses still thrust themselves up through the mold in early spring-time, to stare about with pale, frightened faces. A great, straggling bunch of phlox, too, nodded with disagreeable familiarity from under the windows; but that was all. Nothing which betokened care or fond pride bloomed in the garden now.

The house itself with its closed blinds, seemed like a man who had shut his eyes before going to destruction. It had been uninhabited since the death of its owner. Poor old Jeremy Brock! He had outlived all his children and died alone at last. Though if they had been spared he would still perhaps have died alone. For they met but to disagree, and separated in anger more than once. Repentance and forgiveness were not unknown in the family, but both were short-lived. For the old man was exacting, his sons reckless and wasteful, and his one daughter—as willful as handsome—chose beggary and a worthless husband to hard obedience and plenty. They scattered far and wide, each pursuing his or her own desires. Death, only,—by a wide sweep of his scythe,—gathered them together at last.

When his children were all gone the old man looked about him for an heir. He was proud of his ancestry if not of his immediate family, and had no mind that the latter should die out. He had been careful of his means even to miserliness and hated to feel that another must spend what he had hoarded, yet he adopted for his successor the open-handed, careless son of his only sister,—his heir by law since the death of his last son. He fancied that the good-nature of young Robert Elyot might prove to be tractability—a common mistake enough, which he was years in finding out; for the profession of the army which the young man had chosen allowed him but little leisure, and his visits were brief and seldom to his uncle's house. Then, too, the old man from some odd contrariety of disposition was fond of the handsome young soldier who would do credit to the family, he thought, when he was dead and gone, and had even something of a head for accounts, which none of his own boys had possessed. He altered his manner of life in a measure, on the occasion of young Elyot's visits, opening the house to visitors, grudgingly indeed, but gratifying his own pride thereby. For everybody courted and flattered the young man. They would have spoiled him had he been less than he

was. But this adulation, though it fed his pride and added to his self-importance for the time, did no great harm. A few weeks among his male companions at school or in camp soon rubbed out any false quantity of either. His uncle made him a generous allowance, enough to furnish some grounds for his expectations; increasing it when he found that play—that curse of an idle life—was not among his nephew's failings. Nor was this confidence thrown away. Captain Elyot was open-handed without being wasteful. Not but that he fell into various minor extravagances and gained experience as dearly as most people. But, warned perhaps by the example of his cousins, and knowing full well the result of such a course as theirs, he avoided debt, and by keeping within his income gained a firm place in the esteem of his uncle, to whom a wasteful hand was worse than a pestilence.

All went smoothly enough for a few years, until such a time as we already know when the old man would have provided a wife for his nephew. And here for the first time the well-trained, tractable young heir proved restive. Still old Jeremy, who was beginning to enjoy this new experience of having his own way, could not for a moment believe that Captain Elyot would really set himself against his wishes. "For there's the money," thought the old man. "How will he ever expect to get the money if he goes against my wishes?" To him,—to this old man just ready to don his grave-clothes and step into his tomb,—the money was everything. He did not realize that to young life just becoming conscious of the throb of its pulses all things seem possible, and many more desirable than hard, yellow gold to clutch in the hand. Even so intangible a thing as liberty is sweeter. So, indeed, Captain Elyot was beginning to feel.

There was a grand-niece down upon the Jersey shore whom old Mr. Brock had not seen since she was a child. But this was the girl he had selected to be his nephew's wife. He knew nothing of her beyond the fact that she was of a suitable age,—a year or two more or less did not matter. And it would keep the money in the family, he thought, with a quiet chuckle when the idea first occurred to him. He had not been blind to the adulation offered to his heir. "It's the money," he said, when he saw how one and another of the mothers with marriageable daughters smiled upon him and asked him to their houses. Any one of these girls who simpered and blushed at

his approach, the boy might have for the asking. He was mistaken there, as he was in reckoning upon his nephew's greed—gauging it by his own. Gold does not always shine in young eyes, and love will sometimes claim its own, thank God! in spite of wealth and scheming.

He was by no means discouraged when young Elyot laughed at the suggestion that he should pay a visit to his Jersey relatives and search out this distant cousin. For the young man could not regard it as a serious proposition. Even when he came to see that the idea had taken possession of the old man's mind, he only avoided the subject and at last shortened his visit, believing that in his absence it would soon be forgotten.

But no sooner had he gone than Uncle Jeremy himself began negotiations. He sent for his grand-niece to pay him a visit, and when she came, by a surprising good fortune, she proved to be all that he could have desired,—amiable, well-bred (for the Brocks came of good stock, and inherited a fine address, as well as certain other more tangible possessions), of a sweet, frank nature, indeed. She was a year or two older than her cousin, to be sure, whom she had never seen, and persisted in regarding as a boy; but that was a matter of no consequence.

"She'll be all the more likely to keep him in a straight road," he said. For Uncle Jeremy knew, and dreaded to be reminded again of all the by-ways and turnings which the course of a young man was likely to take.

He said nothing, for awhile, of his matrimonial project in her behalf, and Mary Lane, believing that she had been asked from pure good-will and family feeling, gave herself up to the enjoyment of her visit. The house was dull, for the old man lived alone, with a housekeeper somewhat younger and considerably sourer than himself; but Mary's presence enlivened it for the time. As the news of her arrival spread about the quiet town, one after another of the families in the neighborhood, comprising its "best" society, came to pay their respects to old Mr. Brock's niece, beginning with Mrs. Mincer,—a widow of widows, with whom mourning had become a habit, and whose eyes leaked like a neglected roof. It was but natural that she should lead the advance, since, having no family cares,—for she was childless,—the time, as she often affirmed with a sigh, hung heavy upon her hands. Then, too, she was one

of old Jeremy's nearest neighbors, making her home with her sister's family, the Wymans, in a showy house just around the corner upon the Square. She carried a favorable report of the stranger to her friends, and again the old man saw one of his kin courted and made much of. This was as it should be. It was proper and right that the girl should make friends against the time when she came here to live as his nephew's wife. So Mary, quite unconscious of the source of the old man's evident gratification, entered into all the gayety prepared in her honor, drawing about her such a crowd of followers,—for there was something extremely winning in the air and face of the young woman,—that the old man began to be alarmed for his nephew. Alarmed and angry above all with the open evident admiration of Tom Akers, the son of a neighbor, and unfortunately irreproachable as to both family and character.

It was time the young woman was informed of the honor prepared for her. He began to think it a mistake that she had not been told before; so, one morning, when she had come down late to breakfast, after an evening out, (old Jeremy could have sworn that he had heard Tom Akers's voice at the door an hour after midnight), he prepared to open the subject.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLD JEREMY'S NIECE.

THE breakfast-room looked out upon the garden. The morning sun found its way in at the small-paned windows, and lay in great, dusty, golden bars across the heavy, worn furniture of the handsome old room; but it could not brighten the face of Miss Bunce, the housekeeper, who appeared more bilious and sullen than ever as she brought in the coffee-urn and prepared to set out the breakfast, at an hour quite unusual in the well-regulated household.

"Sit down, Bunce, sit down," said Uncle Jeremy a little sharply, when that useful female had traveled in and out at the door a dozen times, with an aggravating creak in her shoes which only added to the old man's nervousness. He held open upon his knees the Bible in which he regularly read a chapter every morning, not even omitting those filled with genealogies. It was a kind of superstitious rite not to be set aside. And how did he know but neglecting these last

might prove the jot or tittle which should finally count against him. He laid the book aside now, and took his place at the table, awaiting Miss Bunce, whose movements this morning seemed more energetic than usual.

"Come, come, Bunce, that will do. Sit down and let us be comfortable."

Old Jeremy could be sharp enough to others; but rumor said that he lived in wholesome awe of this woman, who had managed his house for half a score of years.

"There's no such thing for me as sitting down at this hour. I've matters to attend to as I'll spoil to be kept waiting," replied that amiable female. "Perhaps Miss Mary 'd take the trouble to pour your coffee?"

"To be sure I will." And Mary took the head of the table as Miss Bunce left the room, closing the door after her with a jar which set old Jeremy's teeth on edge. "Bunce grows worse and worse, uncle. How do you get along with her?"

Mary put two lumps of sugar into old Jeremy's cup as she stepped thus carelessly upon eggs, as it were.

"Bunce is well enough," her uncle replied shortly. "She'll last my time."

"But old people should take to comfortable ways," persisted the young woman. "And she grows worse, I am sure. I fancy I can see a change in these few weeks. She is decidedly cross. There is something positively aggressive in the creak of her shoes."

But her uncle did not laugh. He was slowly eating his breakfast and revolving in his mind how he could best tell his niece of the future he had in store for her. Might not this be as good an opportunity as any?

"Bunce may have reasons for seeming out of temper with you," he said solemnly. His manner when grave was always solemn. He was a small old gentleman of florid complexion and apoplectic build; he was rather benevolent as to general appearance, but could be testy as a spoiled child if opposed. "Perhaps she fancies that you mean to supplant her one day."

"I turn housekeeper? You are laughing at me, uncle Jeremy!"

But Uncle Jeremy was not in a light mood, she saw at once.

"I don't mind telling you, Mary, as you are a sensible girl, that I have something on my mind which concerns you."

The color deepened a little in the old man's face, and he was not quite at ease as he uttered this preliminary remark. To tell the truth, now that the time had come he

found it a somewhat difficult matter to announce his scheme to his niece. She was not a young girl, to be led entirely by her elders, and she had, he knew, a high spirit of her own. What if she should resent the interference? He was a testy old gentleman, and could be disagreeable enough upon occasions; but he was, after all, of a timid disposition unless aroused.

"I would like to have a little talk with you," he went on, fidgeting with his knife and fork, and finally laying them down.

"Very well, uncle," Mary replied, quite gravely now, leaning back in her chair. What could it mean? Had she displeased him by her irregular manner of life since she came? But no; she had accepted the civilities of his friends with his approval. He had not objected to the late hours this involved of necessity, and had even himself suggested that the breakfast be pushed forward an hour, which was, without doubt, the occasion of Bunce's ill temper. He spoke of her supplanting the latter. Could it be that he was about to ask her to leave her own home and come to live with him?

The old man's eye was upon her as she leaned back in her chair, the color coming and going in her cheek with these shifting suggestions. She was not young. At least, she had lost the roundness and bloom of young girlhood; but the outline of both face and figure was still full enough for beauty, and with her clear, fair skin, just showing a touch of color, her clear, gray eyes, and the dark hair folded smoothly away from her small ears, she was pleasant to look at. The young heir might go farther and fare worse. So the old man thought as his gaze rested on her.

"You know you are not rich, Mary," he began abruptly.

"No, uncle; but I have never wanted for anything. And then I am happy in having rich friends, who supply my fancied needs," she added lightly. Her eyes had fallen upon the dark gold bands about her wrists, a present from Uncle Jeremy only the day before. I am afraid he had not been innocent of bribery.

"And you are getting on, Mary,—getting on. Let me see —"

"Twenty-seven next Christmas." A quick flush crossed her face, though she laughed quietly. "But really, uncle, it is hardly fair to bring up all my disadvantages at once."

"It is time you were thinking of settling in life."

He pursued the subject in his mind,

having once made a beginning, without the slightest heed to her side remarks.

"But I have thought of it. I have hardly been allowed to think of anything else. There is not an old woman of my acquaintance who does not shake her head over my misfortune or perversity, and remind me of the flight of time."

"Could you be contented to live here? So far from your friends, I mean. Could you be happy among these new friends you have made?"

Something like this Tom Akers had asked her the night before when they stood for a moment at the door in parting,—only to watch the moon shining through the leafless branches of the great elm at the corner.

"I might—I think I could," she answered, the blush deepening on her face.

Old Mr. Brock drew away from the table and rested his feet upon the fender, prepared to make himself comfortable, since Mary was likely to prove so docile.

"Well, Mary, you know of course that Robert is to be my heir. I have never made any secret of it, and I believe I wrote you, in asking you to come here, that it would make no difference in regard to the property."

"Certainly, it was quite understood," the young woman said quickly. Could it be that her uncle suspected her of trying to supplant her cousin Robert? Had Bunce suggested it?

"I have been thinking for some time that it would be well for Robert to marry. There is no reason why he should not leave the army and come home and try his hand at managing affairs," old Jeremy went on reflectively. "And after thinking it well over I have come to the conclusion that he can't do better than to marry you."

"*Me*, uncle?" Mary started upright in her chair entirely taken by surprise by the turn of his reflections.

"Yes, *you*," the old man said, lowering his thick eyebrows and seeming to swell inside as he always did at the first suspicion of opposition. "And why not? You would both be provided for and there'd be an end of it. For I must say, Mary, I should like to do something for you, but it is too late to change everything now without robbing your cousin."

"But I am two years older than Cousin Robert," she gasped, striving for a moment of time to rally her forces.

"What of that? Your aunt—your great-aunt—was ten years older than I. But that

only gave her experience; she had got over her flightiness and was all the more capable to manage the house. There were few like her," the old man went on slowly and shaking his head.

"But, uncle" (something throbbed in the girl's throat and choked her), "have you spoken of this to Robert?"

He could not tell her that he had not only spoken but written to him, and more than once, and so far without visible effect.

"I did say something to him when he was home last, about going down to visit his Jersey relatives, and may be hinted that it might be well for you two to know each other."

The old man moved uneasily in his chair while he gave utterance to this feeble prevarication; but Mary saw that there was more behind his words. And Robert had not come. He had felt without doubt like resenting the meddlesome plan, as did she. And yet she was conscious of a momentary feeling of anger at his indifference. He might at least have taken the pains to come and see what this cousin was like who had been thus thrown at his feet.

"And are you sure, uncle, that your suggestion did not come too late? Cousin Robert must have met more than one pretty girl. How do you know that he has not lost his heart already out there where he is?"

"That isn't at all likely," the old man said, shortly. "He knows well enough that I'll have no tramping soldier's daughter brought here to waste the property. No, no, the sooner he gets out of the army and settles down with a good, sensible wife, the better."

"Yes, uncle, if he can be made to think so."

"But he shall think so!" the old man replied, angrily. "He shall think as I say, or he shall have nothing of mine."

Mary Lane said no more. She rose up from the table and went and stood before a small miniature hanging upon the wall. She had noticed it often, but she had never scrutinized it until now. It was of a boy just entering his teens,—her cousin Robert, whom she had never seen,—an open, boyish face, with thick and rather long red-brown hair, brushed away from a tolerable forehead,—the picture of a frank and rather handsome boy in his first pride of youth and bright buttons; for he was in his cadet's dress. It was hardly fair that she should decide her future from this pict-

ure, by which she would never have recognized the dashing soldier-cousin now. But she was not thinking of that at all. Her uncle's angry mood had startled her as much as his proposal had shocked her, and scanning the square jaw and firm mouth, with a kind of pleasure, too, in the frank face, she felt that he might find it yet a difficult matter to bend this will to his.

"Never mind Robert," the old man said;—he was a little ashamed of his outburst of temper, and fancied, like many another angry person, that he had shown all he felt;—"it is of you I wanted to talk."

What should she say? How should she answer him? For, however much he might beat about this question, an answer he would have, she knew. Of course she could make but one reply; but she was mortified and pained to find that his interest in her had only been for the furtherance of this scheme. And yet it could not have been entirely on account of her cousin Robert, for had he not owned to a desire to do something for her as well? It must be that he had loved her a little for her own sake. And how could she vex him now, in his own house? And yet she must make him understand that this thing was impossible. She did not ask herself why it should be so; but she knew in her heart that it was not to be considered for a moment. Even though her cousin Robert should come and ask it of her himself, which he certainly seemed in no haste to do. She came slowly away from the picture to the fire.

"Uncle, you speak of Cousin Robert's preference, but—you do not think of me! It would be wise,—it would be worldly wise, I mean," she went on hurriedly; "but what if this should not be to my mind?" She looked steadily into the fire, and again the color reddened her cheek; her very throat was warm as she continued, in a voice hardly more than a whisper:

"Every woman cherishes a possibility which she would find hard to give up."

"Don't talk in riddles!" the old man said testily, shifting his feet. There seemed to be behind these soft-spoken words a power of resistance not pleasant to consider.

"I mean," she said, slowly lifting her eyes, though the red flew to her hair, "that no woman would be willing to assent to anything which would put it out of her power to marry the man she loved,—if love should come to her." The last words were hardly above her breath.

Her gentle beauty touched the old man's heart. Surely Robert could not do better.

"But why should not that be Robert?" he asked with a smile. "You have left no one at home?" he added with sudden suspicion, his face darkening again.

She shook her head gravely.

"I would not turn my hand over to please any one of them."

"And of course there is no one here," the old man said savagely, making a fierce thrust at the fire. "They are all strangers to you, good enough in their way, pleasant acquaintances; but——"

"Yes, uncle," she assented slowly. She put up her hand to screen her face as the fire blazed up under the poker in the old man's hand.

"Then why shouldn't it be as I wish?" he said, in a more persuasive tone. "For I do wish it very much, Mary."

"But it isn't for me to say," she replied, beginning to tremble, yet trying to speak lightly. "You would not have me offer my hand to Cousin Robert, or tell him that he might have me for the asking?"

"No; but I would have you say yes when that time comes."

"Then let us wait until it does." She bent over and kissed his forehead; then she hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEIR.

BUT nothing came of the old man's scheme, as we know very well. Mary Lane finished her visit before spring, and went to her home without having heard anything from her cousin Robert. By the exercise of some tact, she avoided any fresh discussion of this subject, which was by no means pleasant to her. But she could not avoid all reference to it, or to that possible time when she might rule and reign here in her uncle's house. So annoying did these suggestions become that she was heartily glad at last when the time came for her to go; for she was becoming more and more conscious of a feeling which would make it impossible for her ever to accede to her uncle's wishes. The possibility which she had blushing assured him to be so dear to a woman's heart had become a surety now. She would have returned to her home the promised wife of Tom Akers but that there seemed a kind of disloyalty in giving a

pledge so contrary to the wishes of her uncle, while still under his roof.

In the meantime, old Mr. Brock fretted and fumed inwardly that his nephew made no response to the suggestions which at last had almost taken the form of a command. Captain Elyot's letters were cheerful and gay as usual,—they had wonderfully brightened the old man's life for a year past,—but there had been no reference whatever to the subject which had begun to engross the latter's mind. Toward spring these letters ceased entirely. At first, Uncle Jeremy attributed this blank to the difficulty of communication between east and west, and the irregularity of the mails. But he was beginning to feel serious uneasiness, when, one morning early in the summer, Bunce laid an envelope beside his plate addressed in Robert's well-known hand. The sunbeams seemed to quiver in the old man's eyes as he hastily opened it. He read, his face growing purple, the veins swelling in his forehead. Then he twisted the letter out of all shape, with a sudden, angry wrench, and, turning about, threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"What is it?" asked Miss Bunce, with real anxiety, for the old man choked and swallowed over what almost sounded like an oath. "Mr. Robert is well, I hope?"

"Send in the breakfast, Bunce. How many times have I told you that I will not be kept waiting? And don't talk to me about 'Mr. Robert,' as you call him. The fool has gone and got married!"

Later, Miss Bunce found the letter and read it, having smoothed it out carefully with an iron. It was the one written immediately after Captain Elyot's marriage to Blossom,—full of a lover's praises of her sweetness and beauty. There was no reference to her fortune,—though that would hardly have mollified the old man. To his mind, the family had suffered disgrace. With all their wild courses, his sons had never engrafted the stock with bad blood by a low marriage. That had been left for his dearest child—his one daughter—to bring about, and now for this young man, who was as his own son. But his wounded pride made him forget the soreness of his heart over this ingratitude. With this blow, he turned away from every human being. They were all alike, sycophants and deceivers. Even his grand-niece, Mary Lane, toward whom his heart had warmed, failed him with the rest. He wrote her of her cousin Robert's

defection, ashamed for the young man, ashamed for himself at having so aroused her hopes, as he believed; but with the sudden determination that the money which was to have fallen to Robert, should now be hers,—it would in a measure console her. And there came a reply breathing nothing like sadness, but almost a spirit of rejoicing. She assured her uncle that she was entirely satisfied. She even plead for Robert and Robert's wife, and at the last, half fearfully announced her coming marriage with Tom Akers, and hoped her dear uncle would be happy in knowing that she was to make her home near his. She would have none of his money. That belonged to her cousin Robert. But the old man swore with an oath that not a cent of it should ever come into the hands of his nephew. It seemed as though the property hoarded so carefully, would have to go begging for an owner at last.

The news of Captain Elyot's marriage crept about the town. Everyone wondered, and everybody blamed the young man, but no one suspected that the keenest disappointment of all was felt by old Jeremy when bright Mary Lane, in the succeeding autumn, came among them as Mrs. Tom Akers. Even Bunce had known nothing of this scheme. The pride of the old man had made him reticent as to this affair, but every one knew, in that incomprehensible way by which the most of our secret purposes and wishes are known to the world,—that Captain Elyot would not come in to the property now. Who would be the heir?

In truth, the old man was himself at a loss to answer this question. He was neither charitable nor philanthropic. He hated institutions founded for so-called benevolent purposes. He believed that they but served selfish ends after all. He had no interest in the conversion of the heathen. To him the ends of the earth were shrouded in the darkness of utter indifference. His interest, his life-long striving, had been for himself and for his own. Now he must pass away, and his own had failed him.

He must pass away. Others saw that his step grew more feeble, his voice more broken. He seemed to gain his breath with an effort, but to him this passing away was still a matter of a far future. Why should he try to bring it near, or make himself realize that the hand which still held notes, and bonds, and mortgages with

such an eager grasp, must soon turn to the dust of the grave?

Who should succeed him? Not Tom Akers's wife. She had enough and to spare. Besides, he had never, in his heart, forgiven her for what he chose to call her deceitful conduct. She had kept something back, when he had believed that he saw every corner of her heart. He had no right to such a wide sweep of vision, to be sure, but, all the same, he had never forgiven her. Who should succeed him? He pondered this question often and long. Too long; for one morning, a year or more after Captain Elyot's marriage, the old man was found dead in his bed. Azrael had been merciful, and had stolen from his summons its terror. He was found with as peaceful a face as though he had taken his money with him upon his long journey.

As he had deferred making a will until such a time as he could decide how to dispose of his property, months had slipped by, and he had made no will at all. The very delay for the purpose of finding a successor to Captain Elyot made that young man his heir after all. He was next of kin and came into the estate.

Nothing had been known of him since the report of his marriage. The unlucky are soon forgotten, and who could be more unlucky than he who was believed to have lost all claim to the property by this unfortunate step. The most absurd stories began to circulate as soon as his good fortune was known. They all hinged upon this marriage, which had so nearly cost him his inheritance, and gathered at last into one which came to be almost believed, since there was no one to deny the truth of it;—he had fallen in love with a pretty young Indian girl,—he had married a half-breed in that wilderness which had swallowed him up!

And now, would he come here to live among his old friends? Above all, would he dare to bring this wife? The thought of an Indian squaw domiciled in the Brock house, of a papoose,—for there was doubtless a child, though no one knew,—a papoose, swinging in its cradle of bark from the long limbs of the old elm at the foot of the garden, brought a virtuous shudder to more than one frame. It was enough to make old Jeremy turn in his grave!

But time passed on, and nothing was known of the intentions of the heir. It was autumn when the old man died. Winter came, and the snow drifted in upon the

neglected pathway to the door, or lay where it fell, and there was no change. The old house alone seemed utterly unmoved by all these strange reports. It did not so much as open its eyes. The spring was slipping away at last, and curiosity had nearly exhausted itself. Even the children had ceased to flatten their faces against the wooden bars of the gate, looking for a wigwam which never appeared, when a bit of authentic intelligence came to the wide-open ears of the townpeople. Captain Elyot had lost his wife, not recently, but soon after his marriage, and he had no present intention of occupying the Brock house. He had given up his commission, and gone abroad for an indefinite time. The house was to be let.

"But did she have Indian blood in her veins?" More than one eager feminine voice asked this question of mild Mr. Simpkins, the agent of the property, and old Mr. Brock's man of business,—a quiet, retiring old gentleman, engaged in the practice of law in the neighboring city. He had been quite overlooked till now, when he came to examine into the condition of the house, and see that it was put in order for possible tenants.

"Indian blood, my dear lady! What do you mean?" he asked in return. Bunce was going over the house with the agent, putting away the more personal effects of her old master. One or two of the neighbors had run in to inquire the occasion of all this bustle. It was almost believed that Captain Elyot had arrived at last. Even Mrs. Tom Akers, seeing the windows opened for the first time in so many months, and being as much in the dark in regard to affairs as her neighbors, had stepped in to ask the cause.

"Why, they do say that Captain Robert married a half-breed." It was the little widow, Mrs. Mincer, who had ventured to broach this subject, half confidentially, while Mrs. Akers's back was turned.

"Nonsense," said Bunce, shortly, before Mr. Simpkins could reply. "I saw the letter myself,"—she did not think it necessary to say how,—and he described her as a sweet young lady, as sweet as you could wish to see." Pride in the family, with past favors, as well as future possibilities, made Bunce wary in her communications.

"Then why was Mr. Brock so angry? You said, yourself, Miss Bunce, at the time, that the old gentleman had disinherited Captain Robert on account of this marriage."

"Well, perhaps I did." Bunce was

down upon her knees before the old-fashioned locker, sorting out the quaint old decanters and glasses, hidden away in its lowest receptacle. One could hardly lie in such an attitude. "It was true, as Mr. Simpkins knows. I remember the morning as though it was this blessed day. It was at the breakfast-table that he opened the letter, and when I came in with the coffee, my hand shook so that I poured it all over the cloth. I thought the old gentleman would have had a fit that time, for sure. The doctor——"

But Mr. Simpkins interrupted her.

"Come, come, Miss Bunce, I shall have to hurry you a little. It's time I was getting back."

"There's only the bed and table linen now," Bunce replied, getting up from her humble position. "I might look it over by myself,—that is, if you'd trust me, sir. I had the buying of the most of it."

"To be sure, to be sure, if you'll lock everything up carefully," and the agent took himself away. If the housekeeper chose to gossip about the affairs of the family it was nothing to him. But he could not countenance such a proceeding by his presence.

The door once closed after him, there was more of ease in the small party.

"And you thought he would have had a fit," prompted one, seating herself comfortably in one of the leather-covered chairs of the dining-room.

"Yes. It was such a surprise, you see, and not to Mr. Brock's mind at all, though she was a beautiful young lady, he wrote."

Mrs. Akers felt her cheeks burning, as she moved away from the group standing now before the china-closet, and mingling their exclamations of surprise with others of admiration for the cups and plates brought from Holland by old Jeremy's ancestors, more than two hundred years before.

"We never used them. No, ma'am. Mr. Brock prized them as he did his eyes, and would hardly let me dust 'em. Nobody knows what'll become of them now."

"Oh, Captain Robert will marry again. He'll be coming home from over the seas with a new wife before long."

Mrs. Mincer wiped her eyes.

"I don't know. When one has once——"

"He was dreadfully cut up over her death," Miss Bunce broke in. "I should say that he would never marry again."

"More than likely," murmured Mrs. Mincer, from behind the folds of her heavy veil.

"But I can't see now why the old gentleman should have resented this marriage, if Captain Elyot's wife was so lovely," persisted the first speaker.

But Miss Bunce held back the one item in the surreptitiously read letter which explained this. Mrs. Akers might know, even though she had not been on good terms with her uncle before his death. Since she did not choose to speak, the housekeeper was wise enough to keep silence.

Mrs. Akers was moving about the room, filled with reminiscences recalled by every object here. She had entered the house but seldom since her marriage, and then with a strange formality. She paused a moment before her cousin Robert's miniature, with a vivid recollection of that other morning, so long ago, when her uncle had made known his wishes to her. All this might have been hers,—not the house alone, with its handsome old furniture and wealth of bric-à-brac collected from many a land (for old Jeremy had spent many years of his later life in wandering over the seas), but all this money over which her friends were gossiping idly now, wondering at the strange fate or providence that had dropped it at last into the hands from which the old man would have withheld it. It might all have been hers. Not alone if she had married her cousin Robert, but if she had consented at the last to stand to Uncle Jeremy in Captain Elyot's place. But she could not do that. And now justice had been done at last, without any human agency, as it seemed. Her cousin had come into his rights, for it was right that he should have this money after being made to believe for years that it was to be his. And she rejoiced in it. She would like to write to her cousin Robert and tell him of her gladness,—a happy wife, she could do so now without fear of being misunderstood,—but she did not know his address. In what foreign land he wandered, or in what strange city he had taken up his residence, she had never learned. She had not thought to put the question to Mr. Simpkins when he was here. She would stop at his office in town some day, and ask for this address.

The announcement of the death of her cousin Robert's wife had put all other thoughts out of her mind for the time. So she was dead,—this girl for whom he had hazarded and almost lost everything! No wonder he had taken it to heart, as Bunce had said. He must have loved her dearly

to have risked so much for the happiness of possessing her. Mrs. Akers had never credited the various rumors in regard to this marriage. But few of them had reached her since she was within the sacred pale of the family. She had heard enough, however, to realize their absurdity. Other people believed that the old man could not have turned his nephew away without good reason, which they proceeded to invent. But she had a key of her own to her uncle's anger. People said that the old man waited to find an heir to his property, but she hoped it was not so. She could not but hope that he had relented at the last, though too proud to acknowledge it, perhaps, and this she should tell her cousin Robert, when she wrote. It might take the fire from the gold dropped into his hand.

She did not realize till now how a dream had been slowly gathering in her imagination, of the time when he would come here to live. She had grown up without sisters, but might not cousin Robert's wife take the place of one to her? Mrs. Akers had known something of the contents of the letter which the young husband wrote with such fearless pride. Uncle Jeremy, in writing to his niece of this marriage, had quoted Captain Robert's words in scorn, but she had more than half believed them, and felt a strange pity now for this girl who had brought such brief joy to her husband. As she wandered at will through the familiar rooms of the old house, she found herself crying, almost before she knew it. Uncle Jeremy had been very kind to her at one time. She remembered it now, sitting in his chair before the empty, blackened fire-place, and yet her tears were less for him than for this girl, whom she had never seen.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRANGE FAMILY.

It was one day early in the summer that the Brock house was found to be inhabited again. A long, fierce storm—"the May storm"—had raged for days, compelling the ladies upon the square to keep within doors, and it was during this time that the family must have arrived.

Summer burst suddenly upon the town with the breaking away of the clouds. The turf behind the high wooden wall of the Brock house turned a vivid green, the leaves upon the horse-chestnuts in the street unfolded at the first touch of the sun's

rays. Mrs. Mincer, coming slowly along the High street, threw back her veil to mark these changes, surprised to see that even the early rose over the door had put out its leaves since the rain. She sighed to reflect that there was no one here to rejoice over the coming of summer. And then she noticed, for the first time, that the blinds of the windows looking upon the garden were open. Could Miss Bunce have forgotten to close them the day when she had gone over the house? Or it might be that the late high winds had unloosed the worn fastenings. Mrs. Mincer was a care-taking little woman, and was hesitating over the propriety of stepping within the gate, should she find it unlocked, and closing them herself, when to her utter bewilderment, she met the gaze of a pair of soft brown eyes directed to her from one of these unscreened windows. She had only time to observe that they were set in a pale young face, and that the figure to which both belonged was draped in black, when the vision disappeared.

Mrs. Mincer was startled. There was something ghostly in the apparition. She found herself quaking and staring, broad daylight though it was. What did it mean? Then a very natural and simple solution of the mystery suggested itself. The house had been advertised to let for some weeks. Retracing her steps, she saw that the placard had been removed from the front window. Some one had taken it at last.

A few steps farther on she met Mr. Simpkins. She hesitated, but finally bowed with the timid air with which she addressed all individuals of that sex, one of whom she had mourned for fifteen years. She drew her veil more closely, but half checked her steps.

"Mrs. Mincer?" Mr. Simpkins paused politely.

"The Brock house seems to have tenants. I thought I would ask—they might be strangers in town—it would perhaps be a kindness——"

"Yes, yes, to be sure. I believe they know no one. Mrs. Drake told me, I think, that they had no acquaintances here."

"And Mr. Drake?" Mrs. Mincer said, inquiringly. It was as well to know something of this family.

"There is no Mr. Drake. Mrs. Drake is a widow."

Mrs. Mincer was so much moved by this announcement that Mr. Simpkins was em-

barrassed. He reproached himself inwardly for the abrupt manner with which he had imparted this intelligence.

"With children?" came in an almost inaudible voice from behind the pall draping the widow.

"There are two daughters," Mr. Simpkins replied, cheerfully, glad of a diversion,— "the elder, a young lady in rather delicate health, I should say; the younger, a mere child. You were thinking of calling? Very considerate in you, as they are undoubtedly strangers in this vicinity. Mrs. Drake seems to be a woman of peculiarities, but of means,—unquestionably of means (she has consulted me in regard to some important investments); and the daughters—the elder, at least—might prove a desirable acquisition to your delightful society here. I should say, call, certainly." And Mr. Simpkins bowed and passed on, letting himself in at the gate of the Brock house.

Mrs. Mincer had forgotten to ask from what place the family had removed, as well as why they had chosen to take up their residence in this town,—neither handsome nor well situated, it must be owned. But all this would be explained in time. Mrs. Drake herself would probably offer some information as to her antecedents and previous circumstances when her neighbors called upon her,—for Mrs. Mincer had already decided that everybody would call upon the new-comers. For herself, she should only wait for a suitable time to pass. There was a similarity of condition between this woman and herself which could not fail to create a bond of sympathy.

She carried the small scrap of information gained from Mr. Simpkins to her friends around the square, each one of whom evinced a willingness to show some attention to these strangers. In the meantime, a most natural curiosity was excited. Who were these people, and where had they come from? No one knew, unless it might be Mr. Simpkins, and he was quite out of the reach of their questions, his residence and place of business being in the adjoining city. Nor had he been seen upon the square since the day when Mrs. Mincer met him so opportunely. Even the ordinary judgment instinctively bestowed upon strangers was impossible here, since no one except Mrs. Mincer had so much as caught a passing glimpse of any one of these people during the fortnight in which they were considerably left to themselves. It was certainly a most quiet family.

After a period of waiting, sufficiently long for the strangers to become settled in their new home, the ladies in the neighborhood began to show their good-will, and, before a week had passed, a flood of visitors poured in upon the Drakes. They came away surprised, and more than one of them indignant, having been coldly received by the widow, who had been impenetrable as to her past, as well as rudely indifferent to the friendly advances of her new neighbors. She was variously described by them, but always in terms of amazed derision.

"Really, what did you think of her?" asked Mrs. Mincer of Mrs. Stryker—Mrs. Colonel Stryker, who led the society of the town. "She seems to be not quite—that is, not thoroughly—" an expressive shake of the head finished the description.

It was Saturday evening and a small party of ladies had gathered in Mrs. Stryker's drawing-room. The curtains, separating it from the tea-room, which they had just left, were drawn, the long French windows opening upon the balcony overhanging the street had been thrown wide open to admit the breeze which set the grass to quivering upon the monument mound over the way, and sent little puffs of white dust dancing down the street. Chairs and sofas were drawn up here and a peace toward all the world with a desire to criticise mildly its weaknesses had fallen upon the company. It was then Mrs. Mincer spoke, bringing up the subject which had already been touched upon at the tea-table.

"We shall see," Mrs. Stryker replied, with an equally mysterious air. "I have hardly made up my mind. They are certainly not what we had reason to expect. Still I do not regret having called. It is better to be disappointed or even imposed upon occasionally than to neglect strangers, who might repay our civility by appreciation, if nothing more. But I am surprised that Captain Elyot should have let the house to these people. He might have considered his old friends even if he were indifferent as to who should occupy it."

"You forget, Captain Robert had nothing to do with it," ventured some one. "It was in the hands of the agent."

"And he urged me to call," said Mrs. Mincer, with almost a shudder. She had found no kindred spirit in Mrs. Drake.

"But he told you at the time that she was a woman of peculiarities?"

"Peculiarities indeed!" laughed another.

"But did you notice the changes in the house? Some very handsome furniture—for the drawing-room, I fancy—was being carried in as we came away."

"Somewhat after the Queen of Sheba style, was it not?" amended Miss Gore, whose elegance was of the severe type.

"But *Miss Drake* is extremely pretty," broke in Amy Stryker, meeting this tide of criticism with the assurance of one whose word would carry weight. "Did you not think so, mamma? Or she would be if she were not so frightfully pale. And I am sure nothing can be said against *her* manner."

"I confess I scarcely noticed her," Mrs. Stryker replied, "except to observe that she looked ill. I am glad if you found anything to admire, Amy. Though her manner, which seems to have impressed you, could hardly have been an inheritance from her mother, who was extremely ungracious and appeared incapable of uttering an intelligible word. I tried her upon various subjects—and whether she was obtuse or sullen I could not determine. It seemed as though almost she considered our visit an intrusion. We were not asked to repeat it—which I should not think of doing under any circumstances."

"You have aroused my curiosity," said Mrs. Akers, stepping in from the balcony where she had overheard this conversation. "I shall certainly call now. I fancied from all accounts that these people were simply common and ill-bred, but this savors of a mystery; their utter seclusion,—for they appear to receive no one from abroad,—their evident desire to be left to themselves; a pretty daughter in delicate health——"

"I fear you will only be disappointed, my dear," said Miss Gore, making a place for her friend upon the sofa beside herself. "The widow *is* only common and ill-bred, and the daughter scarcely pretty, I think. The only mystery to my mind is that which always goes with the sight of ignorance in high places. For Mrs. Drake arrays herself gorgeously,—if widow's weeds can bear such a description,—and the house is being made hideously fine."

"And you think——"

"That they are only vulgar rich people, with whom we have nothing in common. It was a mistake from the beginning, but the best way to rectify a mistake is not to repeat it; and by the way did I see you at the *matinée* yesterday?" The subject was

changed. The conversation turned into another channel.

But Mrs. Akers did not forget it. Her curiosity was thoroughly aroused, her anger almost awakened that people of this order should desecrate and make over the home which had been so pleasant to her at one time. How could her cousin Robert permit it? Or, was the agent acting beyond orders? She determined to go and see for herself. Some vague idea of remonstrating with Mr. Simpkins or even of addressing a letter to Captain Elyot crossed her mind.

Accordingly one afternoon, not many days after this conversation, she found herself lifting the latch of the gate and following the familiar path to the door of the Brock house. The house might be transformed within, but outwardly there was no change, she could see, as she stood a moment waiting for the summons upon the old-fashioned knocker to be answered.

An untidy servant girl tardily answered her knock, and, after a moment of hesitation,—it almost seemed of doubt as to admitting her,—ushered the visitor into the parlor. As the door swung open, a picture of the well-known room rose like reality before Mary Akers's mind,—the dull old room lying always in a dim half-light, its tone sombered by time, full of queer old china jars and odd, irregular cabinets in shining lacquer-work, with a picture or two, dim enough to be originals, and glowing with the unquenchable light of genius within the dead gilt frames; the satin fire-screens worked in tent-stitch, the colors as faint as the memory of the woman who wrought them; the odd diamond-shaped mirror on the mantel, with its frame of Venetian glass which gleamed like an opal when zigzag rays of light crept through the shutters and struck upon it. She saw it all. Then she stepped over the threshold into a room gaudy with bold-faced colors, crowded with useless furniture, crazy with ill-assorted bric-à-brac, and staring at itself in showy mirrors. She looked about her in bewilderment. She could hardly believe the place to be the same. But the girl was still waiting, and she remembered that she had yet to send her name to the owner of all this magnificence. She almost repented having come here, as she dismissed the servant with her card, while she searched about for the least gaudy among the gilded and be-flowered chairs in which to await her return.

The servant had but partially closed the

door after her. What was Mrs. Akers's surprise to hear, all at once, voices as if in alternate rebuke and deprecation. One was that of the slatternly maid, who seemed to have merited an angry reproof. For what? All that her friends had said of the ungracious reception they had met here rushed upon Mrs. Akers's memory. But the cessation of the voices and a sudden swift rustle of stiff drapery announced an approach. It was too late to retreat now, as for an instant she had been tempted to do, in a spasm of ridiculous and inexplicable alarm.

She half rose from her seat, her heart quickening its beating, to meet this vulgar, pretentious woman, who had not even the grace of ordinary propriety; but she was surprised out of all preconceived judgment and almost out of her forced self-possession, when Mrs. Drake entered the room. The widow was tall, with the figure described as "commanding." Her face, which must have been handsome once, was broad at the forehead and strong in the lower jaw, indicating both power and daring. No petty vulgarity here. And yet, with these grand characteristics in countenance and bearing, there was something indescribable, which gave them the lie. Was it the slight stoop into which the shoulders fell after a moment? the covert glance from the long, half-shut eyes, smoldering and burning by turns behind the lids? Mrs. Akers could not tell; but, after the first glance of surprised admiration, she was conscious of a feeling of distrust. She could but notice the incongruity, too, between the mourning-dress, showy and expensive, even to the widow's cap covering the dead-white hair, and the coarse, rough skin, which could have known no early care. Nor could the *lisse* frills at the wrists conceal or soften the hands, roughened and misshapen, as by hard work. The verdict of her friends had been just in one particular,—Mrs. Drake was no "lady."

She was like a story made in one language and repeated awkwardly in another. The woman was evidently out of accord with her present surroundings; but there was nothing flaunting or pretentious in her bearing or her speech. On the contrary, she seemed at times rigid with a shyness too proud to show itself. Ill at ease she certainly was; but "common" or "vulgar" she could never be called.

But all these observations were not made at the first embarrassing moment, for Mary Akers was hardly more at ease than her host-

ess. Some ordinary words of greeting, oddly formal on the part of the widow, passed between them, when the visitor became aware that her daughters had quietly followed Mrs. Drake's rather startling entrance, so quietly as to be unnoticed for a moment, the younger, a mere child, bashfully clinging to her sister's gown.

"And this is your daughter?" Mrs. Akers said cordially, rising from her seat.

An expression of love, almost like pain, swept across the mother's face. For one brief moment she forgot herself.

"Yes, that's Em'ly," she said simply, as a slight, languid figure, dressed in black, crossed the floor. Amy Stryker was right; if the outline of the sweet, listless face had been fuller and its tint less pale, the girl would have been undeniably pretty. Indeed, she was scarcely less than that now, with her unconscious grace of manner, so unlike the mother's perturbed, watchful air.

"And what is your name, my pretty dear?" addressing the little one. The visitor tried to free Miss Drake's gown from the child's dimpled hands. "Come and sit with me, will you not? See what I have to show you. What is her name?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Drake.

A sudden dark red flush covered the widow's face at this simple question. Emily's head had been bent over the child. She raised it now to reply.

"Her name is Remember," she said in a strange, vibrating voice.

Why was it that the light words upon Mrs. Akers's lips were checked? Her hand slid from the child's arm and utter silence followed. Who were these people? And was it her imagination alone, which enveloped them in an atmosphere of mystery?

"And are you quite at home here? Will you like our town?" The pause which no one attempted to fill was becoming awkward.

"It does as well as another," Mrs. Drake answered in a hard voice. "They're much alike—just houses and streets and faces one never saw before. We may as well stop here awhile."

"Then you do not intend to remain—to settle permanently." She was surprised within herself at her strange interest in these people.

"Oh no, no!" the widow said, twisting her hands restlessly.

Emily's reply had been in a lower voice.

"I would like to think so," she said. And her listless face showed something almost like interest.

"Emily's not fond of change," Mrs. Drake said quickly. "She would have staid in B——"

"Did you come from B——?" Here was something tangible at last. "Then perhaps you know my dear friends, the Caruthers? You must know them."

Again the widows's dark eyes opened with a flash of doubt, suspicion—what was it?—and again it was Emily who took up the question and replied:

"We were there but a few weeks and made no acquaintances."

Silence would have succeeded Miss Drake's quiet reply, but that Mary Akers made one other effort.

"I regret to hear that you are something of an invalid;" she addressed herself to Emily. "The air here is quite unlike that of B——; I trust it may prove beneficial to you."

"Who said she was an invalid?" the mother asked harshly. "Speak up Em'ly, and tell her they knew nothing about it. She's been ailing awhile; the heat has worn her out; but the sea air 'll soon set her up. The doctors said so; *we've tried 'em all.*" Anxiety that was like terror, faint hope yearning for confirmation, all showed in the burning eyes fixed upon the visitor. They compelled her to speak.

"I hope so; I think so, indeed," she said warmly; and, moved to an unusual expression, drawn strangely toward this young girl, she laid her hand upon Emily's, resting in the lap of her black gown. Then she rose up to go.

The dining-room door stood open as she passed out. She was glad to see that there had been fewer alterations here. But her cousin Robert's miniature was gone. It had assuredly hung here the morning when she ran in to find Bunce putting the house in order—for these people, as it had proved. Involuntarily she stepped into the room; then aware of the intrusion, retreated hastily with an apology.

"The house is both familiar and dear to me," she said. "Some of the happiest weeks of my life were passed here a few years ago. It was my uncle's house," she explained, still lingering.

"Yes, I know," the widow said with repressed impatience. "Him that's traveling in foreign parts. The agent told us."

"No, oh no. That is my cousin. Mr. Simpkins must have explained——"

But Mrs. Drake evinced no interest in these family details, her hand was already upon the door.

"I dare say—I don't know," she said, absently. "T'was all the same to us. The house was advertised and Em'ly wanted to come. Though why she should I don't know. It's but a poor place. It'll take a deal of money to make it at all fine."

"I like it best as it is," Emily said timidly. "It seemed like coming home. We have been in so many strange places——" she began. But her mother interrupted her hastily.

"Sick folks have their fancies," she said.

But Mary Akers took up her words.

"And you'll get to be more and more fond of it, I hope, as your health comes back, until you will never wish to go away again." But the miniature, she must ask if Bunce had removed it. "My cousin's picture used to hang here," she said, pointing to the spot where she so well remembered having seen it the last time she was here. "The housekeeper, perhaps, has laid it away."

"Was it a faded thing—in soldier clothes?"

"It was not quite fresh, I am afraid; but then——"

It was impossible to resent the unconscious impertinence of the woman; it was equally useless to explain why the picture had a value to her aside from the brightness of its colors.

"Em'ly took a fancy to it; it hangs in her room. You may as well give it to her, Em'ly."

"No, no; indeed I have no claim to it, at all. Although we are cousins we have never met," the visitor said hurriedly, mortified to see with how little interest her voluntary communications in regard to the family were received. "You will come and see me soon, I hope," she added as the door was opened for her to pass out.

Emily's eyes appealed to her mother.

"Thank you, ma'am," Mrs. Drake replied with cold dignity; but she made no promise. And when she had closed the gate after her and was walking away from the house it occurred to Mrs. Akers that she, as well as her neighbors, had not been asked to repeat her visit.

(To be continued.)

OUR PETS AND PROTECTORS.

If anything were wanting to convince the skeptical as to the high status of the dog in this country at the present day, it would only be necessary for him to attend one of the dog or "bench" shows which are held in all the principal cities. Although Englishmen have always been more enthusiastic over these four-footed friends than we, yet even there a great revival occurred some fifteen years ago when "bench" shows became common, and rivalry led to closer study and great improvements in all popular breeds. The fever finally spread to this country, but was at first confined almost entirely to dogs used for sporting purposes, such as the setter and the pointer; and it was not until the occurrence of the show given by the Westminster Kennel Club in New York city last spring that the merits of the non-sporting classes, and their right to a prominent position at dog shows was fully recognized. It was but just that this should be so. We cannot all be sportsmen, and the owner of a pure mastiff or St. Bernard, or even a diminutive terrier or pug, may take the same pride and pleasure in the possession of his or her pet and companion, as the sportsman does in his "bird" dog. Had we ever been blessed with a Landseer or a Harrison Weir in this country, it is possible that our knowledge of the various breeds of dogs might not be so limited. As it is, we are obliged to go to England for our authorities and for our standards of excellence. There is but one breed of dogs that can be said to have originated in the United States, and that is the Chesapeake Bay retriever, and of course the ancestors of this strain came from Great Britain, although how and when is a matter of uncertainty. Our best dogs (I speak of the classes about which I am writing) are all either direct importations or but one or two generations removed from such, and nine out of ten persons who are describing to you the excellences of their pets will say with pride that he, or his sire or dam, was imported from the kennels of So-and-so. In a few years all this will be changed. We are importing the best, and with careful mating there is no doubt but that we shall equal or excel the productions of our English cousins. They are coming to us for their short-horns; we may yet send them dogs. A gentleman who breeds St. Bernards told me recently

he could almost guarantee that there would be fifty entries of these dogs alone at the Westminster Kennel Club show which occurs on the fourteenth of May, 1878.

Having mentioned the St. Bernard, I am inclined to put him at the head of those dogs which we class as our pets and companions. The noble mission he fulfills amidst the snows of his native Alps, his even temperament and his magnificent proportions, seem to place him beyond all other dogs. Twelve years ago the St. Bernard dog was comparatively unknown in England. The Rev. J. Cumming Macdona about that time visited the monasteries of St. Bernard and the Simplon, and succeeded in procuring a pair, which became the nucleus of a large kennel augmented from other sources. The appearance of these dogs at the shows took the country by storm, and since then they have been bred to such an extent as to form one of the principal classes. Mr. Macdona brought a pair here with him last spring. The dog, "Mungo," was a magnificent specimen, and was purchased by Mr. Lester Wallack, but unfortunately died within a week after he had passed into the possession of his new owner. The female, "Neva," was bought by Mr. Le Roy Z. Collins of Lancaster, Mass., and being bred to his "Alp" has added considerably to the numbers of the breed in this country. St. Bernards are divided into two classes, the rough and the smooth-coated. At the Hospice, the smooth-coated dogs are said to be the most valued, for the reason that their coat is better adapted for the work they have to perform, which is often to clear the paths of snow during the prevalence of drifts. They accompany the monks in their daily quest of belated travelers, visiting the stone refuges which are built at intervals, keeping up a continual barking that may be heard by those lost in the snow. In their struggles through the snow, the shaggy coats of the long-haired variety become matted with icicles, the weight of which interferes with their progress. As these circumstances do not obtain in England or in this country, the long-coated dog is the favorite.

It is difficult to say how long these dogs have been in possession of the monks of the Hospice, but "Stonehenge" says that in 1815 the old and true Alpine breed was reduced

to so small a number that it was with difficulty that others were procured from adjacent valleys to keep up the strain. Mr. Macdonald obtained his dogs only on the promise that, if needed, some of their progeny should be returned, and, if I remember rightly, he informed me that he had already been called upon to fulfill the promise. Their most celebrated dog was "Old Barry," who had rescued forty-two persons and finally fell a victim to his benevolence, being killed by a benighted traveler who mistook him for a wolf. A large latitude in the way of color is allowed in the St. Bernard, red and white being the most common. An orange-tawny is also common, also a brindle and white, and occasionally one is seen that is all or nearly all white. The monks lay great stress upon a white streak or blaze through the face, extending down the collar to the poll. The head should be large and massive, the face long and cut off square at the nose; the ears should be of medium size and set close to the cheeks; the eyes should be deeply sunk and show the haw or reddish portion of the inner eyelid; the size should be equal to that of the mastiff, and, if in proportion, they probably could not be too large; some have been known to stand as high as thirty-four inches, and weigh one hundred and eighty pounds.

The question whether a St. Bernard should or should not have dew-claws—the extra claw found on the inside of the lower portion of the hind leg—has agitated breeders and judges a great deal. The latest authorities say they should have them, but why I cannot understand. Some of the best dogs bred at the Hospice do not have them, and as they perform no function they are useless. However, as "Stonehenge" allows five points for them, they will have to be recognized as a distinguishing mark of the breed.*

The mastiff and bull-dog are two purely British types, both dating from time immemorial in that kingdom, although it is a question with some authorities whether the former is not indebted to the blood of the

latter for his resuscitation as a species. In common with many other strains the increased interest in dog breeding of late years has brought the mastiff up to a very high standard, which appears to have culminated in 1871 when sixty-three were exhibited at the Crystal Palace. Strange to say, two of the most successful breeders and exhibitors of mastiffs in England are "misses,"—Miss Aglionby and Miss Hale. The former bred five very celebrated dogs from one litter, one of which, "Turk," was sold for £450, probably the largest price ever paid for a dog. While benevolence should be the striking expression on the face of the St. Bernard, dignity appears to be the attribute of the mastiff. His reputation for amiability however, is not so good, probably for the reason that he has been used more as a guard dog. Any dog, even the mildest-tempered St. Bernard, could be made as savage as desired by being kept constantly on a chain, and if disposition is an inherited trait, it is easy to see how moroseness or even ferocity in the parents could be developed in the progeny. As dogs are becoming better known, however, the custom of keeping them at arm's length is being abrogated in favor of a more friendly policy, and with it is disappearing this inclination to acrimony. If owners of dogs would only remember this one fact that a dog never, or rarely, kept on a chain will seldom be ugly in disposition, we should hear less of savage dogs and of hydrophobia.

Fidelity to his master is a characteristic of the mastiff which has become historical, and an eminent authority—"Idstone"—describes, as the first requisites of so powerful a creature as a mastiff of the present day, "a domestic disposition and a loving temper,—one roused with difficulty, or, still better, imperturbable." It is common to quote the color of the mastiff as "fawn," which I hold is erroneous. I have seen them of a fawn color, which is an approach to red; but the common color is very nearly that of the pug, a stone gray or drab. "Stonehenge" says that brindle is a legitimate mastiff color; but this shade is rare. The coat should be perfectly smooth and firm; any approach to shagginess would betray St. Bernard blood. The head should be large, with a black mask, forehead wide and flat, and depressed in the center. The ear should be small and lay close to the head—not set back much; the teeth should be level; the neck strong and muscular; the eyes wide apart and rather deeply set.

* I wish that the space allotted to this article was sufficient to enable me to relate a few of the many anecdotes of this dog I have collected; but it is not, nor am I able to go into the "points" of this and other breeds as I should like; but I will here say that I have compiled from the latest authorities a little pamphlet giving in detail the "points" of all dogs, being the scale adopted by the Westminster Kennel Club to be used at their dog shows, and which is printed by "The Country" Publishing Association of this city.

Size, of course, is an important point; twenty-eight to thirty inches is a common height with the best specimens. Among the points not enumerated, "Idstone" says: "The lips should be loose, flabby and large; girth deep; wide loin; muscular, clean neck; deep back, ribs, and flank; short, large-boned, straight fore-leg; tapering tail, rather short in proportion, carried low down; small, close feet; wide thighs and good shoulders—these are the points of the majestic animal, the records of whose existence date to the dogs of the Pharaohs; which has the courage of the lion, the docility of the spaniel, and the generosity of—well, a Christian; and which has been known, on the

feet or tip of tail. "Stonehenge" claims that while there are two distinct types of this breed, one known as the Newfoundland, and the other as the Labrador or St. John, that the black-and-white dog is a nondescript found in both districts, one of which dogs served the great artist for his model. Numberless are the anecdotes told of the sagacity of the Newfoundland, particularly regarding his exploits in the water. In 1876, a life-saving contest was held at Southsea, England, when the eagerness of the dogs to get into the water to save the supposed drowning men, is described as something wonderful. A dog in which this peculiar quality of



"SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARD "DON." OWNED BY J. F. HAINES, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

authority of Bingley, to have suckled and brought up a lamb."

Everybody has seen the engraving of Landseer's celebrated picture of a Newfoundland dog, representing "A distinguished member of the Humane Society." This dog is black and white, but is not of the type which is recognized at dog shows as the Newfoundland proper. Of late, however, two classes have been made at some of the principal shows in England, one for the black or true Newfoundland, and the other for the "Landseer," or white and black. Where but one class is recognized, it is demanded that the dog should be all black, a white star on the chest only being admissible. There should be no white on the

sagacity is strongly developed, stops at nothing. He makes a wild plunge into the water, and if the man has sunk the dog disappears, and presently rises to the surface, clutching in his teeth the garments of the drowning person. The face of the Newfoundland should be perfectly smooth, the long hair not commencing until the occiput is reached. The head should be grand and massive, with level jaws and small eyes not showing the haw, and small ears. The coat, which should be particularly long on the breast and behind the hips, should also be perfectly straight, and in texture neither fine nor coarse. As the Newfoundland is essentially a swimmer, his feet are immense, especially the fore paws, which resemble



ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD "ALP." OWNED BY LEROY Z. COLLINS, ESQ., OF LANCASTER, MASS.

paddles. His general shape should be that of a well-built St. Bernard, and both have the same slouching gait, advancing the fore and hind legs of the same side at one time. This dog has not been bred with any particular care on this side of the Atlantic, and such fine specimens as are occasionally seen at our shows are either importations or the results, I am inclined to think, of accidental breeding. Dr. Gordon Stables, to whose book, "The Practical Kennel Guide," I am indebted for much information, is a celebrated breeder in England.

I approach the bull-dog with fear and trembling; with that caution which the ferocious character of the beast demands. He is the incarnation of brute courage and ferocity, without intellect. Some writers say that he is the lowest in intelligence of all dogs, although instances of warm attachment to his master are not unknown. His indomitable courage has endeared him to the hearts of all Englishmen, who are rather flattered at the comparison between his qualities in this respect and their own. Aside from his ugliness the bull-dog is an uncertain brute; his attacks are made silently, and he always springs for the head. How long the breed has been in existence in England is unknown, but mention is made of them as early as 1631. Bull-baiting was practiced as early as 1209, and "Idstone" thinks that the bull-dog may have been used then, although he might have gone by the name of mastiff, or even

the genuine mastiff might have been used. I have been asked if there is such a dog as the bull-mastiff. There is no such breed, although the two have probably been crossed where size with extreme courage was wanted, the bull-dog being noted for his power of transmitting this latter quality to his progeny. In the first quarter of this century the breed had very much deteriorated in England, but the introduction of dog shows and the revival of the old Bull-dog Club has restored it to its former glory. Considerable latitude is allowed in color, some breeders preferring white, while others like the brindled, or white with brindled marks. The head must be right or the whole dog is wrong; it should be short, broad and muscular. The cut of Mr. Havens's "Duke" gives a very good idea of it, although the dog's nose turns up more than is shown in the picture. There are two kinds of ear (never cut now),—the "rose," which folds at the back and shows part of the inside, and the "button," which falls in front and completely hides the inside. The neck is short and thick; the chest very broad, and the fore legs strong and straight; bow-legs are not seen any more. The hind legs are long in proportion, and the loin very strong and arched. The standard of size at present is one approaching fifty pounds.

The bull terrier should resemble his chief progenitor the bull-dog only in his indomitable courage and the great strength of his

under jaw. The standard of color is a pure white, and although probably a larger proportion are brindled, a dog of that color would have no chance to win at a dog show unless his form was something remarkable. Authorities differ as to the origin of the bull terrier, some claiming that they are the result of a cross between the white English terrier and the bull-dog, and others that they have greyhound blood. The long lean head

over with him one that was jet black, and had been much admired in England. The most common color is a dark iron-gray; although they are frequently pure white. The coat is rough and hard, and very long. The body is long and low, the head wide at the ears, but sharp at the muzzle. The ears are sometimes pricked and sometimes drooping, both being often found in the same litter. The toe-nails should be black.



BULL-DOG "DUKE." OWNED BY G. G. HAVEN, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

and the graceful, although thickened body would almost indicate the latter cross. They are great vermin-killers, and if the bull-dog blood does not predominate to an extent to render them vicious, they make excellent house dogs and companions. Comparatively few fine specimens, particularly as regards color, are seen at our shows, but the breed is rapidly coming into favor.

It has been the custom in this country to call any small dog with a long coat a Skye terrier, and yet I venture to say that not a dozen pure dogs of this breed have been exhibited at any of our dog shows. The little silky hairy dogs, blue and tan, or blue and silver in color, are Yorkshire terriers, of which I shall say more presently. The true Skye is rare even in Great Britain. Their colors vary greatly; Mr. Macdonald brought

While the Skye is as rough as a doormat, the Yorkshire terrier is, in coat, as fine as silk, and with each hair combed into place until on each side a smooth wave is formed parted down the middle of the back and touching the ground. He appears to have been produced by a mixture of many breeds, including the Skye, the long-coated black-and-tan, and probably,—for which he is indebted for his coat,—the Maltese terrier. Mr. Hugh Dalziel, in writing of him, says that he is a true product of the county from which he takes his name. "Undoubtedly a manufactured article and the most recent addition to our varieties, he may be described as the newest goods of this class from the Yorkshire looms; with the greater propriety that his distinctive character is in his coat, well carded, soft and long as it is,

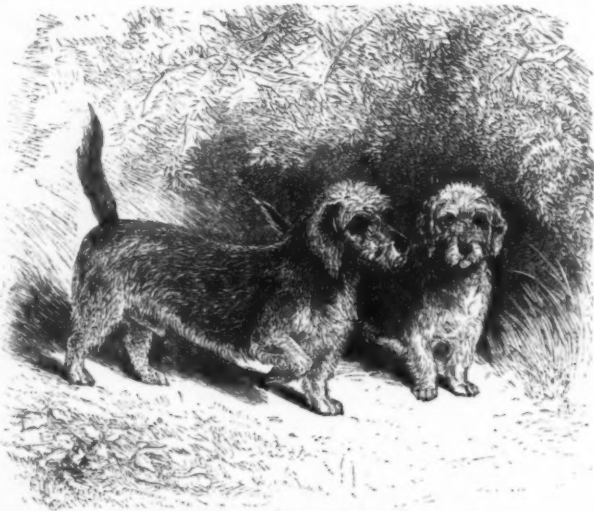


BULL TERRIERS "NAPPER" AND "TARQUIN." (FROM THE LONDON "FIELD.")

and beautifully tinted with 'cunning Huddersfield dyes,' and free from even a suspicion of shoddy." Large numbers of Yorkshire terriers, of every degree of size and quality, are now being imported into this country; and at the next New York dog show they will be appropriately classed and divided as to size. Although not necessarily a "toy," with the exception perhaps of the toy "black-and-tan," some of them are the smallest dogs we have, from three to five pounds being not uncommon. The artist has drawn Mr. Haines's beautiful little "Bright" and "Beauty," on the top of the box, which is their home and in which it is now customary to exhibit these diminutive specimens. The box has a glass front which permits them to be seen and yet prevents any malicious person from throwing them poison. Although rivalry has not yet reached that point in this country, it is not uncommon, at shows in England, for

rival dealers to throw little pills containing poison to an opponent's dog, thus, perhaps, removing a dangerous competitor. The great points of the Yorkshire terrier are his coat and color. So entirely covered is his shape that it would matter but little what it was, although a long back is objected to. Out of a total of 100 points representing perfection, ten each are given for length, straightness and texture of coat; fifteen for clearness in blue; and fifteen for distinctness and richness of tan. The puppies, when born, are usually black.

Another dog which has occasioned an immense amount of discussion across the water, and regarding which judges still disagree, is the Dandie Dinmont terrier, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering." In many particulars he differs so materially from other well-known breeds of terriers that eminent authorities, among whom is "Stonehenge," the greatest of them all, declare that he is the result of



DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS "DOCTOR" AND "TIB MUMPS." (FROM THE LONDON "FIELD.")



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—HUDDERSFIELD "BEN" AND LADY GIFFORD'S "KITTY." (AFTER CUT IN THE LONDON "FIELD.")

a cross between the Scotch or Highland terrier and the Daschund. His shape, the large ears, the crooked fore legs, and tail carried erect, certainly would indicate such a cross, and it is not improbable that the Dandie of to-day is a very different dog from the "Pepper" and "Mustard" described by Sir Walter. But two colors are allowed for the Dandie, pepper and mustard; no white whatever is admissible. The coat should be what is called "pily,"—a mixture of hard and soft hair. The cut indicates the shape of the body.

The black-and-tan terrier is one of the oldest English breeds, although it has become the custom on that side to call him the "Manchester" terrier. Until the rage

for "toys," he was a dog of fair size, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, and a determined vermin-killer and excellent house dog. They have been crossed with other breeds, however, and the diminutive and useless specimens are either part King Charles, as shown by the round head and short jaw, or part Italian greyhound, as indicated by their usual shivering wretchedness and mincing gait. Fineness and symmetry are prevailing characteristics, but, on the show-bench, much stress is laid on color. The black should be intense and the red a rich mahogany; the least white spot would disqualify. The tan should also be laid on evenly, there being a spot over each eye and one on each cheek; there should be



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS "BRIGHT" AND "BEAUTY." OWNED BY W. A. HAINES, JR., OF NEW YORK.



PUG "PET." OWNED BY W. H. BEADLE, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

dark penciling along the top of each toe and a dark spot over each foot, known as a "thumb mark."

For a dog of such recent origin as the pug, it is strange that his antecedents should be shrouded in obscurity. The bull-dog has the credit of being his progenitor, it being claimed by Buffon that the modifications essential to such a change occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, whence the dog was

Shortly after that time, attempts were made to resuscitate the strain, notably by Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who obtained one dog from Vienna and one from Holland, from which pair are descended the strain named "Willoughby's," the characteristics of which were the stone-fawn coats and excess of black, which, says "Stonehenge," often showed itself not in brindled stripes, but in entirely or nearly entirely black heads



A BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIER.

imported into Holland. A few reached England, where, in the reign of William III., they became very fashionable. The breed gradually died out however, and forty years ago they were very scarce.

and large saddle marks. The "Morrison" strain existed at the same time, but differed from the other in color, which was "a richer and more yellow fawn, and no tendency to excess of black." The authority I have just

quoted, gives, as the origin of the Morrison strain, a stock possessed by Queen Charlotte, which was obtained by "back-stair influence." Subsequent to 1850, both strains were crossed with the bull-dog for the purpose of shortening the face, and, of late years, the strains have been crossed with each other so much, that it is said to be difficult to find one without the blood of both. The marked difference in the strains, aside from the color of the coat, is in the mask which in the Willoughby pug extends higher up the skull, and has not the same defined line as in the Morrison. The trace, or black line extend-

nated, unexcitable, and indifferent. Their chief merit as pets is in their cleanliness.

Having briefly and imperfectly described some of the more prominent breeds of dogs that are used as pets or companions, a few hints as to their care may not be out of place. I have already alluded to the necessity of giving the larger dogs all the freedom practicable. With small dogs, the chain would be positive cruelty. With young dogs particularly, the collar should be an ornament only. The use of the chain as a means of confinement, besides affecting the disposition of the dog, will surely cause



PUG "REX." OWNED BY MISS BESSIE WEBB, OF NEW YORK.

ing along the back is more clear in the Morrison, and in the Willoughby it sometimes spreads widely over the back. Every perfect pug has a black mole on each cheek, with two or three hairs growing from it. The fore legs should be straight and muscular, but with no inclination to legginess. The tail is also indicative of the breed, extending to more than a complete circle and resting on the side, not high enough to show daylight through it over the back. Notwithstanding the bull-dog cross, the pug is, as a rule, good-

malformation of his body. A puppy who is tied up all day, and who sits on his haunches, has misshapen front legs, and his body generally is all awry. Again, in feeding, too much care cannot be exercised. If a dog is to be a house companion, he should have as little meat as possible, and he should never have meals between meals. The result of indiscriminate feeding is that the dog's breath becomes bad, and his body also, unless he is constantly washed, throws off offensive odors. In the case of long-



WHAT IS IT?

FIRST BOY: "I tell yer, it's 'ed's here!—I seen it move!"

SECOND BOY: "I say it's at this end, yer stoopid!—I can see 'is ears!"—[AFTER LEECH.]

haired dogs, like the Yorkshire terriers, the coat, which is their chief charm, cannot be kept in order if their stomachs are neglected, and they should be given little or no meat. Of course, if accustomed to meat, they will reject any other diet at first; but they must be starved to it. Spratt's dog-biscuits, which can now be obtained in this country, are excellent, as they contain dates—an anti-

scorbutic. The beautiful coats seen in the cut of Huddersfield "Ben" and Lady Gifford's "Kitty" are produced by avoiding all food likely to heat the blood and create irritation of the skin. The hind feet are also sometimes kept in stockings to prevent them from scratching. The coats are greased with cocoa-nut oil, and of course frequent washings and combings are necessary.

CAMPING-OUT AT RUDDER GRANGE.

My wife and I were both so fond of country life and country pursuits that month after month passed by at our little farm of Rudder Grange, in a succession of delightful days. Time flew like a "limited express" train, and it was September before we knew it.

I had been working very hard at the office that summer, and was glad to think of my two weeks' vacation, which were to

begin on the first Monday of the month. I had intended spending these two weeks in rural retirement at home, but an interview in the city with my family physician caused me to change my mind. I told him my plan.

"Now," said he, "if I were you, I'd do nothing of the kind. You have been working too hard; your face shows it. You need rest and change. Nothing will do you

so much good as to camp out; that will be fifty times better than going to any summer resort. You can take your wife with you. I know she'll like it. I don't care where you go so that it's a healthy spot. Get a good tent and an outfit, be off to the woods, and forget all about business and domestic matters for a few weeks."

This sounded splendid, and I propounded the plan to Euphemia that evening. She thought very well of it, and was sure we could do it. Pomona would not be afraid to remain in the house, under the protection of Lord Edward, our big black dog, and she could easily attend to the cow and the chickens. It would be a holiday for her too. Old John, the man who occasionally worked for us, would come up sometimes and see after things. With her customary dexterity she swept away every obstacle to the plan, and all was settled before we went to bed.

As my wife had presumed, Pomona made no objections to remaining in charge of the house. The scheme pleased her greatly. So far, so good. I called that day on a friend who was in the habit of camping out to talk to him about getting a tent and the necessary "traps" for a life in the woods. He proved perfectly competent to furnish advice and everything else. He offered to lend me all I needed. He had a complete outfit; had done with them for the year, and I was perfectly welcome. Here was rare luck. He gave me a tent, camp-stove, dishes, pots, gun, fishing-tackle, a big canvas coat with dozens of pockets riveted on it, a canvas hat, rods, reels, boots that came up to my hips, and about a wagon-load of things in all. He was a real good fellow.

We laid in a stock of canned and condensed provisions, and I bought a book on camping out so as to be well posted on the subject. On the Saturday before the first Monday in September we would have been entirely ready to start had we decided on the place where we were to go.

We found it very difficult to make this decision. There were thousands of places where people went to camp out, but none of them seemed to be the place for us. Most of them were too far away. We figured up the cost of taking ourselves and our camp equipage to the Adirondacks, the lakes, the trout-streams of Maine, or any of those well-known resorts, and we found that we could not afford such trips, especially for a vacation of fourteen days.

On Sunday afternoon we took a little

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walk. Our minds were still troubled about the spot toward which we ought to journey next day, and we needed the soothing influences of Nature. The country to the north and west of our little farm was very beautiful. About half a mile from the house a modest river ran; on each side of it were grass-covered fields and hills, and in some places there were extensive tracts of woodlands.

"Look here!" exclaimed Euphemia, stopping short in the little path that wound along by the river bank. "Do you see this river, those woods, those beautiful fields, with not a soul in them, or anywhere near them; and those lovely blue mountains over there?"—as she spoke she waved her parasol in the direction of the objects indicated, and I could not mistake them. "Now what could we want better than this?" she continued. "Here we can fish, and do everything that we want to. I say, let us camp here on our own river. I can take you to the very spot for the tent. Come on!" And she was so excited about it that she fairly ran.

The spot she pointed out was one we had frequently visited in our rural walks. It was a grassy peninsula, as I termed it, formed by a sudden turn of a creek which, a short distance below, flowed into the river. It was a very secluded spot. The place was approached through a pasture-field,—we had found it by mere accident,—and where the peninsula joined the field (you had to climb a fence just there), there was a cluster of chestnut and hickory trees, while down near the point stood a wide-spreading oak.

"Here, under this oak, is the place for the tent," said Euphemia, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her dress a little torn by getting over the fence in a hurry. "What do we want with your Adirondacks and your Dismal Swamps? This is the spot for us!"

"Euphemia," said I, in as composed a tone as possible, although my whole frame was trembling with emotion, "Euphemia, I'm glad I married you!"

Had it not been Sunday, we would have set up our tent that night.

Early the next morning, old John's fifteen-dollar horse drew from our house a wagon-load of camp-fixtures. There was some difficulty in getting the wagon over the field, and there were fences to be taken down to allow of its passage; but we overcame all obstacles, and reached the campground without breaking so much as a teacup. Old John helped me pitch the tent, and as neither of us understood the matter

very well, it took us some time. It was, indeed, nearly noon when old John left us, and it may have been possible that he delayed matters a little so as to be able to charge for a full half-day for himself and horse. Euphemia got into the wagon to ride back with him, that she might give some parting injunctions to Pomona.

"I'll have to stop a bit to put up the fences, ma'am," said old John, "or Misther Ball might make a fuss."

"Is this Mr. Ball's land?" I asked.

"Oh yes, sir, it's Mr. Ball's land."

"I wonder how he'll like our camping on it?" I said, thoughtfully.

"I'd 'a' thought, sir, you'd 'a' asked him that before you came," said old John, in a tone that seemed to indicate that he had his doubts about Mr. Ball.

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about that!" cried Euphemia. "You can drive me past Mr. Ball's,—it's not much out of the way, —and I'll ask him."

"In that wagon?" said I. "Will you stop at Mr. Ball's door in that?"

"Certainly," said she, as she arranged herself on the board which served as a seat. "Now that our campaign has really commenced, we ought to begin to rough it; and should not be too proud to ride even in a —"

She evidently couldn't think of any vehicle mean enough for her purpose.

"In a green-grocery cart," I suggested.

"Yes, or in a red one. Go ahead, John."

When Euphemia returned on foot, I had a fire in the camp-stove and the kettle was on.

"Well," said Euphemia, "Mr. Ball says it's all right, if we keep the fence up. He don't want his cows to get into the creek, and I'm sure we don't want 'em walking over us. He couldn't understand, though, why we wanted to live out here. I explained the whole thing to him very carefully, but it didn't seem to make much impression on him. I believe he thinks Pomona has something the matter with her, and that we have come to stay out here in the fresh air so as not to take it."

"What an extremely stupid man Mr. Ball must be!" I said.

The fire did not burn very well, and while I was at work at it, Euphemia spread a cloth upon the grass, and set forth bread and butter, cheese, sardines, potted ham, preserves, biscuits, and a lot of other things.

We did not wait for the kettle to boil, but concluded to do without tea or coffee, for this meal, and content ourselves with pure

water. For some reason or other, however, the creek water did not seem to be very pure, and we did not like it a bit.

"After lunch," said I, "we will go and look for a spring; that will be a good way of exploring the country."

"If we can't find one," said Euphemia, "we shall have to go to the house for water, for I can never drink that stuff."

Soon after lunch we started out. We searched high and low, near and far, for a spring, but could not find one.

At length, by merest accident, we found ourselves in the vicinity of old John's little house. I knew he had a good well, and so we went in to get a drink, for our ham and biscuits had made us very thirsty.

We told old John, who was digging potatoes, and was also very much surprised to see us so soon, about our unexpected trouble in finding a spring.

"No," said he, very slowly, "there is no spring very near to you. Didn't you tell your gal to bring you water?"

"No," I replied; "we don't want her coming down to the camp. She is to attend to the house."

"Oh, very well," said John; "I will bring you water, morning and night,—good, fresh water,—from my well, for—well, for ten cents a day."

"That will be nice," said Euphemia, "and cheap, too. And then, it will be well to have John come every day; he can carry our letters."

"I don't expect to write many letters."

"Neither do I," said Euphemia; "but it will be pleasant to have some communication with the outer world."

So we engaged old John to bring us water twice a day. I was a little disappointed at this, for I thought that camping on the edge of a stream settled the matter of water. But we have many things to learn in this world.

Early in the afternoon I went out to catch some fish for supper. We agreed to dispense with dinner, and have breakfast, lunch and a good solid supper.

For some time I had poor luck. There were either very few fish in the creek, or they were not hungry.

I had been fishing an hour or more when I saw Euphemia running toward me.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Oh! nothing. I've just come to see how you were getting along. Haven't you been gone an awfully long time? And are those all the fish you've caught? What little bits of things they are! I thought peo-

ple who camped out caught big fish, and lots of them."

"That depends a good deal upon where they go," said I.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Euphemia; "but I should think a stream as big as this would have plenty of fish in it. However, if you can't catch any, you might go up to the road and watch for Mr. Mulligan. He sometimes comes along on Mondays."

"I'm not going to the road to watch for any fish-man," I replied, a little more testily than I should have spoken. "What sort of a camping out would that be? But we must not be talking here or I shall never get a bite. Those fish are a little soiled from jumping about in the dust. You might wash them off at that shallow place, while I go a little farther on and try my luck."

I went a short distance up the creek, and threw my line into a dark, shadowy pool, under some alders, where there certainly should be fish. And, sure enough, in less than a minute I got a splendid bite,—not only a bite, but a pull. I knew that I had certainly hooked a big fish! The thing actually tugged at my line so that I was afraid the pole would break. I did not fear for the line, for that, I knew, was strong. I would have played the fish until he was tired, and I could pull him out without risk to the pole, but I did not know exactly how the process of "playing" was conducted. I was very much excited. Sometimes I gave a jerk and a pull, and then the fish would give a jerk and a pull.

Directly I heard some one running toward me, and then I heard Euphemia cry out:

"Give him the butt! Give him the butt!"

"Give him what?" I exclaimed, without having time even to look up at her.

"The butt! the butt!" she cried, almost breathlessly. "I know that's right! I read how Edward Everett Hale did it in the Adirondacks."

"No, it wasn't Hale at all," said I, as I jumped about the bank; "it was Mr. Murray."

"Well, it was one of those ministers, and I know that it caught the fish."

"I know, I know. I read it, but I don't know how to do it."

"Perhaps you ought to punch him with it," said she.

"No! no!" I hurriedly replied, "I can't do anything like that. I'm going to try to just pull him out lengthwise. You take hold of the pole and go in-shore as far as you can and I'll try and get hold of the line.

Euphemia did as I bade her, and drew the line in so that I could reach it. As soon as I had a firm hold of it, I pulled in, regardless of consequences, and hauled ashore an enormous cat-fish.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, "here is a prize."

Euphemia dropped the pole, and ran to me.

"What a horrid beast!" she exclaimed.

"Throw it in again."

"Not at all!" said I. "This is a splendid fish, if I can ever get him off the hook. Don't come near him! If he sticks that back-fin into you, it will poison you."

"Then I should think it would poison us to eat him," said she.

"No; it's only his fin."

"I've eaten cat-fish, but I never saw one like that," she said. "Look at its horrible mouth! And it has whiskers like a cat!"

"Oh! you never saw one with its head on," I said. "What I want to do is to get this hook out."

I had caught cat-fish before, but never one so large as this, and I was actually afraid to take hold of it, knowing, as I did, that you must be very careful how you clutch a fish of the kind. I finally concluded to carry it home as it was, and then I could decapitate it, and take out the hook at my leisure. So back to camp we went, Euphemia picking up the little fish as we passed, for she did not think it right to catch fish and not eat them. They made her hands smell, it is true; but she did not mind that when we were camping.

I prepared the big fish (and I had a desperate time getting the skin off), while my wife, who is one of the daintiest cooks in the world, made the fire in the stove, and got ready the rest of the supper. She fried the fish, because I told her that was the way cat-fish ought to be cooked, although she said that it seemed very strange to her to camp out for the sake of one's health, and then to eat fried food.

But that fish was splendid! The very smell of it made us hungry. Everything was good, and when supper was over and the dishes washed, I lighted my pipe and we sat down under a tree to enjoy the evening.

The sun had set behind the distant ridge; a delightful twilight was gently subduing every color of the scene; the night insects were beginning to hum and chirp, and a fire that I had made under a tree blazed up gayly, and threw little flakes of light into the shadows under the shrubbery.

"Now isn't this better than being cooped up in a narrow, constricted house?" said I.

"Ever so much better!" said Euphemia. "Now we know what Nature is. We are sitting right down in her lap, and she is cuddling us up. Isn't that sky lovely? Oh! I think this is perfectly splendid," said she, making a little dab at her face,—"if it wasn't for the mosquitoes."

"They *are* bad," I said. "I thought my pipe would keep them off, but it don't. There must be plenty of them down at that creek."

"Down there!" exclaimed Euphemia. "Why there are thousands of them here! I never saw anything like it. They're getting worse, every minute."

"I'll tell you what we must do," I exclaimed, jumping up. "We must make a smudge."

"What's that? do you rub it on yourself?" asked Euphemia, anxiously.

"No, it's only a great smoke. Come, let us gather up dry leaves and make a smoldering fire of them."

We managed to get up a very fair smudge, and we stood to the leeward of it, until Euphemia began to cough and sneeze, as if her head would come off. With tears running from her eyes, she declared that she would rather go and be eaten alive, than stay in that smoke.

"Perhaps we were too near it," said I.

"That may be," she answered, "but I have had enough smoke. Why didn't I think of it before? I brought two veils! We can put these over our faces, and wear gloves."

She was always full of expedients.

Veiled and gloved, we bade defiance to the mosquitoes, and we sat and talked for half an hour or more. I made a little hole in my veil, through which I put the mouth-piece of my pipe.

When it became really dark, I lighted the lantern, and we prepared for a well-earned night's rest. The tent was spacious and comfortable, and we each had a nice little cot-bed.

"Are you going to leave the front-door open all night?" said Euphemia, as I came in after a final round to see that all was right.

"I would hardly call this canvas-flap a front-door," I said, "but I think it would be better to leave it open; otherwise we should smother. You need not be afraid. I shall keep my gun here by my bedside, and if any one offers to come in, I'll bring him to a full stop quick enough."

"Yes, if you are awake. But I suppose we ought not to be afraid of burglars here. People in tents never are. So you needn't shut it."

It was awfully quiet and dark and lonely, out there by that creek, when the light had been put out, and we had gone to bed. For some reason I could not go to sleep. After I had been lying awake for an hour or two, Euphemia spoke:

"Are you awake?" said she, in a low voice, as if she were afraid of disturbing the people in the next room.

"Yes," said I. "How long have you been awake?"

"I haven't been asleep."

"Neither have I."

"Suppose we light the lantern," said she. "Don't you think it would be pleasant?"

"It might be," I replied; "but it would draw myriads of mosquitoes. I wish I had brought a mosquito-net and a clock. It seems so lonesome without the ticking. Good-night! We ought to have a long sleep, if we do much tramping about to-morrow."

In about half an hour more, just as I was beginning to be a little sleepy, she said:

"Where is that gun?"

"Here, by me," I answered.

"Well, if a man should come in, try and be sure to put it up close to him before you fire. In a little tent like this, the shot might scatter everywhere, if you're not careful."

"All right," I said. "Good-night!"

"There's one thing we never thought of!" she presently exclaimed.

"What's that?" said I.

"Snakes," said she.

"Well, don't let's think of them. We must try and get a little sleep."

"Dear knows! I've been trying hard enough," she said, plaintively, and all was quiet again.

We succeeded this time in going to sleep, and it was broad daylight before we awoke.

That morning, old John came with our water before breakfast was ready. He also brought us some milk, as he thought we would want it. We considered this a good idea, and agreed with him to bring us a quart a day.

"Don't you want some vegetables?" said he. "I've got some nice corn and some tomatoes, and I could bring you cabbage and peas."

We had hardly expected to have fresh vegetables every day, but there seemed to

be no reason why old John should not bring them, as he had to come every day with the water and milk. So we arranged that he should furnish us daily with a few of the products of his garden.

"I could go to the butcher's and get you a steak or some chops, if you'd let me know in the morning," said he, intent on the profits of further commissions.

But this was going too far. We remembered we were camping out, and declined to have meat from the butcher.

John had not been gone more than ten minutes before we saw Mr. Ball approaching.

"Oh, I hope he isn't going to say we can't stay!" exclaimed Euphemia.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Ball, shaking hands with us. "Did you stick it out all night?"

"Oh yes, indeed," I replied, "and expect to stick it out for a many more nights if you don't object to our occupying your land."

"No objection in the world," said he; "but it seems a little queer for people who have a good house to be living out here in the fields in a tent, now, don't it?"

"Oh, but you see," said I, and I went on and explained the whole thing to him,—the advice of the doctor, the discussion about the proper place to go to, and the good reasons for fixing on this spot.

"Ye-es," said he, "that's all very well, no doubt. But how's the girl?"

"What girl?" I asked.

"Your girl. The hired girl you left at the house."

"Oh, she's all right," said I; "she's always well."

"Well," said Mr. Ball, slowly turning on his heel, "if you say so, I suppose she is. But you're going up to the house to-day to see about her, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," said Euphemia. "We don't intend to go near the house until our camping is over."

"Just so,—just so," said Mr. Ball; "I expected as much. But look here, don't you think it would be well for me to ask Dr. Ames to stop in and see how she is gettin' along? I dare say you've fixed everything for her, but that would be safer, you know. He's coming this morning to vaccinate my baby, and he might stop there, just as well as not, after he has left my house."

Euphemia and I could see no necessity for this proposed visit of the doctor, but we could not well object to it, and so Mr. Ball said he would be sure and send him.

After our visitor had gone, the significance

of his remarks flashed on me. He still thought that Pomona was sick with something catching, and that we were afraid to stay in the house with her. But I said nothing about this to Euphemia. It would only worry her, and our vacation was to be a season of unalloyed delight.

We certainly enjoyed that day. All the morning, and a great part of the afternoon, we "explored." We fastened up the tent as well as we could, and then, I with my gun, and Euphemia with the fishing-pole, we started up the creek. We did not go very far, for it would not do to leave the tent too long. I did not shoot anything, but Euphemia caught two or three nice little fish, and enjoyed the sport exceedingly.

Soon after we returned in the afternoon, and while we were getting things in order for supper, we had a call from two of our neighbors, Captain Atkinson and wife. The captain greeted us hilariously.

"Hello!" he cried. "Why, this is gay. Who would ever have thought of a domestic couple like you going on a lark like this. We just heard about it from old John, and we came down to see what you are up to. You've got everything very nice. I'd think I'd like this myself. Why, you might have a rifle-range out here. You could cut down those bushes on the other side of the creek, and put up your target over there on that hill. Then you could lie down here on the grass and bang away all day. If you'll do that, I'll come down and practice with you. How long are you going to keep it up?"

I told him that we expected to spend my two weeks' vacation here.

"Not if it rains, my boy," said he. "I know what it is to camp out in the rain."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Atkinson had been with Euphemia examining the tent, and our equipage generally.

"It would be very nice for a day's picnic," she said; "but I wouldn't want to stay out-of-doors all night."

And then, addressing me, she asked:

"Do you have to breathe the fresh air all the time, night as well as day? I expect that is a very good prescription, but I would not like to have to follow it myself."

"If the fresh air is what you must have," said the captain, "you might have got all you wanted of that without taking the trouble to come out here. You could have sat out on your back porch night and day for the whole two weeks, and breathed all the fresh air that any man could need."

"Yes," said I, "and I might have gone

down cellar and put my head in the cold-air-box of the furnace. But there wouldn't have been much fun in that."

"There are a good many things that there's no fun in," said the captain. "Do you cook your own meals, or have them sent from the house?"

"Cook them ourselves, of course," said Euphemia. "We are going to have supper now. Wont you wait and take some?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Atkinson, "but we must go."

"Yes, we must be going," said the captain. "Good-bye. If it rains I'll come down after you with an umbrella."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said I. "We shall rough it out, rain or shine."

"I'd stay here now," said Euphemia, when they had gone, "if it rained pitch."

"You mean pitchforks," I suggested.

"Yes, anything," she answered.

"Well, I don't know about the pitchforks," I said, looking over the creek at the sky; "but I am very much afraid that it is going to rain rain-water to-morrow. But that wont drive us home, will it?"

"No, indeed!" said she. "We're prepared for it. But I wish they'd staid at home."

Sure enough, it commenced to rain that night, and we had showers all the next day. We staid in camp during the morning, and I smoked, and we played checkers, and had a very cosy time, with a wood fire burning under a tree near by. We kept up this fire, not to dry the air, but to make things look comfortable. In the afternoon I dressed myself up in water-proof coat, boots and hat, and went out fishing. I went down to the water and fished along the banks for an hour, but caught nothing of any consequence. This was a great disappointment, for we had expected to live on fresh fish for a great part of the time while we were camping. With plenty of fish, we could do without meat very well.

We talked the matter over on my return, and we agreed that as it seemed impossible to depend upon a supply of fish, from the waters about our camp, it would be better to let old John bring fresh meat from the butcher, and as neither of us liked crackers, we also agreed that he should bring bread.

Our greatest trouble, that evening, was to make a fire. The wood, of which there was a good deal lying about under the trees, was now all wet and would not burn. However, we managed to get up a fire in the stove,

but I did not know what we were going to do in the morning. We should have stored away some wood under shelter.

We set our little camp-table in the tent, and we had scarcely finished our supper, when a very heavy rain set in, accompanied by a violent wind. The canvas at one end of our tent must have been badly fastened, for it was blown in, and in an instant our beds were deluged. I rushed out to fasten up the canvas, and got drenched almost to the skin, and although Euphemia put on her water-proof cloak as soon as she could, she was pretty wet, for the rain seemed to dash right through the tent.

This gust of wind did not last long, and the rain soon settled down into a steady drizzle, but we were in a sad plight. It was after nine o'clock before we had put things into tolerable order.

"We can't sleep in those beds," said Euphemia. "They're as wet as sop, and we shall have to go up to the house and get something to spread over them. I don't want to do it, but we mustn't catch our deaths of cold."

There was nothing to be said against this, and we prepared to start out. I would have gone by myself, but Euphemia would not consent to be left alone. It was still raining, though not very hard, and I carried an umbrella and a lantern. Climbing fences at night with a wife, a lantern, and an umbrella to take care of, is not very agreeable, but we managed to reach the house, although once or twice we had an argument in regard to the path, which seemed to be very different at night, from what it was in the day-time.

Lord Edward came bounding to the gate to meet us, and I am happy to say that he knew me at once, and wagged his tail in a very sociable way.

I had the key of a side-door in my pocket, for we had thought it wise to give ourselves command of this door, and so we let ourselves in without ringing or waking Pomona.

All was quiet within, and we went upstairs with the lantern. Everything seemed clean and in order, and it is impossible to convey any idea of the element of comfort which seemed to pervade the house, as we quietly made our way upstairs, in our wet boots and heavy, damp clothes.

The articles we wanted were in a closet, and while I was making a bundle of them, Euphemia went to look for Pomona. She soon returned, walking softly.

"She's sound asleep," said she, "and I didn't think there was any need of waking

her. We'll send word by John that we've been here. And oh! you can't imagine how snug and happy she did look, lying there in her comfortable bed, in that nice, airy room. I'll tell you what it is, if it wasn't for the neighbors, and especially the Atkinsons, I wouldn't go back one step."

"Well," said I, "I don't know that I care so particularly about it, myself. But I suppose I couldn't stay here and leave all Thompson's things out there to take care of themselves."

"Oh no!" said Euphemia, "And we're not going to back down. Are you ready?"

On our way down-stairs we had to pass the partly open door of our own room. I could not help holding up the lantern to look in. There was the bed, with its fair white covering and its smooth, soft-looking pillows; there were the easy-chairs, the pretty curtains, the neat and cheerful carpet, the bureau, with Euphemia's work-basket on it; there was the little table with the book that we had been reading together, turned face downward upon it; there were my slippers; there was——

"Come!" said Euphemia, "I can't bear to look in there. It's like a dead child."

And so we hurried out into the night and the rain. We stopped at the wood-shed and got an armful of dry kindling, which Euphemia was obliged to carry, as I had the bundle of bed-clothing, the umbrella and the lantern.

Lord Edward gave a short, peculiar bark as we shut the gate behind us, but whether it was meant as a fond farewell, or a hoot of derision, I cannot say.

We found everything as we left it at the camp, and we made our beds apparently dry. But I did not sleep well. I could not help thinking that it was not safe to sleep in a bed with a substratum of wet mattress, and I worried Euphemia a little by asking her several times if she felt the dampness striking through.

To our great delight, the next day was fine and clear, and I thought I would like, better than anything else, to take Euphemia in a boat up the river and spend the day rowing about, or resting in shady places on the shore.

But what could we do about the tent? It would be impossible to go away and leave that, with its contents, for a whole day.

When old John came with our water, milk, bread, and a basket of vegetables and fresh meat, we told him of our desired excursion, and the difficulty in the way. This

good man, who always had a keen scent for any advantage to himself, warmly praised the boating plan, and volunteered to send his wife and two of his younger children to stay with the tent while we were away.

The old woman, he said, could do her sewing here as well as anywhere, and she would stay all day for fifty cents.

This plan pleased us, and we sent for Mrs. Old John, who came with three of her children,—all too young to leave behind, she said,—and took charge of the camp.

Our day proved to be as delightful as we had anticipated, and when we returned, hungry and tired, we were perfectly charmed to find that Mrs. Old John had our supper ready for us.

She charged a quarter, extra, for this service, and we did not begrudge it to her, though we declined her offer to come every day and cook and keep the place in order.

"However," said Euphemia, on second thoughts, "you may come on Saturday and clean up generally."

The next day, which was Friday, I went out in the morning with the gun. As yet I had shot nothing, for I had seen no birds about the camp, which, in conformity with the state laws, I thought I could kill, and so I started off up the river-road.

I saw no game, but after I had walked about a mile, I met a man in a wagon.

"Hello!" said he, pulling up, "You'd better be careful how you go popping around here on the public roads, frightening horses."

As I had not yet fired a single shot, I thought this was a very impudent speech, and I think so still.

"You had better wait until I begin to pop," said I, "before you make such a fuss about it."

"No," said he, "I'd rather make the fuss before you begin. My horse is skittish," and he drove off.

This man annoyed me; but as I did not, of course, wish to frighten horses, I left the road and made my way back to the tent over some very rough fields. It was a poor day for birds, and I did not get a shot.

"What a foolish man!" said Euphemia, when I told her the above incident, "to talk that way when you stood there with a gun in your hand. You might have raked his wagon, fore and aft."

That afternoon, as Euphemia and I were sitting under a tree by the tent, we were very much surprised to see Pomona come walking down the peninsula.

I was annoyed and provoked at this. We had given Pomona positive orders not to leave the place, under any pretense, while we were gone. If necessary to send for anything, she could go to the fence, back of the barn, and scream across a small field to some of the numerous members of old John's family. Under this arrangement, I felt that the house was perfectly safe.

Before she could reach us, I called out:

"Why did you leave the house, Pomona? Don't you know you should never come away and leave the house empty? I thought I had made you understand that."

"It isn't empty," said Pomona, in an entirely unruffled tone. "Your old boarder is there, with his wife and child."

Euphemia and I looked at each other in dismay.

"They came early this afternoon," continued Pomona, "by the 1:14 train, and walked up, he carrying the child."

"It can't be," cried Euphemia. "Their child's married."

"It must have married very young, then," said Pomona, "for it isn't over four years old now."

"Oh!" said Euphemia, "I know! It's his grandchild."

"Grandchild!" repeated Pomona, with her countenance more expressive of emotion than I had ever yet seen it.

"Yes," said Euphemia; "but how long are they going to stay? Where did you tell them we were?"

"They didn't say how long they was goin' to stay," answered Pomona. "I told them you had gone to be with some friends in the country, and that I didn't know whether you'd be home to-night or not."

"How could you tell them such a falsehood?" cried Euphemia.

"That was no falsehood," said Pomona; "it was true as truth. If you're not your own friends, I don't know who is. And I wasn't a-goin' to tell the boarder where you was till I found out whether you wanted me to do it or not. And so I left 'em and run over to old John's, and then down here."

It was impossible to find fault with the excellent management of Pomona.

"What were they doing?" asked Euphemia.

"I opened the parlor, and she was in there with the child,—puttin' it to sleep on the sofa, I think. The boarder was out in the yard, tryin' to teach Lord Edward some tricks."

"He had better look out!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, the dog's chained and growlin' fearful! What am I to do with 'em?"

This was a difficult point to decide. If we went to see them, we might as well break up our camp, for we could not tell when we should be able to come back to it.

We discussed the matter very anxiously, and finally concluded that under the circumstances, and considering what Pomona had said about our whereabouts, it would be well for us to stay where we were and for Pomona to take charge of the visitors. If they returned to the city that evening, she was to give them a good supper before they went, sending John to the store for what was needed. If they stayed all night, she could get breakfast for them.

"We can write," said Euphemia, "and invite them to come and spend some days with us, when we are at home and everything is all right. I want dreadfully to see that child, but I don't see how I can do it now."

"No," said I. "They're sure to stay all night if we go up to the house, and then I should have to have the tent and things hauled away, for I couldn't leave them here."

"The fact is," said Euphemia, "if we were miles away, in the woods of Maine, we couldn't leave our camp to see anybody. And this is practically the same."

"Certainly," said I; and so Pomona went away to her new charge.

For the rest of the afternoon, and indeed far into the night, our conversation consisted almost entirely of conjectures regarding the probable condition of things at the house. We both thought we had done right, but we felt badly about it. It was not hospitable, to be sure; but then, I should have no other holiday until next year, and our friends could come at any time to see us.

The next morning old John brought a note from Pomona. It was written with pencil on a small piece of paper torn from the margin of a newspaper, and contained the words, "Here yit."

"So you've got company," said old John, with a smile. "That's a queer gal of yours. She says I mustn't tell 'em you're here. As if I'd tell 'em!"

We knew well enough that old John was not at all likely to do anything that would cut off the nice little revenue he was making out of our camp, and so we felt no concern on that score.

But we were very anxious for further news, and we told old John to go to the

house about ten o'clock and ask Pomona to send us another note.

We waited, in a very disturbed condition of mind, until nearly eleven o'clock, when old John came with a verbal message from Pomona:

"She says she's a-comin' herself as soon as she can get a chance to slip off."

This was not pleasant news. It filled our minds with a confused mass of probabilities, and it made us feel mean. How contemptible it seemed to be a party to this concealment and in league with a servant-girl who has to "slip off!"

Before long, Pomona appeared, quite out of breath.

"In all my life," said she, "I never see people like them two. I thought I was never goin' to get away."

"Are they there yet?" cried Euphemia. "How long are they going to stay?"

"Dear knows!" replied Pomona. "Their valise came up by express last night."

"Oh, we'll have to go up to the house," said Euphemia. "It wont do to stay away any longer."

"Well," said Pomona, fanning herself with her apron, "if you know'd all I know, I don't think you'd think so."

"What do you mean?" said Euphemia.

"Well, ma'am, they've just settled down and taken possession of the whole place. He says to me that he know'd you'd both want them to make themselves at home, just as if you was there, and they thought they'd better do it. He asked me did I think you would be home by Monday, and I said I didn't know, but I guessed you would. So says he to his wife, 'Won't that be a jolly lark? We'll just keep house for them here till they come.' And he says he would go down to the store and order some things, if there wasn't enough in the house, and he asked her to see what would be needed, which she did, and he's gone down for 'em now. And she says that, as it was Saturday, she'd see that the house was all put to rights; and after breakfast she set me to sweepin', and it's only by way of her dustin' the parlor and givin' me the little girl to take for a walk that I got off at all."

"But what have you done with the child?" exclaimed Euphemia.

"Oh, I left her at old Johnses."

"And so you think they're pleased with having the house to themselves?" I said.

"Pleased, sir?" replied Pomona; "they're tickled to death."

"But how do you like having strangers telling you what to do?" asked Euphemia.

"Oh, well," said Pomona, "he's no stranger, and she's real pleasant, and if it gives you a good camp out, I don't mind."

Euphemia and I looked at each other. Here was true allegiance. We would remember this.

Pomona now hurried off and we seriously discussed the matter, and soon came to the conclusion that while it might be the truest hospitality to let our friends stay at our house for a day or two and enjoy themselves, still it would not do for us to allow ourselves to be governed by a too delicate sentimentality. We must go home and act our parts of host and hostess.

Mrs. Old John had been at the camp ever since breakfast-time, giving the place a Saturday cleaning. What she had found to occupy her for so long a time I could not imagine, but in her efforts to put in a full half-day's work, I have no doubt she scrubbed some of the trees. We had been so fully occupied with our own affairs that we had paid very little attention to her, but she had probably heard pretty much all that had been said.

At noon we paid her (giving her, at her suggestion, something extra in lieu of the midday meal, which she did not stay to take), and told her to send her husband, with his wagon, as soon as possible, as we intended to break up our encampment. We determined that we would pack everything in John's wagon, and let him take the load to his house, and keep it there until Monday, when I would have the tent and accompaniments expressed to their owner. We would then go home and join our friends. It would not be necessary to say where we had been.

It was hard for us to break up our camp. In many respects we had enjoyed the novel experience, and we had fully expected, during the next week, to make up for all our short-comings and mistakes. It seemed like losing all our labor and expenditure, to break up now, but there was no help for it. Our place was at home.

It never even occurred to us to invite our friends to the camp. They would certainly have come had they known we were there, but we had no accommodations for them, neither had we any desire for even transient visitors. Besides, we both thought that we would prefer that our ex-boarder and his wife should not know that we were encamped on that little peninsula.

We set to work to pack up and get ready for moving, but the afternoon passed away without bringing old John. Between five and six o'clock along came his oldest boy, with a bucket of water.

"I'm to go back after the milk," he said.

"Hold up!" I cried. "Where is your father and his wagon? We've been waiting for him for hours."

"The horse is si—— I mean he's gone to Ballville for oats."

"And why didn't he send and tell me?" I asked.

"There wasn't nobody to send," answered the boy.

"You are not telling the truth," exclaimed Euphemia; "there is always some one to send, in a family like yours."

To this the boy made no answer, but again said that he would go after the milk.

"We want you to bring no milk," I cried, now quite angry. "I want you to go down to the station, and tell the driver of the express-wagon to come here immediately. Do you understand? Immediately."

The boy declared he understood, and started off quite willingly. We did not prefer to have the express-wagon, for it was too public a conveyance, and, besides, old John knew exactly how to do what was required. But we need not have troubled ourselves. The express-wagon did not come.

When it became dark, we saw that we could not leave that night. Even if a wagon did come, it would not be safe to drive over the fields in the darkness. And we could not go away and leave the camp-equipage. I proposed that Euphemia should go up to the house, while I remained in camp. But she declined. We would keep together, whatever happened, she said.

We unpacked our cooking-utensils and provisions, and had supper. There was no milk for our coffee, but we did not care. The evening did not pass gayly. We were annoyed by the conduct of old John and the express-boy, though, perhaps, it was not their fault. I had given them no notice that I should need them.

And we were greatly troubled at the continuance of the secrecy and subterfuge which now had become really necessary, if we did not wish to hurt our friends' feelings.

The first thing that I thought of, when I opened my eyes in the morning, was the fact that we would have to stay there all day, for we could not move on Sunday.

But Euphemia did not agree with me. After breakfast (we found that the water

and the milk had been brought very early, before we were up) she stated that she did not intend to be treated in this way. She was going up to old John's house herself; and away she went.

In less than half an hour, she returned, followed by old John and his wife, both looking much as if they had been whipped.

"These people," said she, "have entered into a conspiracy against us. I have questioned them thoroughly, and have made them answer me. The horse was at home, yesterday, and the boy did not go after the express-wagon. They thought that if they could keep us here, until our company had gone, we would stay as long as we originally intended, and they would continue to make money out of us. But they are mistaken. We are going home immediately."

At this point, I could not help thinking that Euphemia might have consulted me in regard to her determination, but she was very much in earnest, and I would not have any discussion before these people.

"Now, listen!" said Euphemia, addressing the down-cast couple, "we are going home, and you two are to stay here all this day and to-night, and take care of these things. You can't work to-day, and you can shut up your house and bring your whole family here if you choose. We will pay you for the service,—although you do not deserve a cent,—and we will leave enough here for you to eat. You must bring your own sheets and pillow-cases, and stay here until we see you on Monday morning."

Old John and his wife agreed to this plan, with the greatest alacrity, apparently well pleased to get off so easily; and, having locked up the smaller articles of camp-furniture, we filled a valise with our personal baggage and started off home.

Our house and grounds never looked prettier than they did that morning, as we stood at the gate. Lord Edward barked a welcome from his shed, and before we reached the door, Pomona came running out, her face radiant.

"I'm awful glad to see you back," she said; "though I'd never have said so while you was in camp."

I patted the dog and looked into the garden. Everything was growing splendidly. Euphemia rushed to the chicken-yard. It was in first-rate order, and there were two broods of little yellow puffy chicks.

Down on her knees went my wife, to pick up the little creatures, one by one, press

their downy bodies to her cheek, and call them tootsy-wootsies, and away went I to the barn, followed by Pomona, and soon afterward by Euphemia.

The cow was all right.

"I've been making butter," said Pomona, "though it don't look exactly like it ought to, yet, and the skim-milk I didn't know what to do with, so I gave it to old John. He came for it every day, and was real mad once because I had given a lot of it to the dog, and couldn't let him have but a pint."

"He ought to have been mad," said I to Euphemia, as we walked up to the house. "He got ten cents a quart for that milk."

We laughed, and didn't care. We were too glad to be home.

"But where are our friends?" I asked Pomona. We had actually forgotten them.

"Oh! they're gone out for a walk," said she. "They started off right after breakfast."

We were not sorry for this. It would be so much nicer to see our dear home again when there was nobody there but ourselves. In-doors we rushed. Our absence had been like rain on a garden. Everything now seemed fresher and brighter and more delightful. We went from room to room, and seemed to appreciate, better than ever, what a charming home we had.

We were so full of the delights of our return, that we forgot all about the Sunday dinner and our guests, but Pomona, whom my wife was training to be an excellent cook, did not forget, and Euphemia was summoned to a consultation in the kitchen.

Dinner was late; but our guests were later. We waited as long as the state of the provisions and our appetites would permit, and then we sat down to the table and began to eat slowly. But they did not come. We finished our meal and they were still absent. We now became quite anxious, and I proposed to Euphemia that we should go and look for them.

We started out, and our steps naturally turned toward the river. An unpleasant thought began to crowd itself into my mind, and perhaps the same thing happened to Euphemia, for, without saying anything to each other, we both turned toward the path that led to the peninsula. We crossed the field, climbed the fence, and there, in front of the tent sat our old boarder splitting sticks with the camp-hatchet.

"Hurrah!" he cried, springing to his feet, when he saw us. "How glad I am to see you back! When did you return? Isn't this splendid?"

"What?" I said, as we shook hands.

"Why this," he cried, pointing to the tent. "Don't you see? We're camping out."

"You are?" I exclaimed, looking around for his wife, while Euphemia stood motionless, actually unable to make a remark.

"Certainly we are. It's the rarest bit of luck. My wife and Adèle will be here directly. They've gone to look for watercresses. But I must tell you how I came to make this magnificent find. We started out for a walk this morning, and we happened to hit on this place, and here we saw this gorgeous tent with nobody near but a little tow-headed boy."

"Only a boy?" cried Euphemia.

"Yes, a young shaver of about nine or ten. I asked him what he was doing here, and he told me that this tent belonged to a gentleman who had gone away, and that he was here to watch it until he came back. Then I asked him how long the owner would probably be away, and he said he supposed for a day or two. Then a splendid idea struck me. I offered the boy a dollar to let me take his place: I knew that any sensible man would rather have me in charge of his tent, than a young codger like that. The boy agreed as quick as lightning, and I paid him and sent him off. You see how little he was to be trusted! The owner of this tent will be under the greatest obligations to me. Just look at it!" he cried. "Beds, table, stove,—everything anybody could want. I've camped out lots of times, but never had such a tent as this. I intended coming up this afternoon after my valise, and to tell your girl where we are. But here is my wife and little Adèle."

In the midst of the salutations and the mutual surprise, Euphemia cried:

"But you don't expect to camp out now? You are coming back to our house?"

"You see," said the ex-boarder, "we should never have thought of doing anything so rude, had we supposed you would have returned so soon. But your girl gave us to understand that you would not be back for days, and so we felt free to go at any time; and I did not hesitate to make this arrangement. And now that I have really taken the responsibility of the tent and fixtures on myself, I don't think it would be right to go away and leave the place, especially as I don't know where to find that boy. The owner will be back in a day or two, and I would like to explain matters to him and give up the property in good order into his hands. And, to tell the truth, we

both adore camping-out, and we may never have such a chance again. We can live here splendidly. I went out to forage this morning, and found an old fellow living near by who sold me a lot of provisions—even some coffee and sugar—and he's to bring us some milk. We're going to have supper in about an hour; wont you stay and take a camp-meal with us? It will be a novelty for you, at any rate."

We declined this invitation, as we had so lately dined. I looked at Euphemia with a question in my eye. She understood me, and gently shook her head. It would be a shame to make any explanations which might put an end to this bit of camp-life, which evidently was so eagerly enjoyed by our old friend. But we insisted that they should come up to the house and see us, and they agreed to dine with us the next evening. On Tuesday, they must return to the city.

"Now, this is what I call real hospitality," said the ex-boarder, warmly grasping my hand. I could not help agreeing with him.

As we walked home, I happened to look back and saw old John going over the fields toward the camp, carrying a little tin-pail and a water-bucket.

The next day, toward evening, a storm set in, and at the hour fixed for our dinner, the rain was pouring down in such torrents that we did not expect our guests. After dinner the rain ceased, and as we supposed that they might not have made any preparations for a meal, Euphemia packed up some dinner for them in a basket, and I took it down to the camp.

They were glad to see me, and said they had a splendid time all day. They were up before sunrise, and had explored, tramped, boated, and I don't know what else.

My basket was very acceptable, and I would have stayed awhile with them, but as they were obliged to eat in the tent, there

was no place for me to sit, it being too wet outside, and so I soon came away.

We were in doubt whether or not to tell our friends the true history of the camp. I thought that it was not right to keep up the deception, while Euphemia declared that if they were sensitive people, they would feel very badly at having broken up our plans by their visit, and then having appropriated our camp to themselves. She thought it would be the part of magnanimity to say nothing about it.

I could not help seeing a good deal of force in her arguments, although I wished very much to set the thing straight, and we discussed the matter again as we walked down to the camp, after breakfast next morning.

There we found old John sitting on a stump. He said nothing, but handed me a note written in lead-pencil on a card. It was from our ex-boarder, and informed me that early that morning he had found that there was a tug lying in the river, which would soon start for the city. He also found that he could get passage on her for his party, and as this was such a splendid chance to go home without the bother of getting up to the station, he had just bundled his family and his valise on board, and was very sorry they did not have time to come up and bid us good-bye. The tent he left in charge of a very respectable man, from whom he had had supplies.

That morning, I had the camp-equipage packed up and expressed to its owner. We did not care to camp out any more that season, but thought it would be better to spend the rest of my vacation at the seashore.

Our ex-boarder wrote to us that he and his wife were anxious that we should return their visit during my holidays; but as we did not see exactly how we could return a visit of the kind, we did not try to do it.

CONCERNING THE USE OF FAGOTS AT GENEVA.

FAGOT is one of that large class of common words that grow familiar to Americans in literature, but the meaning of which is not distinctly realized to the senses until we come abroad. To make sensible acquaintance with commonplace objects that one has known from childhood only by name, is one of the delights of travel, as much as the

seeing of famous places, and pictures and buildings; and I believe that it is partly because they have so much more of this to do, that Americans are, beyond other nations, enthusiastic and delighted travelers. Doubtless one would go further to see Melrose by moonlight than to see a tea-kettle simmering on a hob; but after all, to the

diligent reader of his Scott and his Dickens, there are many like elements of pleasure in the two sights; and I will not too hastily decide whether I have more daily pleasure from the vast white pyramid of Mont Blanc, that looks me in the face through my parlor windows, and "clear, placid Leman" down the slope beneath me, and the gray mass of towers of the old cathedral to my right, than comes to me from the magpies that chase each other chattering across the lawn, and the primroses and tiny daisies that blossom along our paths under favor of this mild February, and the tufts of legendary mistletoe that hang in the bare poplar-tree, and the hedge-rows, from which the gardener is now busy in gathering store of good material for next winter's fagots.

Which brings me back again to fagots, where we started. The fagot is not, as I used vaguely to imagine, a mere indefinite bundle of fire-wood. There is logic in its constitution, as there has sometimes been, in the severest sense, logic in its application. First, there shall be a handful or two of small twigs, such as the trimmings of the hedges furnish in generous abundance; then a handful of bigger brush, and finally two, or at most three, stoutish sticks, to give solidity and respectability to the whole. These elements being brought together, then does the hedger cunningly lay about them a green and supple withe, and by some dexterous twist or double-hitch firmly bind them into one. With a few months' seasoning, the true and normal fagot becomes the ideally perfect commencement of a wood fire. A wisp of lighted paper, sometimes a mere match, is enough to start a combustion which matures, when properly sustained, into a solid mass of brands and coals. I often raise the question whether the enormous waste of small wood in all our forests, even those within easy reach of a market, might not be saved, and a fine opportunity of delightful employment given to workless city street-boys, if some one would only organize a phalanx of fagoteers for an expedition against the underbrush that is often accounted a nuisance, but might so easily be converted into a blessing both to him that gives and him that takes.

It would astonish you to see, in this woodless country, where coal is of easy access, how general is the dependence, both for warmth and for cooking, on wood fires; when, in New England, even farmers in little inland towns begin to feel that they cannot afford to burn wood on a hearth. If you

were to ask me whence come the supplies on which the people here rely, I should refer you partly to the mountains, but rather to sundry lines of lopped and stumpy posts that intersect the landscape, bearing all over their wrinkled bark the scars of ancient wounds, and about their knobby heads, sometimes, chaplets of gay young sprouts, strangely in contrast with their aspect of venerable and bereaved old age. The Swiss woodman rarely ventures manfully to attack a tree at its trunk. He trims, he lops, he maims, he mutilates, and then he leaves the poor branchless, leafless stock to bring forth a new progeny for a renewed slaughter. Standing before one of these venerable boles, gnarled and hollowed out with age, and scarred with the marks of immemorial wrongs, yet making one more brave effort to put forth a growth of young branches, one is irresistibly reminded of some white-haired old mammy, cherishing her last piccanniny of a grandchild, and telling the rueful story of two generations gone one by one to the auction-block. There is vast economy in this method, I am told. Managed with care, the mere shrubbery and ornamental trees on a gentleman's place can be made to yield his supply of fire-wood and hardly show any mark save that of judicious pruning. But oh! the ruthless cruelty of it as generally conducted! Hardly a tree in the canton of Geneva is suffered to grow in its natural shape, and the wide waste of reckless ruin around a charcoal-pit on a Litchfield County hill-side is less sad than the double aisle of naked trunks of beech and oak that stand despairing in the hedge-rows between which I take my daily walk to town.

My fagot, as I find it waiting for me in the morning on my study-hearth, sets me thinking on many things. I think of Roman lictors and their fasces; of "the good Lafontaine" and his fable teaching that union is strength; and, as I strike a match, and the flame crackles through the twigs, and there is a smell as of a forest fire, and in a moment a fierce blaze shoots up the chimney, I think of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and of Latimer, and Ridley, and others, of whom the world was not worthy. For the fagot has been hallowed, like the cross, as the implement of death for religion's sake.

But most, I am reminded of that October day, three hundred and twenty-five years ago, when one of the first physicians of that time, and one of the greatest scholars of an age of great scholars, was brought out from the prison in which he had been shivering

with cold and devoured by vermin, and led into the presence of the magistrates of Geneva, to listen to this sentence:

"Having God and his Holy Scriptures before our eyes, and speaking in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do by this our final sentence, which we give herewith in writing, condemn thee, Michael Servetus, to be bound and led to the place called Champel, and there to be attached to a stake, and burned alive with thy book both in manuscript and in print, until thy body be reduced to ashes; and so shalt thou end thy days to give example to others who might commit the same crime."

The records do not inform us whether the school-boys of Geneva had a half-holiday the next morning when the procession started from the prison at the top of the city hill, for the place of execution at Champel. But the streets were crowded with by-standers and those that ran alongside to lose nothing of the show. The principal figure in the procession, Servetus, though suffering from disease, and haggard, no doubt, from his imprisonment and from mental anguish, was a man in the strength of his age,—he was forty-four years old, having been born in the same year with John Calvin. By his side walked Farel, the friend of Calvin, exhorting him to confess and renounce his heresies; but he only declared that he suffered unjustly, and prayed God to have mercy on his accusers. "Whereupon," says Farel, "I said to him immediately: 'What, what! when you have committed the worst of sins, you justify yourself? If you go on so, I will leave you to God's judgments; I won't go with you another step! I had meant to stand by you till your last breath.' After that, he did not say anything more of the sort." He prayed: "O God, save my soul! O Jesus, Son of God eternal, have mercy on me!" But, says Farel: "We could not make him confess Christ as eternal Son of God."

They came, at last, to the place called Champel. Few visitors at Geneva see the spot. The people are not proud to show it. It is on a hill-side to the south of the town, commanding a fair view of the broad valley of the Rhone and of the ancient city. The precise place is now covered by a house; but I have met old people who remembered when it was known as the *Champ du Bourreau*,—"Hangman's Lot,"—and, who say, that when they were boys, there was a little pit in the midst of it, that they used to point out to one another as the place where the stake was planted. Here the

pitiful procession halted. With much persuasion the victim was induced to commend himself to the prayers of the people. And when he had kneeled down and prayed, he stepped upon the fagots that were heaped about the stake, and was bound to it by a chain about the waist; his book was hung at his side; a wreath of leaves dusted over with brimstone was placed on his head; there was one loud cry as the executioner brought up the lighted torch; but that was the end of it. Some say the fagots were green; but then old Mr. Gaberel's History may be right, that this was out of humanity, so that the suffocating smoke might put the sufferer quicker out of misery.

That was the end of it, we said. It seemed to be the end of it. But somehow this case of Servetus, in one shape or another, keeps coming into court over and over again, from generation to generation. Generally, not to say always, it comes in the shape of a discussion of what sort of part it was that John Calvin had in the affair; and in this discussion a very needless amount of acrimony has been shown by some, who have seemed to think that the character of Calvin's theology, or of that great and splendid order of Christian churches of which he was the father, was somehow involved in the result. Let those on either side who have been discomposed by such a thought bear in mind that the discredit of whatever wrong Calvin may have done in this matter can fall only on those who accept and justify his course.

To defend Calvin for his course toward Servetus is no longer possible in the light of the full array of evidence now accessible to every scholar. Something can be pleaded in mitigation. He was not, as is sometimes asserted, guilty of unfaithfulness to any principles of toleration of his own. Farel expressed his master's thought, as well as his own, in one of the letters to Calvin in which he clamored for the death of the heretic. "Because the Pope condemns believers for the crime of heresy, because passionate judges inflict on the innocent the punishments which heretics deserve, it is absurd to conclude from this that the latter ought not to be put to death as a protection to the faithful. For my part, I have often declared myself ready to die if I had taught anything contrary to sound doctrine, and that I should be worthy of the most dreadful punishment if I were to turn any from the true faith of Christ; and I cannot apply

any different rule to other men." This point being established, the fatal conclusion followed; for it is impossible to dispute that Servetus was a heretic of an aggravated and dangerous type. He was no mere unbeliever, but a theologian intense in his convictions, with a plan for reconstituting theology, the church, and society, as set forth in his book of the "Restitutio Christianismi;" or, "Christianity Restored." And being a theologian of that period, it is needless to add that his manner of expressing his views was acrimonious and insulting to all antagonists, both Catholic and Protestant. Taking his career altogether, he does not appear to advantage in the figure of a martyr of free thought and fidelity to conviction, under which some would fain present him to us.

But admitting that according to the principles universally accepted in that age, the execution of Servetus was justifiable, we are still far from any adequate vindication of the course pursued by Calvin in the affair. The latest contribution to the debate, and one of the fairest and most thorough, is the last volume of Mr. Amédée Roget's "Histoire du Peuple de Genève," which has just appeared. Geneva is a perfect hive of busy antiquaries, among whom Mr. Roget is distinguished for his patient exactness. As a man of orthodox sympathies, he cannot be impeached of prejudice against Calvin. I think that his judgment in the case, delivered in view of important evidence that was not known to all his predecessors, is not likely to be reversed. Says Mr. Roget:

"The punishment of Servetus, considered in itself, leaves no very dark stigma on the reformer's character. But on moral principles that are the same in every age, Calvin stands condemned for having denounced Servetus to the Catholic Inquisition by the use of confidential papers, and for having delivered the unfortunate fugitive to the Geneva magistrates, when he was on his way to try his fortune in Italy. Granted that Calvin was in the line of his duty when he kept guard, in his way (which was the way of his age), for the security of the reformed churches. Had he any charge over the police of consciences in Catholic countries? Neither can we accept as natural, or compatible with a Christian spirit, the hard heart with which the reformer expresses himself to the end with regard to his rival, without so much as a moment's softening at the sight of the scaffold."

Let us make every concession that the case admits. Doubtless Calvin was seriously

anxious to prevent the propagation of destructive error. Probably the case of Servetus was complicated with political plots for the overthrow of Calvin and his work. Certainly the reformer made some motion to procure the commutation of the penalty to a less dreadful form of death. We will try to believe even, what he tried to make himself believe, that there was no spark of human vindictiveness in all his efforts to compass the death of the man with whom he had been for years exchanging every sort of acrimonious insult. This is about all that can be said. But against this we have before our eyes those fatal letters of Calvin's confidential friend, De Trie, which show the reformer in the act of furnishing the proofs to convict his antagonist before the cruel tribunal at Vienne, in France, and the sentence of that court predicated upon seventeen letters furnished by John Calvin, preacher at Geneva. We have that letter to Farel, of seven years

History of the Reformation." By R. Willis, M.D. London: H. S. King. It is an interesting book, ambitious in style, and diligently prepared; but adds little to the work of previous authors, especially of Tollin, French pastor at Magdeburg, who has made Servetus his life-study. With the recent work of M. Roget, and with Pünjer's "De Michaelis Serveti Doctrina Commentatio," Dr. Willis does not seem to be acquainted. This volume is affected by the *furor biographicus* and the *odium theologicum*. It is not easy to make a first-class martyr to the truth, of a man who lied so easily under oath as Servetus, and professed before the Inquisition his prompt readiness to renounce all his cherished convictions; and a cool judgment will decline to follow Dr. Willis in elevating him above Calvin and Luther as a theologian. Dr. Willis will be surprised to be accused of a theological spirit, having, doubtless, the common impression that it is only Christian writers that are liable to this affection, and that disbelievers are necessarily safe from it. But his scornful ignorance of theological history and nomenclature betrays him into some odd blunders. The most remarkable of these is that of claiming for his hero the original invention of the "double sense of prophecy" which applies the words of the prophet primarily to a near event, and secondarily to a remoter one; and he illustrates this at much length, from Servetus's edition of Pagnini's Bible, by instances which, he is sure, must have roused the orthodox rage of Calvin. If he had taken the pains to turn to Calvin's Commentaries, he would have found these identical expositions given to many of the same texts! As to the principle which strikes him as so bold a novelty in Servetus, he will find it as far back as Theodore of Mopsuestia, not to say as far back as the Apostolic Fathers. Theology may be a very unworthy study, but after all it is better to know something about it before undertaking to write on theological subjects. Dr. Willis's slip-up on such a matter as this tends to discredit that splendid air of omniscience, with which he sweeps away all remaining doubt, as (for instance) to the date of the prophets, and the authorship of the fourth gospel.

* Since this article was written, the volume of Dr. Willis has been published: "Servetus and Calvin; a Study of an important Epoch in the early

before, in which, speaking of Servetus's offer to come on to Geneva, if Calvin wished, to discuss certain subjects with him, he says: "I shall make him no promises, for if he comes, and if I have any influence in the city, I shall see to it that he does not get out of it alive." We have Calvin's own avowal that the arrest of the furtive sojourner and the relentless prosecution that followed were at his instigation. We have the official record and Calvin's own version of the bitter, bitter wranglings between himself and the prisoner in presence of his judges, and of his last interview with the condemned, on the eve of execution, in which he shows himself to the last the same fierce dogmatizer. And finally, we have his writing in self-vindication, when the dreadful scene was over, in which he taunts his dead adversary with not having formally restated, in the article of death, the doctrines for which he heroically perished, and seizes on his dying prayers as a proof that he had no sincerity in his opinions. It is in this same paper that he recites the appearance of Servetus when his punishment was announced to him: "When the news was brought to him, he seemed at intervals like one stunned. Then he sighed so that the whole room resounded with it. Anon, he began to howl like a madman. In short, he had no more composure than one possessed. Toward the end he got to crying so that he beat his breast incessantly, bellowing, in his Spanish fashion, 'Misericordia, misericordia!'" Through all these dismal documents, not one syllable of tenderness or human pity, unless it is in that letter to Farel, of the 20th of August, in which he says: "I hope he will be sentenced to death, but I wish that they may mitigate the horror of his punishment."

The prevailing motive that impelled the burning of Servetus was not less honorable than that which stirred in the bosoms of Caiaphas and the Sanhedrim on an occasion not in all respects unlike: "It is expedient that one man die for the people." Here was a golden opportunity for vindicating the reformed churches from that reproach of latitudinarianism that was thrown upon them by the Catholics. Thus wrote the pastors of Zurich when officially consulted on the matter by the Geneva magistrates: "We think it needful to show great vigor against him; and all the more as our churches are decied, in distant parts, as heretical, or as lending protection to heretics. Divine Providence now offers an op-

portunity to purge yourselves and us, at the same time, of an unjust accusation." It is a curious fact, repeatedly illustrated in ecclesiastical history, that persecuted heretics commonly seek to vindicate themselves from the charge of heresy by persecuting other heretics still more heretical. In the present case, the fact has a double illustration; for among those who have given their strong approbation to the execution of Servetus, is the most unexpected name of Dr. Jerome Bolsec, who had been hunted out of Geneva, in peril of his life, by the same John Calvin, for his unsoundness on predestination. He attempts to settle this account with his adversary by a "Life of Calvin," which is the reverse of a panegyric. But he protests therein: "I do not write these things out of any displeasure at the death of such a monstrous and stinking heretic as Servetus; I wish that all his like were exterminated, and the church of our Lord well purged of such vermin."

This name of Bolsec brings to mind the story of his trial, the documents of which have lately been printed in full by another Geneva antiquary, Mr. Henry Fazy, and prove that the austere severity of Calvin in the case of Servetus was no solitary lapse under unwonted temptation, for his pursuit of Bolsec, if less fatal in its result, was not less truculent.

A century and a half ago, that malicious wit, Voltaire, who never knew how to do a generous thing without mixing it with some malignant stab at somebody, paraded the Servetus story in its worst light, by way of exhibiting Protestants as equally intolerant with Catholics. One of the most eminent of the Geneva pastors, Vernet, set himself to the task of refutation, and made application to the city council for access to the official documents, which at that time were kept under lock and key. He was surprised at the delays and discouragements which he encountered. The syndic Calandrini advised him that silence seemed better than anything that could be said. Vernet begged him that at least three questions which he wished to put might be answered from the documents, and pressed his petition with some importunity. He received at last a letter from the syndic, of which he could not complain as wanting in explicitness. It ran on this wise: "The council considers it important that the criminal procedure against Servetus should not be made public, and does not wish it to be communicated to any person whatever, either in whole or in

part. The conduct of Calvin and of the council was such that we wish it to be buried in profound oblivion. There is no defense for Calvin. Plead the state of your health for dropping a work which will either be damaging to religion, to the Reformation, and to the good fame of Geneva, or will be very unfaithful to the truth."

More than a century has gone by, and the archives of Geneva, and many a sorrowful document beside, are now accessible to every comer. But the advice of Syndic Calandrini, to any who would attempt the vindication, on this head, of the otherwise illustrious memory of Calvin, is as good advice to-day as it was then.

BOHEMIAN DAYS.



CATCHING THE SUNSET.

ONCE upon a time, out from the land of the Philistines, a daughter of the country strayed into a corner of the strange region called Bohemia.

Formerly, to this daughter of the Philistines, Bohemia had seemed only a region of foul atmospheres, and tempest-torn Salvator Rosa-like landscapes, where embodied instincts and passions snarled, growled and raged, after the fashion of the human beasts of Henri Murger's novels.

Nevertheless, she knew well that this particular little corner, chosen from all the lovely nooks of the forest of Fontainebleau for summer labors and summer revels by scores of French, American, and English artists wintering in Paris, was a region of Bohemia that Bohemia's historian knew nothing about, where human nature showed neither at its

worst nor at its best, but simply developed by a broad freedom of action and expression into some of the most extraordinarily picturesque, angular, positive, original, beautiful, and un-beautiful individualities ever seen upon the face of the earth. She had heard brilliant names associated with modern and civilized Bohemia. And she had learned both by faith and sight that thousands of stanch men and good women possess Bohemian instincts for which our complex and many-mannered civilization affords opportunities of sane and decorous expression.

Therefore, curious to explore this far-famed country went Philistina out from among her people who dwelt upon the heights of Montmartre. One September afternoon, the train from Paris rushed pantingly away, seeming to drag with it the

breath of the solitary traveler whom it dropped at the railroad station nearest to the great forest.

Not another human being was in sight save the peasant in flat-cap and blue-blouse who took Philistina's ticket as she passed through the wooden gate, which, in France, always shuts passengers, newly arrived at a rural station, from the outer world. A fair picture was before her. Long, sweeping billows of blue-green rose and fell till they lost themselves upon the dim mysterious shore of the distant forest. White roads streaked the undulating expanse with ridges of foam. Thrifty gardens dappled it with rainbow tints, and opulent harvest-fields flecked it with dead gold. Along the highway a strange creature approached. Its feet beat the hard, white earth with rhythmic sound. Its two gigantic wings fluttered through a cloud of shimmering dust. Its two heads wavered to and fro. Watching curiously the progressive wabblings of this extraordinary creature, the new-comer yet remembered to ask:

"But where is the carriage, ordered to meet me?"

The cat-like beast crawled up to the station. It fluttered, shivered, shook itself, and



THE VILLAGE STREET.



THE SCOTCH BARONET READING FICHTE.

then fell into a comatose state,—all but one of its heads which retained vitality enough to hum:

"*Montez, Madame, s'il vous plait!*" while blue-blouse added gallantly:

"*Voilà, la voiture de Madame!*"

Upon closer inspection this strange apparition proved to be the tiniest of donkey-carts, drawn by the tiniest of his species that ever struggled against the specific gravity of a Saratoga trunk, and the inertia of a Saratoga trunk's owner. It was "conducted" by a *paysanne*, whose luxuriant contours submerged the little vehicle like an avalanche.

"Hadn't we better walk to Gretz and carry this donkey-cart in our hands?" asked Philistina of the *paysanne* in English, with a strong ironical flavor amid the seeming sweetness of her speech.

"*Nous ne comprenons pas la langue Américaine!*" chorused the two peasants, proving that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could read Philistina's nationality in perhaps a superfluity of flourish, an unnecessary length of train, and an inquisitive, "perky," strong-minded, expression of countenance, quite as much as in that indefinable atmosphere invariably evolved from national character.

With one head the more—namely Philistina's—the phenomenon dashed into Gretz-sur-Loing, just upon the border of the forest,

three-quarters of an hour later. Rumbling over a rudely cobbled village street deeply sunken at each side into strongly scented ditches, and frescoed with the débris of passing hay-loads, skimming around a sharp corner into another narrow street of gray, grim, shutterless houses that reminded one somehow of blind men without eyelashes, Philistina became absorbed in contemplation of a quaint picture.

Two lines of gray walls broken by pointed gables, clustering chimneys and picturesque

out from the dimness into the less shadowy place where the stranger watched. Yes, out from the dimness of a quaint, age-rimed, centuries-darkened, foreign picture, this ten-year-old peasant child of France came singing:

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on!"

At her left hand Philistina saw a wide open door over which a pert bush, looking



CRITICISING THE DAY'S WORK.

roofs, thrust a twilight vista into the very heart of the radiant day. At the end of this somber vista stood a hoary old church, green with the lichens and mosses, and toned into tenderest gray with the touch of centuries. An arched passage under the square church tower gave a glimpse of azure and gold beyond. A misty figure passed from darkness to light under this arch-way. A petticoated priest darkened the deepening gray of the middle distance. A wood carrier drifted away toward the unknown region beyond the arch. A peasant child came wandering slowly, singing as it came,

very like the nose of the *auberge* inquisitively sniffing at new-comers, gave notice of good wine within.

She wandered into a low wide hall, paved with irregularly shaped, sunken stones, the interstices proclaiming loudly that French auberges are never swept with new brooms! Various other doors, set wide open from this spacious hall, gave glimpses of a garden, or of interiors seeming in the gathering gloom deep and mysterious as cathedral aisles by moonlight. A wonderfully carved oaken staircase, ages old, strewn with cigarette stumps, bits of matches, littered with



THE AUDIENCE ON THE BRIDGE.

broken brushes, and grotesquely daubed and spattered with paint, stretched upward out of sight.

Through an open door at the foot of these stairs Philistina passed into the dark smoky kitchen, also "the office" of the auberge. A flood of light came from the open fireplace, surging over the peasants who drank at little tables, and breaking into rays that stole into the remotest corners. A wrinkled paysanne in sabots, and with gay kerchief wound about her head, passed constantly to and fro between the chickens basting on the hearth, and the noisy peasants whom she served from the many-sized and many-shaped bottles upon the lofty mantel.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Then out of the gloom was slowly materialized the buxom figure of Ernestine, daughter of mine host, to show the newcomer to her room,—a dingy, grimy cell, with leaning walls, casemented windows, and green dank moisture oozing from the cold stones.

Flitting again through the breezy hall, Philistina saw a strange vision. One might have fancied it a moving gallery of fantastic pictures, where every artist had tried to outdo his neighbor in delirium of conception and convulsiveness of execution. Turner was outdone in incoherence, Nicholas Poussin in gloom, Titian and Rubens in splendor, Michael Angelo in grandiose forms. One might have fancied to see there antediluvian landscapes, rankly overgrown with grotesque shrub and tree, and haunted with hideous reptiles; wintry, writhing tempests, earthquakes, whirlwinds, nature in spasms, and human nature gone raving mad. It was in reality only a lively group of young artists with Turkish fezzes, jaunty fishermen's *barrettes*, Spanish *sombremos*, Phrygian caps, rakish *berets*, shapely legs, knickerbockers and knee-breeches. Upon the backs of the flannel and velveteen blouses of almost every one were the huge daubs and splashes of paint that suggested distorted landscapes and demoniac figures, and proved the irresistible magnetism of a newly "set" palette for a laid-off coat. One artist—evidently not painter but draughtsman—held a block in his hand upon which was a drawing of two Raphaellesque children and a Madonna-like mother.

"I called it 'Prescience,'" he said, "and sent it to the London 'Pealer.' Now it is

returned to me with the order to hitch a war joke to it."

"There's a general swabble of war tips now," answered another draughtsman in the strange vernacular of Bohemia. "I sent my 'How Beautiful upon the Mountains' to the 'Illuminated News,' and it was published as the 'Pass of Shipka'!"

"Call her America squinting across European battle-fields for the price of wheat, and keeping protection and free trade under her thumb," said a Vandyke portrait with a touch of Broadway.

For an hour or more Philistina amused herself with wandering about the river-side

had figured for now these many years so many times upon the walls of the Salon. Gloriana Gushington spread her flounces and read Miss Edwards's artistic novels in every cool shadowy glen, in every forest vista, and upon every sun-flecked meadow where a man wanted to stand his easel. Pencilina Brushington had come, bringing with her a dashing crew of lady water-colorists, who painted sky and water so that one couldn't tell them apart, but who flirted like professionals. Barbazon was invaded by the world and "dress clo';" knee-breeches were blushed at, and collars and neck-ties were *de rigueur*. Therefore Peasant



"HAVE YOU NEED OF A MODEL, TO-DAY, MONSIEUR?"

hamlet which had dreamed on without a movement in its sleep of centuries, till Enfield and Bob, chief among the Bohemians, came straying from Barbizon, four years ago, seeking fresh fields and pastures new for the founding of a new colony. Picturesque Barbizon, the whilom summer capital of Bohemia, was "played out," they said. Flora McFlimsey had appeared there in all her poverty of silks and satins. Mrs. Skewton rumbled daily in a Bath chair through the lovely lanes and broad highways that

Cherillon and his wife, dozing away in their ancient auberge, in a picturesque and slumberous nook of the forest, never seeing a soul not born in the village, and saving, sou by sou, a small *dot* for Ernestine, their daughter, not knowing whether the earth moved upon its axis, or the sun traveled daily from Montcourt to Bourron, passing over their auberge every noon, were suddenly waked from their lethargy and metamorphosed into the busiest and most successful inn-keepers in Bohemia. The



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

rambling, shambling, tumble-down old house—with dungeon-like rooms, embrasured windows, up-hill-and-down-dale stone floors, cavernous recesses and marvelously carved staircase, ghost-haunted cellar and specter-walked halls—was propped up against a strong, new, impudent-looking wooden addition, wherein were eating-rooms and chambers for the Bohemian hosts who now come with the bursting buds and go away only after every leaf has fallen, and who often return in midwinter to paint falling snow or the white-veiled landscape.

Up from the garden came a sound of revelry by night. In a large arbor, under clustering vines and dewy blossoms, the Bohemians were dining. A cloud of cigarette smoke enveloped the scene, for these people are Russian in their habit of smoking between the courses. Out of the smoke thrust themselves, like exclamation points, bottles, bottles, bottles, more bottles, other bottles, yet bottles, still bottles! In reality these bottles held nothing more exclamatory than *vin ordinaire* and Vichy-water, yet for a few awful moments Philistina believed she had fallen upon Bacchanalian orgies.

Such a brilliant stream of conversation as flowed around that table! Such reckless attempts to explore the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, as those Bohemians made! those who

soared, those who ran, and those who dived bringing back what they had found (or fancied they had found, which is much the same thing in Bohemia), to help solve the dominant question of the moment, whatever that might be. And such almost terrifying unreserve! Somebody has said that "in every brain is a mad-house cell." Philistina asked herself, as she heard these reckless outpourings of apparently the most secret and vital currents of character: "Have those artists all retired to their cells, or was I never out of mine till this moment?"

Near one end of the table, her flowing hair surmounted with the rakish little cap of a *vivandière*, her black eyes peeping out from a fringe of not very neat curls, sits the Queen of Bohemia. She is not so young as one might think, knowing only her rank and state. There are hundreds of silver threads in her hair; and further down the table sits her daughter, the princess royal, grown to womanhood. Fairy in size, like humming-bird in movement and in purpose of life, her Majesty seems, to the not too clear-sighted observer, in spite of her thirty-eight years, scarcely more than a girl. Her Majesty is not a sumptuous queen, as her raiment proves, though her Moorish blood, streaming for centuries through conquered Spain and invaded Netherlands, to reach by many strange channels far-off California,

and leave its swarthy stain upon her complexion and its fiery gleam in her eyes, gives impression that she has a barbaric taste for splendor, for leopard and tiger hues, and glories of flamingo and bird-of-paradise in all her appertainings. Her Majesty is smoking a cigarette between the soup and the roast. Her Majesty is generally smoking a cigarette when she is not sleeping, and when dining usually has her little feet upon the rungs of her neighbor's chair, while she tells strange stories of wild life among the Nevada mines, where she never saw a flower for eight years; where feverish brandy and champagne were cheaper than cool water and sweet milk; where Colonel Starbottle was her devoted admiral and Jack Hamlin told his love, and didn't let concealment, like a worm, etc., feed on his pallid cheek. There is a subtle suggestion of castanets and guitars in the queen's voice, even somewhat monotonous as it is,—a faint shadow of the cachuca and the cracovina in the free motions of her arms above her head. In the highly civilized old world she may seem a lost princess, a stray daughter of the Incas, come only to a shabby queenhood in Bohemia by right of her uncivilized blood and her royal birth. Before New World eyes, looking from nearer into barbarism, there is none of the glamour which sees romance and poetry in simply dusky skins, wild, free motions and turbulent lives, so that real, unromantic barrenness and poverty of nature is as visible to them in a deposed daughter of the Incas or Mexican dancer as in the pale factory girl who toils and spins and knows nothing else.

Next the queen comes a neutral-tinted blonde, with ashen eyes, ashen hair, ashen complexion, ashen mustache. He has funny little fat legs, that look about three years old, and as if cheated of a right of their babyhood in not being ensphered with fluffy ruffles and dainty white pantalets, instead of being rudely encased in brown stockings and knee-breeches. There are the wrinkles of fifty years about his eyes, although he repudiates everything beyond thirty-five. This is Sir Salter Wimpson, the grandson of a baker and the son of a Scotch baronet, who loves a four-dollar suit of clothes and the freedom of Bohemia, where he can read Kant and Fichte and Lessing in their native tongues, better than the prim decorum of his baronial halls.

Then comes Shaughn O'Shaughnessy, and next, a face which might have come down from the clustering columns and soaring

arches of some thirteenth century cathedral to write for the "Nineteenth Century" London magazine, and bear the name of St. Louis. Shaughn wears an Irish peasant's dress, even to the corduroy knee-breeches; albeit, he is a university man, born of a goodly lineage. St. Louis has a yachting-suit of blue, punctured like a colander by the bristling shrubs of the forest.

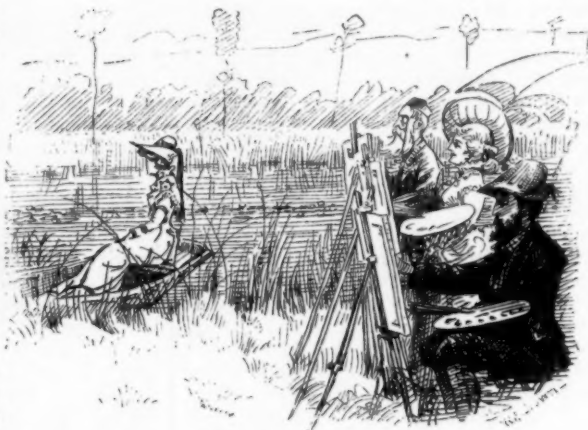
Then comes a red-fezzed Turk from Brooklyn, then the princess royal, with eyes so large that the artists always declare them "out of drawing," although "horrid fetching." She is a figure-painter, with brushes inclined to sprawl and spatter, and canvases given to riots of color, more barbaric than her mother, the queen. She flames and flashes all over with gorgeous hues, and reminds one somehow of Victor Hugo's Esmeralda. She wears a flat, red beret, stuck jauntily upon one side of her head. A crimson scarf is wound gracefully over her blue blouse, her short skirts betray an opulence of red stocking, and the golden tassel which hangs from her cap is never still. She paints Cleopatras, beauties of the harem and beguiling Lamias, with all the untutored luxuriance of an oriental imagination left to spread itself in untutored California. A Madonna in her hands becomes a Circe; a Christ-child, a Cupid.

Facing each other at the lower end of the table sit the two discoverers of Gretz, the Cambridge graduate, and Enfield, called the "British Encyclopedia," because he seems to know all things, from the amount of iron in the veins of a man, to the number of buttons Bohemia lost in last week's washing. The Cambridge graduate, known generally only as Bob, is a brown-eyed, graceful, Spanish-looking young fellow, who is tormented to death by petitions to pose for his friends as troubadours, mediaeval Italian lovers, and modern Castilian ones. He himself paints the tenderest, dreamiest landscapes that go from Bohemia to the exhibitions. Suddenly he is aroused by a somewhat peculiar smile about the queen's mouth. Immediately the whole table is called upon for its views upon the matter of "woman's smile." First, words are poured forth; then crayons are whipped out of blouse-pockets, and soon around each plate, all over the white table-cloth, spring up charcoal illustrations of each artist's ideas of the loveliest smile that could dawn upon a woman's face.

Meanwhile, Zéphyre, the peasant *gargon*, with traces of his Borean ancestry in his boisterous movements, blows to and fro

through the scene, knowing not one word of English, yet answering instinctively to the appellation, "Gentle Breezes," and obeying promptly the order, "Soft Summer Winds, waft the cheese this way!"

When autumn comes on and the twilights grow chill, the Bohemians dine no more in the arbor. The table is laid in the huge, barn-like dining-room, around the four sides of which is always a bristling *chevaux de frise* of sketching-easels, painting-boxes, and canvases in all stages pictureward. Then all sorts of picturesque accessories—bits of mediæval armor, a peasant girl's bridal dress, Louis XIV. court costume, and ragged squares of tapestry—hang upon the walls, while the floor is carpeted with paint, rags, broken stretchers, and discarded brushes. There the Bohemians work upon rainy days,



THE GOOD-NATURED MODEL.

from the forest and river studies wrought out in sunshine, and the large room is a forest of easels where one might easily lose the way.

There is another outlet of expression for these actively sporadic intelligences. For, when language wears thin, or opposing minds are dense, the great white walls of the rough room, touched by the Moses' rod of deft crayons, pours fourth streams of eloquent explanation. Facts, ideas, feelings, passions, are pictured upon those walls. Human faces, molded by ephemeral emotions, as well as chiseled by character, tell their stories there. There, one day, might have been seen the map of an unknown country rent with awful chasms running wildly to and fro. Question what was this mysterious country, and it would have been told that it was Sir Salter's face with the net-work of wrinkles that moral craft and cold intellectual speculations would leave upon it in his later days.

Back of the auberge at the foot of the garden glides the little river. It passes an ivy-grown ruined castle (where Mary of Scots is said to have passed the first months of her first widowhood), slips under a massive and venerable stone bridge, past bending willows and swaying osiers, floating broad lily-leaves upon its bosom, till it rushes into turbulent rapids and away out of sight beyond the old mill. From the garden the Bohemians spring directly into the river at the bathing hour; and directly from the garden path, those who prefer embark in the tiny canoes, in which they float or fly,



HUNTING FOR MOTIVES.

like water-fowl, up and down, through the shadowy arches of the old bridge, past the laughing bathers, past low-lying swards starred with blossoms, past clumps of willows turned by the summer breeze into masses of frosted silver, down into the whirl and tumult and mad excitement of shooting the rapids.

Meantime, while bathers and canoeists make the welkin ring, the bridge is filled with a deeply interested audience. Occasionally this audience chants:

"Ponge, brooders, ponge wiz care,
Owl in ze presanze of ze pазzenjaire,"

"Ze animile now gwound!" or "God zave ze keen!"—tunes, and a queer parody of the words, caught from the Bohemians themselves as they sing at their work or play, in forest or village streets.

Shaughn O'Shaughnessy bathes at an unconscionable hour, stealing down to the river when all the rest of Bohemia is folding its hands for a little more slumber. Therefore, in the glowing forenoon, when everybody else tends river-ward, Shaughn issues from under the inquisitive nose of the inn into the village street, shillalah in hand and sketching implements upon his back. But as he emerges into the street he must say "yea" or "nay" to half a score of wooden-shod peasant children ambitious to personify any poetic thought or embody any artistic vision for three francs a *seance*!

With the after-déjeuner coffee comes the hour of *dolce far niente*, when hammocks sway like languid lilies in the lotus-laden air and slumberous influences filter downward through drift of shattered pearl.

Later and the literary lady and artist's wife, whose natal atmosphere is sweetness and light; who moves to the measures of madrigal or epic according to the poetic influences of the hour; who all day yesterday went about as Hellenic nymph; who to-morrow will be Watteau shepherdess, and every day the representation of some artistic idea; who writes domestic stories of a "high moral tone" for the family magazines while

wearing her hair à la Niñon de l'Enclos, who could stand for Aspasia in some lights, and for Hypatia in others, and who through it all is ever in a "keramic" rage for bits of old china,—poses good-naturedly for such of the artists as wish to infuse their work with a human interest.

Still later, when willows and osiers throw lengthened shadows upon the river, and the domes, spires, and minarets of a jeweled city loom in the western sky, the whole face of the landscape becomes suddenly speckled with easels,—to every easel a man or woman who strives to entrap a faint reflection of glories not made with hands, ere those glories fade. Silently, almost breathlessly, the finite reaches after the infinite. A solemn hush broods the scene where, upon waves of mellow light, the day floats into the darkness. Suddenly the silence is broken by breathless American accents:

"I say, fellers, shall I use bitumen in the shadows?"

Then a deep-throated roar, like an Ossianic plaint to the Storm Spirit, sweeps over the plain from all the artists:

"Choke that fellow, somebody!"

Even yet later, when most of the Bohemians are smoking their after-dinner cigarettes in the arbor and the world grows dewy and dim, begins the search for "motives." This search for motives, otherwise picture-subjects, seems to be done entirely in couples, and it is a search, strangely enough, more necessary to the younger than to the elder painters, and to those whose artistic tastes are for silent and secluded forest paths, for overarching shadows, for those gentle melancholies of nature which whisper in silence, darkness, and solitude. Yet it is noticed that these are not the artists who paint the sentimental woes of nature. On the contrary, they are those whose palettes are the most gorgeously "set" of any in Bohemia, whose canvases blossom like a caliph's garden with color, and whose imaginations riot among the gayest and brightest things of life. Why this seeming contradiction?

MODJESKA.

DEFT hands called Chopin's music from the keys.
Silent she sat, her slender figure's poise
Flower-like and fine and full of lofty ease;
She heard her Poland's most consummate voice
From power to pathos falter, sink and change;
The music of her land, the wond'rous, high,
Utmost expression of its genius strange,—
Incarnate sadness breathed in melody.
Silent and thrilled she sat, her lovely face
Flushing and paling like a delicate rose
Shaken by summer winds from its repose
Softly this way and that, with tender grace,
Now touched by sun, now into shadow turned,—
While bright with kindred fire her deep eyes burned!

MAY.

WHEN beeches brighten early May,
And young grass shines along her way;
When April willows meet the breeze
Like softest dawn among the trees;
When smell of Spring fills all the air,
And meadows bloom, and blue-birds pair;
When Love first bares her sunny head
Over the brook and lily-bed;
Nothing of sound or sight to grieve
From choiring morn to quiet eve,—
My heart will not, for all its ease,
Forget the days to follow these.
This loveliness shall be betrayed,
This happiest of music played
From field to field, by stream and bough,
Shall silent be as tuneful now,
The silver launch of thistles sail
Adown the solitary vale:
That blue solicitude of sky
Bent over beauty doomed to die,
With nightly mist shall witness here
The yielded glory of the year.

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

SUPPER was just over, and the hour began which was to Mr. Nelson the pleasantest of the day. A fire burned upon the hearth, for it was late October; but the air remained so mild that the front window was left open, and as he sat in his arm-chair he could hear the soft, contented whistle and see the dusky figure of his oldest son, Robert, as the latter moved about the little front lawn and garden, to make sure that all things were in order. At the end of the room, his daughter Phoebe, in her simple cashmere dress, with zone about the waist, and full, falling folds, which revealed the outline of her form, resembled some figure from a Grecian frieze, as she lighted the lamp. The mother, in her rocking-chair, with hands idly folded in her lap, was a refreshing picture of rest.

Robert, a tall, manly boy of eighteen, showing equal grace and awkwardness in every limb and movement, entered as the lamp was lighted and the window closed.

"Father," he said, throwing himself with accustomed sprawl upon the sofa, "the House is organized, and ready for the message."

"Oh, please, wait for Tom and Gerald!" cried Phoebe.

"I have no adventures to-day," said Mr. Nelson,—"not even a new variety of customer. But I came home by way of Newark, and I can think of nothing this evening but the square islands of garden-land, and the streets of canals between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers. They reminded me of a picture of Chinese cultivation which I found in some old book of travels. As far as I could see, even to the north of Snake Hill, the old marshes have disappeared."

"I suppose few gardeners live upon them yet?" surmised Phoebe.

"I met with one on the train who has lived there a year. He is sure that all the islands will be inhabited in another year. When the canals were first cut, and the earth was used to raise the squares of garden-land above the old level, it was a disagreeable atmosphere, in spite of the chemical agents used. But now you should see the hedges of sassafras, spice-wood and barberry which spring up behind the piles and fringe the canals! They are not so potent to destroy malaria as the eucalyptus, but they prove to be a very fair substitute. This summer, all the refuse

of the city has been bought by the company and they now offer New York a million dollars a year for the privilege of keeping her streets clean."

"Did you see the Calkins Castle?" asked Robert.

"Yes—and even through a borrowed opera-glass. You will never know Snake Hill when the work is finished; there are four colossal terraces of masonry, extending across the entire front of the bluff, with the house rising above the uppermost; the great water-tank is on the summit, and begins to look like an old Norman stronghold. I don't believe that the whole design can be carried out for less than ten millions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, starting up from her comfortable attitude,—“and so much might have been done with all that money!”

"Yes," her husband answered, "but on the other hand, Calkins might have done nothing at all. You know he is quite uneducated, outside of his business; he has made fifty millions, his only heirs are one daughter and three nephews; and he probably would never have parted with a dollar for the public good, if Wragg, his great rival in wealth, had not spent five millions in making our Gallery of Art one of the finest in the world. Why, I am told that several thousands of persons come annually from Europe, just to see its Titians and Corregios! But think what the city will gain when, by way of the bridge over the Hudson, thousands of people can be placed on those terraces in fifteen minutes! In winter the glass roofs will be a hundred feet above the soil, and in summer the groves of semi-tropical and tropical trees will stand in the open air. The topmost terrace, I hear, will be planted with ilex, myrtle, cypress and Italian pine; the palms will be lowest of all."

"Glorious!" cried Phoebe, clasping her hands with delight; but just then the door of the kitchen opened, and in came Tom and Gerald, the younger boys, with flushed faces and sparkling eyes.

"Clara wouldn't let me mix the batter for the buckwheat cakes," said the latter, "and I'm sure I can do it."

"The pots and kettles fell to me," Tom added; "I don't like to be scullion so often. I begin to consider the appearance of my hands, like Phoebe there."

Phoebe involuntarily lifted and looked at her own. They were very shapely and firm, yet without the pallor and emaciation which are held to be aristocratic.

"Nevertheless, Tom," she said, "I do my share of the house-work, and I am not paid for it."

"You will get back your wages when you have your own housekeeping to manage," her father playfully remarked.

The door-bell rang. Gerald sprang up, crying to Tom: "My turn!" dashed into the hall, and presently, throwing open the door, announced in a loud, formal voice: "Mr. Sydney Dudley!"

Mr. Dudley was a small man, with a weak blonde mustache and a frightened air. He was exquisitely dressed, and carried a small stick, with which, when embarrassed, he was in the habit of tapping his patent-leather boots. He saluted the members of the family with much grace and politeness, stood for a moment awkwardly looking around the room, and then took the offered chair.

"I hope this is not a farewell," said Mrs. Nelson.

"Yes—no—that is, I shall stay awhile longer."

"Then you like your quarters at the hotel?"

"Oh, very much,—that is, it's rather lonely. It puts me in mind of what you were saying the other day, Miss Phoebe,—something about 'a populous solitude.'"

Mrs. Nelson looked from the visitor to her daughter, and a faint, half-repressed sign of interest began to steal over her tranquil countenance.

"Yes, that's what it is," continued Mr. Dudley, "a populous solitude,—for me, that is. I walk, and read, and ride and talk with this one and that one, but it all doesn't seem to fill out the time."

"Try helping in the kitchen," said Tom, with such a grimace that no one could help laughing.

"I've sometimes thought I should like it, Mrs. Nelson. There's such a comfort when the dishes are well cooked; and when you understand something about it yourself, you can give directions, you know."

"You ought to take lessons of our Clara," said Phoebe. "Here she is, just in time! Clara, couldn't you take Mr. Dudley into the kitchen, as a student, say for three hours a week?"

Mr. Dudley rose and bowed. Clara blushed deeply, and tried to cover her con-

fusion under a little forced laugh, as she took her seat near the lamp, with a piece of sewing in her hand. She was a large, plump, rather pretty girl of twenty-two, whose air of high health was the best testimony to her culinary skill.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, before her guest had time to reply to Phoebe's proposition. "Gerald must graduate before Clara can take another pupil. Why not try gardening first, Mr. Dudley? That is more a man's work."

"I'd like it amazing!—that is, if Mr. Nelson or Robert would let me begin with them. Otherwise, I might destroy things before I learn what they are. But I've nearly forgotten what I particularly came to tell you. I know how much interest you all take in literary matters, and great writers and speakers. They've just arranged in New York for Emerson to come on next week, and give a lecture on—what is it?—Eternal Forces, or powers, or something of that sort, in the great hall."

"We must go!" cried Phoebe.

"Oh, I should admire to hear him," echoed Clara.

"Of course, everybody must go!" said Mr. Dudley. "There will be extra trains from here and Newark. The hall will seat five thousand."

"Not half as many as will try to get in," remarked Mr. Nelson.

"Then I'll run up to-morrow, and get tickets,—that is, if you'll allow me. And I'll buy one of his books; all the news-boys on the train have 'em,—the cheap edition, you know. They say two hundred thousand copies have been sold in six months."

"It is astonishing," Mr. Nelson continued, "how little the best American authors used to be read. If the sale of Hawthorne's works had been one-tenth of what it is now, during his life, he would have died a rich man. Ever since we have had an international copyright law, and professorships of American history and literature in all our universities and colleges, the taste and intelligence of the people have developed wonderfully."

"Father," asked Tom, "what are those papers in tight envelopes, which the boys on the train sometimes take out of their breast-pockets and sell? The people who buy them never open and read them in the cars."

Mr. Dudley looked around him with a frightened manner, and grew red in the face, although nobody was noticing him particularly.

"They are papers," Mr. Nelson answered, "which our liberal laws in regard to the Press cannot prevent being published, yet which are so condemned by public opinion that they can only be disposed of in this secret way. They are devoted to crimes, brutal fights and shameful trials, with pictures as repulsive as the text. It is no wonder that those who buy them are unwilling to let it be known."

"Yes, father," said Robert, "you allowed me once to look at a copy, because I was so curious; but I have never wanted to see another."

Phoebe, who had picked up the evening paper, suddenly said:

"They are going to act the 'Antigone' of Sophocles! And we are to have several of Gluck's operas this season: how shall we manage to see and hear so many good things?"

"You will have to go alone occasionally," her father answered. "The proprietors of the theater have at last made a separate entrance for unaccompanied ladies, with the most charming little refreshment-room attached."

He looked at his watch, and said: "Ten o'clock." Mr. Dudley rose instantly, shook hands all around, and put on his hat. (He remembered the act when half way to his hotel, and shuddered at the blunder.) "Delighted,—hope to meet again," he stammered; "that is, we shall all go to the lecture. And about the gardening, if—if —"

"Come and try!" said Robert, heartily, as he accompanied him to the door.

Mr. Nelson was a member of a manufacturing firm in New York. But it was only half an hour, by the Elevated Railroad and the lofty Hudson Bridge, from his place of business in the city to his home on the outskirts of a large New Jersey village. Restricting his duties to the hours between ten and three, he always had enough of the morning and the afternoon left for the care of his four-acre garden and orchard. All his children, even Phoebe, when her share of the housekeeping allowed, assisted in the labor; and there never were, they all believed, such vegetables, such fruits and flowers, as flourished under their cheerful tendance. Although the business was prosperous, and Mr. Nelson's means ampler than his family suspected, there was but one servant in the house,—Clara, the daughter of a mechanic in the village. Her parents had meant that she should be a teacher; but she, feeling sure that she did not possess half the nec-

essary qualifications and could never pass the rigid examination, preferred a comfortable home, household labor in which she was assisted by Phoebe and the two younger boys, and the exercise of her decided talent as a cook. She was perfectly happy, except for the necessity of seeming to understand subjects the discussion of which simply puzzled her. In short, the family life of the Nelsons was precisely that of tens of thousands of other families, all over the country. The father spent half his time at home; both he and his wife lived with, labored with, sported with, and living, laboring, or sporting, watched and guided, their children.

A little conservatory, adjoining the southeastern corner of the house, was in process of erection. The next morning after Mr. Dudley's visit, when Mr. Nelson had left for the city and the boys were at school, Phoebe came forth to inspect the growing work. John Lloyd, the young carpenter, who was busy pinning the joist to the upright timbers, saw her watching him; but he fitted the mortise carefully and secured it, before saying "good-morning!"

"I have good news for you, Miss Nelson," he said, as he sprang lightly down from the scaffolding. "There is to be a lecture —"

"I have heard," she interrupted. "Mr. Dudley came to us last night with the intelligence. You will go, of course?"

A cloud passed over his face. "Yes,—I cannot lose it;" he answered slowly, and with a sudden hardness of tone.

"Lose it?—why, have you not read Emerson's works?" Phoebe asked.

"All of them—and over and over again! Now, I have forgotten to bring back Lessing's 'Laocoön' this morning; it was very kind of you to lend me the book."

"Not the least, Mr. Lloyd! I shall depend upon you to explain a few difficult passages."

Her face was so bright and frank as she turned toward him, that he could not help smiling in return as he answered: "If I can,—but I think I have mastered it."

Here Phoebe heard her mother's voice, and glided into the house. When she reached the kitchen she was amazed to find Mr. Sydney Dudley looking in from the outside, leaning on the sill of the open window.

"I never took much notice before," he was saying to Clara; "but it really must be interesting,—that is, when *you*,—oh, Miss Phoebe! I must apologize; but I happened

to see the window open, and it seemed a chance to learn something. Your proposition, you know. But I'll go to the front door and call properly."

"Not on me, please," said Phoebe. "I am going to be very busy all day. But I believe mother is accessible."

"Oh, thank you,—it's all the same! That is, I shall be very happy to pay my respects to her." Therewith he fetched a compass and reached the hall door, which Phoebe opened. She waved him to a seat, made a courtesy of apology, and retired.

Mrs. Nelson turned her most amiable side toward her visitor. She overlooked or smoothed away his little embarrassments with a skill which greatly relieved and delighted him. Thus he soon found himself talking about himself, which had always been difficult for him, unless the listener were very sympathetic.

"You see," he said; "I don't rightly know how to get the good out of my property. All the other rich young fellows,—and I don't mind telling you that I am worth over four hundred thousand dollars, which is *rather* rich,—all the other fellows have been taught something or other. There's Spriggs can make a splendid speech; they say he'll get into Congress next; and Vance has a laboratory and makes discoveries; and De Fisch is a member of no end of societies! When I visit them, they never have time to talk with me, or else they talk what I can't understand. My old uncle and aunt wouldn't let me learn any sort of business; and I assure you, Mrs. Nelson, I'm as much alone in New York as—as a pyramid in the desert!"

"But you are still young," suggested Mrs. Nelson.

"I ought to be; but I'm twenty-four, and feel already like an old man. I know nothing but billiards, and how to manage a yacht, and to drive a four-in-hand! What's a fellow to do with such accomplishments? Now, if I could be set up for myself,—had a household of my own,—it would be something to make me think."

"It would, indeed," Mrs. Nelson answered,—*"especially if you would interest yourself in all the details. There are a great many you don't know yet how many —"*

"Oh! I assure you, I think I do!" he exclaimed. "Furniture, and butchers, and bakers, and the gas-man, and repairs, and directing the servants,—but, then, you said the master ought to know how to do everything they do. I'm sure I could learn."

"I'm sure you could," she said. "The proof is, you are so eager to learn."

"I'm so glad you think so! I wanted to have *your* opinion first, you know." He looked at his watch. "There's just time to catch the next train, and I promised to buy the tickets for the lecture, to-day. You can't think how pleasant it is for me that we shall all go together!"

He said good-bye and hurried away. Mrs. Nelson softly closed the door, smiled to herself, and unconsciously rubbed her hands. She treated Phoebe with unusual tenderness that day, and for several days afterward.

In the evening there was a new surprise for the whole family. Mr. Nelson and Robert had agreed to dig their late potatoes in the afternoon, so the former had only paused long enough at the polls, on his way home, to deposit the ticket indicating his preference for a Congressional candidate for the district. These elections were always held a week in advance of the nominating convention, the choice of which they rarely failed to determine.

There was such a heavy crop of potatoes that they had not finished the task at dusk. Supper was later than usual, and, after leisurely enjoying it, they were all gathered in the cheerful parlor (there was no separate room kept for company) for a rest undisturbed save by Phoebe and Robert, who sang duets at the piano, when there was a sudden sound of drums and trumpets in front of the house. A loud ring at the door-bell followed, and three prominent citizens of the town were ushered into the room.

They came to announce that Mr. Nelson had received a large majority of the votes cast, and telegrams from other parts of the district made it certain that his nomination for Congress by the convention would follow as a natural result. The members of the family expressed as much consternation as surprise; they were utterly unprepared for such news.

"What does it mean?" Mr. Nelson asked. "I never knew, until now, that any one had ever thought of me for the place. What is the cause of the preference in my favor?"

"You are a well-known citizen," said the spokesman. "The people know your honesty, and believe in your capacity; and then,—well, since we made up our minds to have a man who had never tried to get the nomination, why, we hadn't much range of choice, you know."

His sly laugh, as he said these words, was infectious. Robert clapped his hands and cried:

"That's it, father! I don't see how you can get out of it."

"At any rate, my friends," said Mr. Nelson, rising and speaking earnestly, "your preference is an honor which I gratefully accept. There is still a week until the Convention, and if the whole district speaks as you do, I shall decide positively whether or not I can serve you, before the nomination is made. You may be sure I shall not evade the duty now imposed upon me."

"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he!" shouted Tom, who was just dipping into literature.

There was hearty laughter at this; and after a little further consultation, the committee of three took their leave, while the drums and trumpets sounded a lively march. Mr. Nelson settled himself deeper in his arm-chair and sighed; there were tears in his wife's eyes; the duets of Phoebe and Robert were not resumed; a very palpable shadow had fallen on the household.

Two more days passed. The subject was not mentioned again in the family, for the father kept silence, and they knew that when he had pondered the question wisely and well he would freely take them into his confidence. The work went on as usual, but there was now little more to do in the garden; only Tom and Gerald were not quite so patient in helping Clara in the kitchen, and more hurried and anxious in answering the door-bell.

On the third afternoon, however, after a rapid oversight of the lawn and garden, Mr. Nelson called his children into the house. John Lloyd was just finishing the roof of the conservatory; the large sheets of firm, tough glass, made by the new process, gave the structure almost the appearance of an open pavilion. Mr. Nelson, pausing to look at the work, suddenly said:

"Come with us, John! It is a family consultation, but you have a little share in it. If I could not confide in you entirely I should not ask you."

John Lloyd put on his coat, and followed. When they were all seated and expectant, Mr. Nelson began:

"The whole district has declared its preference for me, so that the action of the Convention is already determined. I had one means of escape left, but that is taken

away from me, to-day. You know the principle upon which our Company is organized. Whenever the annual profits exceed eight per cent. on the capital invested, and a small additional percentage for contingent expenses, we reduce the price of the articles we manufacture. This policy has so increased our business that we are obliged to extend the production; for the profits, this year, are twelve per cent. I supposed that my services might be needed to superintend the building of the new manufactories, which are to be located here. But the firm, to-day, unanimously voted to continue my salary during the Congressional term, so that the office shall entail no pecuniary sacrifice upon me. They only ask, in return, that I shall select a competent man to take charge of the work on the new buildings. You, Robert, are still too young and inexperienced; but John Lloyd has the ability, if he has the will."

A quick light came into the young carpenter's face; all eyes remarked how proud and handsome he seemed.

"Are you sure of it?" he asked.

"For this reason, among others," Mr. Nelson answered, "I know the history of your difference with McGowen."

"Then you know that I could not have done otherwise!" John Lloyd exclaimed, rising to his feet. "He has tried to damage me,—said he discharged me because I was unfit,—but the houses have *not* been built according to the first plan!"

"I know that," said Mr. Nelson. "I have been to the Construction Office, and have read your report. They were the meanest traps that avarice could devise,—thin walls, bad ventilation, no fire-proof staircase, little light, and an intended rent which would have given him ten per cent. a year on their exaggerated value! It was monstrous!—and a less conscientious builder than yourself might have taken his offered bribe, and disgraced our whole city. I learned at the same time, how you were tricked out of two honest contracts by McGowen's agency, and have preferred to work here as a journeyman until the better chance should come. Our new manufactory requires some knowledge of the process in the builder, but you can acquire that?"

"I have helped in two or three such undertakings," said John Lloyd, "and I shall not fail here. Your offer, sir, comes in the form of a duty."

"Well said! But, dear wife and children, this seals my fate. If I had only

been wise enough to beg, and bore, and maneuver for a nomination to all possible offices years ago!"

"But if you had done so, father," said Phoebe, "you would not be the same man. It would have been *our* loss, for years past; and now we must render back something for all we have had. Mother must go with you, of course; and Robert and I will take charge of everything here. I'm only afraid Tom will give us trouble."

"O, thou of little faith!" Tom began, in his dramatic tone,—then stopped, and to the surprise of all, burst into tears. The father beckoned to him on one side, and Gerald on the other, kissed both the boys, and held them close, with an arm around each.

John Lloyd rose, picked up his hat, and shook hands with all. He said nothing to Phoebe, but looked in her eyes with such an expression of power and longing that she could scarcely bear the gaze. An instinct of delicacy told him that the family might prefer to be alone at such a time, yet he feared that he had rather coldly and ungraciously accepted an offer which was probably the turning-point in his fortunes. Pausing at the door, he said to Mr. Nelson:

"You will surely be elected, sir, for the other side has given preference to old Van Lennep, who assessed his subordinates for political expenses, when he was Collector. For this reason, there is a great deal of discontent in his own party, and it will be manifested at the election. But, unless there should be an extra session of Congress next summer, you will have a year in which to arrange for your absence. This will also be my advantage, if I have seemed overconfident to you. I do not know how to tell you that I am grateful; I have not had many chances of that kind."

He closed the door, and was gone.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson; "I had not thought the time was so far off; I felt, somehow, as if we should lose you at once."

So had the others, and the postponement of the change restored them to instant cheerfulness. They became, in fact, so merry that the new dignity in prospect was very irreverently treated, and Phoebe was in the act of greeting her father, with mock ceremony, as "The Honorable Mr. Nelson," when she was startled by an echo:

"Honorable Mr. Nelson! Yes, of course. My congratulations!"

It was Mr. Sydney Dudley, who had been

admitted by Clara. No one had heard the door, or remarked him until he stood among them. The boys were greatly amused, but Phoebe blushed to her temples with mortification.

"It's only the children's nonsense," said Mrs. Nelson, hardly knowing how to frame her explanation. "We were all ready to cry at first, and now they are making fun of it to keep up their spirits."

"Oh, yes! very appropriate. That is, you have great reason to be proud, as Daniel Webster said, I think, when he was elected to the Senate. And I'm so proud, as a friend,—you can't think! It makes me wish, more and more, that I had something to do; there seems to be no chance for a man to distinguish himself without it."

"You are already beginning to be distinguished for your good-nature, Mr. Dudley," remarked Mrs. Nelson.

"Am I, though? Why, the only thing of the kind I ever did was to pick up a man that was knocked overboard from Wragg's yacht. The fellows said 'it was a good thing to do that and lose my chance in the regatta, but I assure you I quite forgot we were racing when I saw the man in the water; so it doesn't amount to much, after all.'"

"That's the very thing I shall respect you for!" cried Phoebe. Almost without knowing it, she stretched out her hand.

Mr. Dudley held it gently a moment, bowed deeply, and looked very much confused.

"I—I'm not sure that I understand you," he stammered; "but you are very kind indeed. I am certain you would never knock an old man down with your carriage, like Miss Mulford, and never stop to see whether he was hurt."

"Miss Nelson's carriage stops the way!" bawled Tom.

The idea of Phoebe having her own carriage struck them all as such an absurdity, that Mrs. Nelson was on thorns lest Mr. Dudley should suppose they were laughing at him. So she forthwith invited him to stay for supper, which is the first social atonement that occurs to the matronly mind. Wholly relieved by the alacrity of Mr. Dudley's acceptance, she went into the kitchen to make a few suggestions to Clara.

It was scarcely different from their ordinary meal, yet it seemed perfection to their guest. Clara, who sat at the table beside the two boys, looked unusually fresh and fair in her blue merino dress and white apron. She rose occasionally to wait upon the

others, and all her movements suggested both perfect knowledge of the service and pleasure in performing it. Mr. Dudley used the license of praise accorded to the guest, and became quite enthusiastic about the tea, and biscuits, and broiled oysters. He had never tasted such, even at the West-side Club.

"Father," asked Robert, "what is the reason Racket is getting so unpopular? The theater used to be crammed whenever he acted, and now the papers say that not half the seats are taken."

"It is chiefly, I think," Mr. Nelson answered, "because he was trying the detestable practice of making himself the only figure on the stage. He has not only had plays written especially to exhibit his own range of talent, with insignificant subordinate characters, but he has also taken pains to keep good actors out of his company, in order that the poor ones may serve as a foil, and make his own representation more conspicuous."

"Why, that is dishonorable!" cried Phoebe.

"It is simply treason to the dramatic art. The ambition of the true actor is to present the poet's conception, adding the interpretations of voice, and action, and simulated passion to the language in which each great creation is embodied. Now, Racket seems to set his personal glorification and profit far above the actor's ideal. It is Racket's *Hamlet*, not Shakspere's, which he desires to give us; hence he must banish all personalities which draw away any attention from his own, no matter how the poet's work may be mutilated."

"Then I don't care to see him!" said Robert.

"On the contrary, my boy, you should see him once, at least, in order to understand and despise the practice as it deserves. And you must go soon, because his engagement is unprofitable, and will close in another week. Then we are to have 'The Tempest,' with Bland as *Prospero*, Norfolk as *Ferdinand*, Miss Ayrbeam as *Miranda*, and Gooch as *Caliban*! It will certainly run until next summer."

"I bought this on the train," said Mr. Dudley, taking a neat little volume from his pocket. "I thought you might like to see it. The boy said it was just out, and he had only five copies left out of a hundred."

"It's Landor's 'Pericles and Aspasia,'" said Phoebe, looking at the title. "But have you read it yourself?"

"Yes,—that is, a page or two. I thought

it seemed pretty. I read the stories in the magazines, mostly; the last of them was 'The Fatal Valentine.'"

"Oh, that's so nice!" exclaimed Clara.

Mr. Dudley looked at her with delight.

"By the by," he said, "I had nigh forgotten the tickets. Here they are,—eight of them; one for myself, and I thought you might all wish to go."

"Tom and Gerald are rather too young for Emerson," said Mr. Nelson, "and we two ancient persons will probably stay at home. But there's Robert and Phoebe, and—I suppose Clara would like to go?"

"She said so the other night, and I counted her in making out the number!" exclaimed Mr. Dudley.

"Then you might take John Lloyd, who will be very glad of the chance. Still, there are three left."

"May I choose, Mr. Dudley?" Phoebe asked.

"With the greatest pleasure, I'm sure!"

"Then," she said "I will give the tickets to three poor girls, who will be made happy for a long time; and I shall first have to beg their time from their employers."

"Couldn't I undertake that for you, Miss Phoebe," Mr. Dudley asked. "It's such a little thing, just to give the tickets."

Phoebe could not help a smile and half-blush. Mr. Sydney Dudley evidently had not the remotest idea how such an action on his part might be interpreted. She began to look upon him as an amiable, overgrown child; she felt, and did not hesitate to exhibit, a friendly interest in his rather awkward and incoherent utterances. It was pleasant to her, to let him see that she understood the ideas he expressed so illy.

Good Mrs. Nelson felt that some of her very private anticipations might be realized in the course of time. She heartily acceded to her husband's proposal that they two should remain at home with the younger boys; and, housewife-like, at once set about arranging the evening for the others.

"You shall have a light early tea," she said,— "not heavy enough to make you feel drowsy in the hall, which will be close, though the ventilating machine, they do say, is perfect; then, as the train will be here by ten, I shall have a good supper ready, and we will allow you an hour and a half before bed-time. If you bring home anything, that is the best plan to get it out of you. You will come, of course, Mr. Dudley, and Robert, you can ask John Lloyd."

The appointed evening arrived. It was

a merry party that issued from the home of the Nelsons. At first, the three young men walked in advance of Phoebe and Clara; then Mr. Dudley fell back to the latter pair, but the path to the station was only comfortably wide enough for two, whereupon Phoebe stepped in advance and John Lloyd lingered to keep her company. Robert no sooner saw this than, impelled by a spirit of mischief, he dropped to the rear; then Mr. Dudley, in some embarrassment, drew so near the first couple that John Lloyd stalked off alone, leaving him with Phoebe. When they reached the station, Phoebe looked bright and amused, Clara disappointed, Mr. Dudley perplexed, and John Lloyd stern.

But the train was crowded, and there were so many common acquaintances that each individual mood soon faded into the general atmosphere. In fifteen minutes they reached the elevated platform, whence a broad flight of steps descended to the entrance of the hall. Who does not know the Citizens' Hall?—and who does not honor the generous donor of it to the people, who modestly refused to allow his own name to be attached to the gift? He will live in this structure, and in his grand "People's University," far more securely than if they bore his plain family name. The superb auditorium, the perfect acoustic properties, the ever renewed purity of air, and soft yet brilliant illumination of this hall, are too well known to be again described. There is really nothing like it in the world.

The immense audience was seated ten minutes before the commencement of the lecture. A lady who sat in front of Phoebe, finding that her hat and its spreading folds of veil would interfere with the latter's vision, took them off; a tall man changed seats with a shorter one, to accommodate Mr. Dudley. Similar changes were cheerfully made in all parts of the audience, and the people were in the most amiable mood when, as the last stroke of the hour died away, the lecturer appeared. His clear, serene voice seemed to address itself to each listener; he felt the commingling of five thousand magnetic threads of intellect with his own, and they recognized that the joy was equal for him to speak, as for them to hear. He was occasionally interrupted by a half-suppressed stir, a soft rustle as of sudden freer breathing, rather than by loud applause; only at the close there came a prolonged cheer of delight, out of which rose, as it died away, the chords of a triumphal march, played by an unseen orchestra.

When they were all seated together in the return train, John Lloyd exclaimed: "There was strength enough for a year's life in that!"

"You have spoken my feeling," Phoebe answered; "I really think myself, at this moment, capable of undertaking something great."

"I must be a fool," Mr. Dudley groaned. "I don't feel that way, at all,—only a bit muddled and mixed up in my head. Now, what did he mean by all that about the integral man? I always thought that 'integral' had something to do with arithmetic. Can you tell me, Robert? Can you, Miss Clara?"

But Robert had slipped across the car, and was talking with a friend. Clara, meeting Mr. Dudley's questioning face, answered:

"Indeed I know no more than you do. He has a sweet voice, and I like to hear him talk,—and I'm very glad I've seen him at last; but, please, don't ask me what it was about!"

"I'm so glad!" Mr. Dudley exclaimed. "No!—that is—I dare say it's impolite in me,—it's a comfort to find that somebody else,—no, that I —"

Seeing that he was hopelessly tangled, Phoebe came to his relief. John Lloyd wondered at her patience, as she tried to explain the meaning of the enigmatical term, and recalled other passages, in the vain hope of enlightening a brain which, as he believed, would crack like a lamp-chimney if its flame of intelligence were much increased. The pains she took both pleased and annoyed him; her gentle kindness seemed to be so entirely thrown away upon the little fellow.

As they were leaving the train, he heard Mr. Dudley whisper to her:

"Oh, excuse me, but I must speak with you alone, on the way home."

At the same moment Robert called to them:

"Follow at your leisure, you four! I'm going with Styles, in his buggy, and you may thank me for ordering supper!"

John Lloyd sullenly hung back a little, and allowed Mr. Dudley to walk in advance with Phoebe. He did not hear Clara's commonplace remarks at his side; a power of passion and jealousy which he had never felt before surged through his blood and almost stifled his breathing. He heard a continual inward cry: "Can it be possible? *She to incline to him?*"

followed by a desperate denial; and yet there were the dim forms of the two, side by side, just before him! He was as wildly unreasonable in his thoughts as any man who has never read Lessing's "Laocoön" and understood Emerson.

Soon, however, the fiercest tumult subsided. He hurried Clara a little nearer, and (regardless of the unmanliness of the act) made his ears keen to catch some stray phrase or word which might hint at the secret talk of the two. Mr. Dudley's voice was low and indistinct, but at last he raised it slightly and uttered words which sounded like:

"When would you advise me to speak?"

Phoebe's answer was quite distinct:

"Now!—why not now?"

John Lloyd felt that he could endure no more. In a few strides he reached Phoebe's side; Mr. Dudley, to his surprise, started and shrank away.

John stood still. Quite unconsciously, he had taken Phoebe's hand and drawn it within his arm.

"Now!" he mechanically repeated; "why not now?"—at the same time stepping aside to let the other two pass on, which they did, apparently in a state of silent amazement.

"Mr. Lloyd," said Phoebe, recovering her self-possession, "you are acting very strangely."

"It surprises you, does it? Then I am afraid I cannot avoid surprising you still more,—and perhaps, unpleasantly." His voice, all at once, became sad and toneless.

"Perhaps I have been as great a fool as that little Dudley admits himself to be," he presently continued; "a minute ago I was mad with fear and jealousy."

"Jealousy!" Phoebe exclaimed, making a movement to withdraw her hand.

"Bear with me one moment! I will explain afterward; but the question must come first. Will you let me love you?"

Phoebe let her hand remain, and even leaned a little more perceptibly upon his arm. But she did not immediately answer.

"I will not insult your true and noble nature by referring to our positions in life," he continued. "I am laborious and ambitious, and shall rise. Is there that in me, as a man, which may fulfill the claim of your heart, as a woman? I cannot tell you how purely you answer mine."

"If you *will* love me, how can I help it? But it is not in my nature to take a gift without making some little return."

"The least is all to me!" he whispered in rapture, drawing her suddenly and strongly to his breast. She gave the one confirmation which he scarcely dared to seek,—she lifted her face and kissed him.

They walked onward.

"Now what did you mean by 'jealousy'?" she asked. "Surely not of Mr. Dudley?"

"It is already incredible to me," he answered, "and I am disgusted with myself."

"You saw that he sought an interview with me, I suppose. I granted it readily because I surmised the subject of his confidence; but I am not yet free to mention it to another."

"I shall never ask it!" John Lloyd exclaimed, with energy.

"Hush! Here we are at the gate; and there are Mr. Dudley and Clara, waiting under the elm! How considerate they are!—but I'm afraid it's too late to save appearances."

Her low happy laugh was celestial music to John Lloyd's ears; and he only felt a new sense of bliss, when, after giving his arm a slight pressure, she dropped it and advanced to meet Mr. Dudley, who was evidently seeking to make a second communication. Only a few whispers were interchanged, however; and then they all entered the house.

The room was as bright and cheerful as possible. A fire of hickory-wood sang on the hearth; the table sparkled with the colors of decorated salads, fruit, and a flask of wine of their own vintage. But brighter than all were the faces that came into the lamp-light.

"How you must have enjoyed the lecture, to be sure!" said Mrs. Nelson. "You are all perfectly radiant; I never saw the like. But you must be hungry, none the less. Come now, the supper waits!"

"Excuse me, one moment, Mrs. Nelson," said Mr. Dudley, stepping forward, with his blue eyes fairly blazing out of his flushed face,—*"I have a bit of news. That is, you have all been so kind to me,—and seeing how nice it is to have a home, and something to do,—and I talked to Miss Phoebe on the way home. She'll tell you, I'm sure, how glad she is; and she thought you wouldn't object,—and we both agree,—that's the greatest luck that ever came to me!—and now I must ask you if you'll let—let me—"*

"Dear Mr. Dudley," said Mrs. Nelson, coming to his relief; "don't trouble your-

self to say more! I see it in both your faces; and I assure you there's no young man to whom I would sooner trust Phœbe's happiness —"

The sight of her husband's stern and surprised face arrested her tongue. Every one was conscious of a shock, and for a moment no one spoke. Mr. Dudley was a picture of bewilderment.

"Phœbe!" he finally burst forth; "why it's Clara!"

The spell was broken.

"Happy, happy, happy, pair!" shouted Tom.

Mr. Nelson broke through his usually grave manner enough to say "Glorious!" and the next minute was shaking the hands off of both; but Mrs. Nelson, as is the way with feeble women when violently startled, trembled a great deal, laughed a little and shed a few tears. She hovered, in fact, on the brink of a hysterical fit, from which Mr. Nelson saved her by a glass of wine and a lump of sugar.

Then John Lloyd stood forth and spoke:

"I ask for Phœbe's hand, as I have to-night asked for her heart. I cannot expect

you to accept me now; but do not reject me without knowledge; take time to test my character!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Nelson.

But her husband came and looked steadily into the young carpenter's eyes. Even as he was moved himself, he found an answering emotion there. Phœbe came between, and gave one hand to her father and another to her lover. It was enough; nothing more was said.

But Robert, and the two boys, and Mr. Sydney Dudley and Clara, were all so joyously excited that the solemn mood soon melted into the cheerful one. * Mr. Nelson soon ventured to lead John and Phœbe to his wife, saying:

"This young man is already engaged to build our new manufactory in my place. Why should not he and Phœbe keep house here, while we two are in Washington?"

"I didn't think of that," she said, a smile already coming back to her face; "it *will* be convenient."

So they kissed all around, and everybody was happy.

THE DOVE.

If haply thou, O Desdemona Morn,
Shouldst call along the curving sphere, "Remain,
Dear Night, sweet Moor; nay, leave me not in scorn!"
With soft halloos of heavenly love and pain;—

Shouldst thou, O Spring! a-cower in coverts dark,
'Gainst proud supplanting Summer sing thy plea,
And move the mighty woods through mail'd bark
Till mortal heart-break throbb'd in every tree;—

Or (grievous *if* that may be *yea* o'er-soon!),
If thou, my Heart, long holden from thy Sweet,
Shouldst knock Death's door with mellow shocks of tune,
Sad inquiry to make—*When may we meet?*

Nay, if ye three, O Morn! O Spring! O Heart!
Should chant grave unisons of grief and love;
Ye could not mourn with more melodious art
Than daily doth yon dim sequestered dove.

IN ARCANA SYLVARUM.

HARK! . . .
What booming
Faints on the high-strung ear?
Through the damp woods (so dark
No flowers are blooming)
I hear, I hear
The twang of harps, the leap
Of hairy feet, and know the revel's ripe,
While, like a coral stripe,
The lizard cool doth creep,
Monster, but monarch there, up the pale Indian Pipe.

Hush! . . .
Your panting
Will scare them from their game.
Let not a foot-fall crush
Their rites enchanting!
The deadwood's flame,
Bellies of murdered fire-flies,
And glimmering moonstones thick with treasured rays
Shall help our round-eyed gaze
Antics unholy to surprise
Which the ungodly crew round the red lizard plays.

Now! . . .
No breathing
To spoil the heathenish dance!
Lest from each pendent bough
Poison be seething,—
A hair-fine lance
Pierce to our brain, and slowly slay.
But look your breathless fill, and mark them swing,
Man and maid a-capering,
Ugly, fair, morosely gay,
Round the red lizard smooth, crowned for their wicked king.

Back! . . .
Inhuman
Are gestures, laughs, and jeers.
Off, ere we lose the track!
Nor man, nor woman
May stand your leers,
Shameless and loose, uncovered creatures!
Quick, lest we join their orgies in the dark!
Back! For the madness stark
Is crawling through our natures
To touch the red lizard vile, spread on the damp white bark.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Recent Financial Legislation.

WE have no doubt that there have been honest men, West and South, who have believed in the silver bill which enacted that ninety cents' worth of silver should make a dollar. Exactly how they, as honest men, could come to any such belief as this, it is hard for a sane person to understand. Silver is already a drug in the market and a nuisance in the handling, and what its office is to be in making business livelier we cannot see. It makes money no cheaper; it must make it dearer. Money was not only abundant but cheap when the silver bill was enacted. It has not been cheaper or more abundant within our memory. Funding the public debt at four per cent. was an easy matter—a great deal easier before the passage of the silver bill than it is now. Good business paper could be discounted at four and five per cent. One can borrow all the money on bond and mortgage that he wants at lower figures than have prevailed any time within the last thirty years. Anything that shakes the public faith in the integrity and stability of the national legislation increases risk and calls for increased interest. Any cause that brings back our bonds to be absorbed by home capital tightens the money market and makes money dear.

The honest people of the South and West have been cheated, and it may as well be said, too, that the dishonest advocates of this measure have been disappointed. The striking out of the provision for free coinage spoiled the bill for its most enthusiastic advocates. What they wanted was the privilege of depositing nine hundred dollars' worth of silver and taking in exchange one thousand coined dollars. All that would be necessary to make a fortune under such circumstances would be to buy up silver at the market price, get the government to coin it for nothing, and pocket the profits. It was a nice scheme, and it is not at all certain at this writing that it will not yet be perfected. Cannot honest men everywhere see that this is a gross swindle, and that they are to handle these dollars in their business without profit, from which the silver men have clipped a dime for the lining of their own pockets? Value cannot be legislated into a piece of metal, and ninety cents coined will buy no more of the commodities of life than ninety cents uncoined. Value has never been legislated into paper, and never can be. Paper is only a promise to pay in coin, and paper is only a trifle less valuable than gold coin at the time we write, because it is the understanding that it is to be redeemed in gold, at an early date, in accordance with the resumption act.

We do not propose to discuss the merits and demerits of a bi-metallic currency. Certainly, it is accompanied by great inconveniences. When silver was demonetized, it was worth two per cent. more than gold. Since then the production of silver has

surpassed that of gold, and now it is worth in the markets of the world almost ten per cent. less. It must be evident, therefore, that great inconveniences will necessarily attend the use of two metals, more particularly as a legal tender for all sums and purposes. Silver is convenient for change, and the amounts involved are so small that differences in the value of the two metals are not worth taking into account; but when it comes to paying public and private debts, the cheaper metal will always be used, and the dearer will be driven out of use altogether. Nothing is gained to anybody, in any way; for the prices of things are regulated by the markets of the world, and our ninety cents will never buy a hundred cents' worth of anything. If it was thought desirable to remonetize silver, then the silver dollar should have been made equal to the gold dollar. That would have been a legitimate operation. Indeed, there was no way in which to give us the real "dollar of the daddies" but by making it worth two per cent. more than gold.

There is not the slightest question that it has been the long-established understanding between the nation and its creditors that its debt would be paid in gold. Those who have strenuously maintained that this understanding should be honored have been offensively stigmatized as "gold-bugs," "bloated bond-holders," and so on to the end of the list. But who are these creditors? What they are abroad, we do not know, but here they are very largely those who cannot afford to lose principal or interest. They are widows and orphans whose money has been invested in "governments" for security; they are savings-banks; they are insurance companies,—mutual and otherwise. The bonds are held as the most sacred trust funds, because the word of the government is behind them. They are the basis of the whole bank circulation of the country. Our financial system rests on them, and our silver people, as a measure of relief (!), give a stab at the value of these securities. Can infatuation go any further than this? Are our legislators children? Children or knaves they would seem to be. If names are to be called from the other side, we may as well respond. It seems to us that the day which General Butler hopes to see, when United States bonds will be quoted at fifty cents on the dollar, will be rather a sad one for our people—silver men and all.

But there is something beyond all this of which we wish to say a word. No document has placed the relations of this subject to the national honor in any better light than the president's veto of the silver bill. It was a simple statement of the facts. As a nation, we break our word and betray our honor by voting to pay our public debts with a "clipped dollar." This is the deepest wound of all; and we ask our Western friends to believe—what is strictly true—that there is no mercenary motive involved in the opposition of the East to the

silver bill that compares at all in strength with its chagrin and sense of national degradation and shame. Nothing was ever sincerer or more genuine than the feeling that by this act America has lost caste. We have felt a genuine pride in the strength of our securities in the markets of the world. We have noticed with great satisfaction the re-funding of these securities at the lowest rates of interest. We have exulted in the fact that while no other nation dreamed of paying its debt, our own debt was actually being paid. We have looked forward to the proud day when the money we handle should be no more a lie, but when it should be the money of the nations. We are humbled by the spirit of repudiation, by the first act of repudiation, by a feverish and tumultuous return to financial chaos, by the successful schemes of dreamers and demagogues in an attempt to cheat our creditors and get something for nothing.

The Defeat of the Turk.

By all the world except Turkey, the defeat of this power in its struggle with Russia has been foreseen. There has never been any doubt about it, notwithstanding the early successes of the inferior nation. The Turkish finances were hopeless, the government was weak, the *morale* of the people was bad. Fatalism had ceased to be a match for faith, and fanaticism, though brilliant in its first efforts, went down before discipline. The Czar has had his own way; and there has been something very strong and majestic in the style in which he has gone from conquest to conquest, winning all that he strove for, making his own terms of peace, and paying only the slightest attention to the bluster of the great power that looked jealously on, questioning his progress only with angry words and a silent fleet. Practically, Russia has said to England: "This is my fight, and, while I do not want any trouble with you, I intend to get what I am striving for, and you must make the best of it." She has won her aims, and it looks as if England were regarded now by Turkey in a less friendly way than Russia herself. It certainly seems as if, in the future, Turkey must depend upon Russia as a sort of protector. She can never go to war with her old enemy again, and she will naturally turn to Russia for countenance and help in any future complication with other powers. England has lost her opportunity for gaining a controlling influence in Turkey, and the long-time Russian enemy is pretty sure to become the "next friend."

Very curious are the changes wrought by war on national feeling. To the nation that might have helped her when she was in peril—to the only nation that had any apology for helping her—and that stood aloof and saw her whipped almost to death, Turkey can only look in the future with profound dislike and distrust. To the nation with which she has had a struggle, very creditable to her bravery and prowess, she now turns for friendship, if not for protection. The Czar sends his congratulations to the Sultan on the anniversary of his

accession to the throne, with the desire of "renewing friendly relations;" and the Sultan heartily responds, and finds in the fact that the congratulations and the news of the signature of peace reach him at the same moment,—a coincidence which presages "good and lasting relations" between them. Men who have fought well with each other are very apt to cherish a genuine respect for each other; and the fact that Russia has whipped Turkey will give her a moral influence over that country more important than the stipulated conditions of the peace. At any rate, the Turk has seen very plainly that England cares for nothing but herself, in the matter between him and the Muscovite, and he will naturally lean to the power which he has the most reason alike to respect and to fear.

Turkey long since reached the point where her revenues ceased to meet her expenses. There is really nothing before her now but bankruptcy and ruin. How long this can be delayed does not appear, but it seems pretty certain that she has no help within herself. She was practically bankrupt when the late war began, and there is not only no nation that would lend money to her now, but her own people are so crippled in their production, and drained of their resources, that taxation can give her but lessened revenues. Her path must be downward for the future; for, alas! she can never reform. And precisely here lies the most important lesson of the recent struggle. A corrupt form of Christianity comes into collision for the third or fourth time with Moslemism, and here is the result. The history of the two nations is a history of the two religions, in contact and collision. Perhaps we ought to say that it is a history of two civilizations based on different religions.

We think that no one can read Wallace's book on Russia, published a year ago—certainly one of the most genuine and thorough books ever written—without concluding that the practical holding of the Christian religion in Russia is very incompetent, if not corrupt. There is no part of the Roman Church that would seem to be any more superstitious than the Greek, as it exists in Russia. The clergy are far from being blameless and exemplary men, and the vitalities of Christianity seem to our Protestant notions hardly to be apprehended at all. Yet Christianity is held, even in Russia, in such a form that improvement and growth are not only possible but practically secured. There is improvement from century to century. The light of learning grows brighter and brighter. The rule of absolutism is softened. The serfs have been set at liberty, and the logical results of this great act are all in the direction of progress, though the progress be slow. The people have simple wants, but they are comfortable, and in this last great war they have exhibited the most splendid and enduring qualities. And it is to be remembered that they have won their position in the world against the depressing influences of an inhospitable climate and a stingy soil.

The Turk, on the other hand, has had all the advantages of prestige, climate, soil and position; but the Koran has been his sacred book, and

Mohammed has been his prophet. Dr. Storrs, in his recent address, characterized him as monotheist, fatalist, fanatic and sensualist. His monotheism has probably not injured him, but the fatalism, fanaticism, and sensualism that have come from his acceptance of Mohammed as the one prophet of the one God, have placed him forever outside of the path of improvement, and only decay and death lie before him. Monotheism, as taught by Mohammed, and held by the Turk, forms the basis of a civilization which cannot possibly stand before the aggressive force of a nation which builds upon Christianity—though most incompetently and unworthily. Of course the Turk will not see this, and cannot be brought to admit it, but the world sees it and ought to learn its lesson from it. One nation has its eyes open, and is looking for light in all directions. It is striving to keep abreast of the best civilization of the world. It is sympathetic with freedom and education. The other learns nothing. It sees nothing worthy outside of itself and is as savage to-day—as remorseless and sensual and intolerant—as in the days of its power and pride. So Russia is to increase until it shall become a great overshadowing power, and Turkey is to dwindle until she sinks beneath contempt.

The Talk about Retribution.

We have just passed through, or we are now passing through, one of the most disgusting episodes in religious discussion that this country has ever witnessed. Its distinguishing characteristics have been irreverence and vulgarity. A modest pastor in Massachusetts was denied the pulpit to which he had been elected, on account of his failure to indorse the old orthodox dogma, concerning everlasting punishment. The council that took the responsibility of this proscription will live long enough, we hope, to see that it did a bad thing for itself, for the public, and for Christianity. The legitimate discussion that grew out of this event, we have no fault to find with. It was needed, and it will not fail to have a good result. It was a matter that specially concerned the Christian world, and one that ought to have been discussed with the modesty and dignity which should distinguish all treatment of the solemn questions that touch man's immortality.

How was it treated? Precisely as if it were a question of politics and partisanship,—it was put to vote! In the same spirit with which a train of passengers is canvassed on the eve of a great election, the newspaper press interviewed the neighboring ministers to see how they stood on the question of "hell," and to learn how they should have voted had they been members of the council whose action had started the discussion. We can imagine reporters doing just this, for 'tis their nature to—do just this. We do not know of any inquiry at which they would hesitate, if its answer would add piquancy to their contributions; but, while we have no sympathy with this sort of enterprise, we spare our condemnation of it in the presence of the fact that ministers in large numbers responded to their inquiries,

with just as much apparent readiness as if the question had related only to the Bland silver bill, or any other political measure or matter. If irreverence and vulgarity can go further than this, we have no idea in what direction they would travel. For ministers to consent to form an outside council, and have their votes recorded by the public press on any special question that one of their own regularly constituted councils had decided, would have been a grave discourtesy, to say the least. To "stand and be counted" by a newspaper reporter, while they voted on the subject of everlasting punishment, was a surrender of their self-respect, a degradation of their office and position, and a fatal vulgarizing of the whole question, of which every man among them ought to be profoundly ashamed.

When a question gets down as low as this, it is of course the privilege of every blackguard to besmirch it with his own style of handling. Colonel Ingersoll, an open unbeliever,—especially about the mouth,—has had his tilt at it. His words were diligently reported, and so loudly and persistently hawked about the streets by newsboys, that "Colonel Ingersoll" and "hell" will forever be associated in the public mind.

The result of vulgarizing this question, in this way, is about as bad as it can be. No one, we suppose, will deny that it is to reduce it to one of very little moment. A question on which men divide as partisans,—a question which is decided by votes and not by arguments,—a question which ostensibly rests in men's opinions, and is kicked about by the lowest orators and the lowest processes,—is one that soon becomes deprived of its importance; and men who trembled in the prospect of endless suffering as the consequence of sin, cease, at last, to believe in retribution altogether. No greater misfortune could happen to the world than this, for, if there is one thing in which revelation, science, and experience thoroughly agree, it is in the doctrine that suffering is, and must forever be, the consequence of sin. A man must trample on his own common-sense before he can believe that if he falls asleep in this world an impure, vicious, malignant man, he will wake up in the next a saint in heaven. To lose the idea of retribution is to lose the idea that holds the moral world in equipoise. To make God so tender and loving that without repentance and reformation He will "clear the guilty," is to degrade Him beneath human contempt. It blots out the sense of justice; it transforms crime into a mistake; it makes nothing of that which has filled this world with misery, and that which will fill any world with misery, so long as it may be persisted in. As long as consequence follows cause, just so long will retribution follow sin, whether in this world or the next; and to blot out the belief in retribution in any man's mind is to demoralize and debauch him.

Of the more dignified discussions of the question of everlasting punishment, it is proper to say a word. That there is a considerable number of orthodox ministers who have given up, or are giving up their belief in this dogma, there is no question. The loosening hold upon it has been evident

for many years. Endless torment has been talked very little about in American and English pulpits for the last decade, and is rarely, except in a general way, presented as a motive to a religious life. The Indian Orchard minister has a multitude of sympathizers among his professional brethren, and the number is growing larger rather than smaller. The change comes partly of a change of views of the character of God, partly of a change of ideas concerning the office of punishment, and partly of new and better interpretations of Scripture. Such men as Canon Farrar and Rev. Dr. Whiton—eminent alike as orthodox Christians and scholars—have had a great deal of influence on the professional mind of the day, in determining that phase of the question which scholarship can alone determine, viz., that which depends upon the exact interpretation of all

that the sacred writings have to say upon it. Dr. Whiton's little book has made, and is making, a profound impression; and so important is it deemed by some of those who have read it, that money has been freely put into his hand for its distribution.

If there is to be a future life,—and this is the faith of Christendom and heathendom,—it goes without saying that there is to be retribution in it; but, as we have read Dr. Whiton's book, there is no declaration in Scripture that the punishment is to be endless,—and no declaration that it is not to be. The book is quite worthy of any man's reading, and we commend it particularly to those whose votes have been canvassed by the reporters. If they have not already perused it, they will learn that they voted before they had all the light there was to be had upon the subject.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Royal Marriage.

(The readers of "A Queen at School," in the April number of *SCRIBNER*, will be especially interested in the following account by an eye-witness of the marriage of Mercédès and Alphonso:)

MADRID, January 27th.—The city is crowded beyond all conception, chiefly with Spaniards and the different ambassadors, with their suites, who are here to congratulate the young king upon his marriage.

We pay three prices for everything, and find it almost impossible to get a carriage for the *filles*. But Madrid is wonderfully improved. The "Retiro," formerly a royal park and summer residence, is opened to the public, and has become the great drive of the grandes. It is finer than the Bois de Boulogne and much larger. The Prada and the Castellana seem given up to the lower classes, but are greatly improved and extended, and the king has six thousand galley-slaves working upon these drives. The Retiro has fine views, and, indeed, the whole city is more picturesque and interesting than I remembered it.

But now for a little gossip about royalty. I sent my card, soon after our arrival, to the Marquise de Calderon, *dame d'honneur* to the Infanta, and had a most obliging note, fixing the hour for me to come to her next day. I found her living in the palace in simple style, looking well, and more than ever devoted to her dear Infanta, who must be, from all accounts, a noble and sensible woman. Her influence over her brother always has been good. As to the king, Madame de Calderon says he is most extraordinary for his intelligence and information. There is no subject suggested in conversation upon which he will not tell you something you have not heard before, and that with a tact and modesty which makes it more interesting. Politics, literature, art, it is the same with all of them. Madame Calderon went with him and his sister to the Picture

Gallery once (soon after he came), and he astonished the directors and the president by his information, giving them a dissertation on the pre-Raphaelites.

We have been to see the American ambassador, Mr. Lowell, who confirms this report of the king's cleverness. He dined with him at La Grange, and, after dinner, the king came on the veranda and spoke with all his guests. Instead of talking American politics, as crowned heads generally do with Americans, and blundering over them, the king talked of Spanish literature with Mr. Lowell, criticising with an originality which convinced Mr. Lowell that he had an opinion of his own and was not "crammed" for the occasion. And he is but twenty! It is delightful to know that his bride is worthy of him. Madame de Calderon says Mercédès is as good as she is pretty, and they are as devoted to each other as any two young lovers in ordinary life. Madame de Calderon went with the king and the princess to Seville, and remained eighteen days, after the engagement was announced, so that the king might visit his *fiancée* daily. The king and the princess stayed in the Alcazar, where Madame de Calderon says she nearly froze to death, and she wonders what the Moorish kings were made of to endure all that cold marble and those cooling fountains. But she did not tell us that the young lovers found it cold.

Madame de Calderon showed us her dress for the marriage. It consisted of a silk of the color we call "tilleul,"—a pale, greenish yellow,—with overdress in front of tulle, embroidered in green vine-leaves, with gold tendrils, the ground covered with spangles. On the back of the dress, dark-green velvet leaves were cut on ground of the same tilleul, and there were little flounces in front of tulle and cut velvet. Over all was a court-train, two and a half yards long, of the silk, with ending of velvet; and low neck, with short sleeves, for this dear old lady, who is over seventy-five, and who was sure she would perish in the cold church.

The queen's bridal dress was of white satin, covered with point d'Alençon lace, and veil to match; orange blossoms on the dress, and a coronet of pearls, the present of the Princess of Asturias (the Infanta), with a necklace, the present of the king, completed the simple royal toilet. The queen has one gold crown which weighs a pound and a quarter; one dress of pale blue silk, trimmed with pearls; one of yellow, with fringes of amber; one of rose color, trimmed with silver lace; another crimson, with gold lace, and a black satin, embroidered in all colors, etc., etc. With every one of these dresses there is a paletot and a court mantle which falls behind to the end of the train.

In the procession on the day of the marriage were sixty-eight grand carriages of the king, the ambassadors, and the grandes of Spain. The latter were drawn by six horses; the royal carriages by eight horses. There were no coachmen, but gorgeous lackeys walking on each side of every coach, and three and four footmen behind. Between every royal coach went detachments of royal guards in white and crimson, with white plumes, and mounted on white Arabians. When returning from the church, the king and queen were in a glass coach, with a gilt crown on top, drawn by eight milk-white Arabians. In front of the whole cortege were led the king's blooded horses, with antique saddles and accouterments of the old king's. Detachments of splendid troops accompanied the procession, and after the return to the palace, the royal party came out upon the balcony and reviewed thirty thousand troops. Such gorgeous uniforms and such horses I never saw,—nearly all of the Andalusian and Arabian breeds. The king had a present from the King of Morocco of some very fine Arabians. Queen Victoria sent the young queen a magnificent diamond bracelet and an autograph letter; and the Prince of Wales sent the king a scimitar, with gold scabbard, covered with sapphires and turquoises and with a suitable motto on the blade. These gifts came by a special ambassador, the Earl of Roslyn, who is in this house (Hotel de la Paix), with a grand suite, in which a dozen of the "crack" regiments are represented. The earl brought his own coach and his tall English flunkies, with powdered wigs.

Every night we have had beautiful illuminations of the whole city,—no one street or house is omitted,—and from every window of every house hang crimson and yellow,—the royal colors,—with crowns, coats-of-arms, etc., of the different families.

We went to the grand mass and Te Deum the day after the marriage, and heard most ravishing music from the greatest masters of Spain. Each day we see the royal party go by to some *fête*, sometimes in open carriages, the king, bareheaded, bowing to the crowd and looking so happy, and she so sweet and pretty; and we went to a royal bull-fight, which was just as horrible to look at as a common one, though the *coup d'œil* was magnificent, and the entry upon the scene of the knights in antique costume, with pages, attended by the *espadas*, the *picadores*, and the *bandilleros*, was most imposing. These men—the *espadas*, *picadores*, etc.,—glittered with embroidery of gold and silver on tight-fitting breeches of colored satins, silk stockings and shoes. The horses pranced; the knights were driven round the avenue in magnificent carriages, with six horses, and greeted with great enthusiasm. I will spare you the description of the bull-fight. We left soon after the blood began to flow, and I will never be persuaded to try another.

I notice in our drives that Parisian bonnets and hats are worn now by all the ladies. Many of these ladies are very pretty, with their clear complexions, both the olive and the blonde. Very few mantillas appear in the carriages. We see the women of middle rank in the streets all wearing the mantilla; the peasant women have usually bright foulards gracefully wound round their heads.

We saw in the royal stables some beautiful horses. One little pony was very curious with a fur coat, all black and curly, precisely like fine Astrachan. The pony-carriage of the Princess d'Asturias was just ready for her afternoon drive, with six beautiful ponies from Novarro, their heads ornamented with full bunches of red and blue tassels. They dashed off with such spirit. I thought the princess must have strong wrists, as well as steady nerves, to guide them. They told us she often drove them herself.

EMILY V. MASON.

THE OLD CABINET.

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,

"And I will do my part."

"Tis not a theme you need," the world replied,

"So much as a heart."

"Thus Fate knocks at the door," said Beethoven of the opening chords of the Fifth Symphony. It is this imminence of Fate that gives solemnity to Modjeska's "Camille." In the hands of such an actor the modern French play has the grace, the power, the impression of one of the old Greek tragedies.

"He calls himself a man of broad sympathies in art," I heard some one say the other day; "but he is one of those men whose sympathies are broad in the direction of the conventional and the commonplace. Show him a work of depth and originality, and you will see how soon his sympathies run against a wall."

We have often heard it said by artists that the Philistine—meaning by that term not only the man who does not understand art, but the man who never

can understand it; and who never really likes it, no matter how much he may profess to like it—that the genuine Philistine admires only pictures that have, as he calls it, “finish,” meaning by that expression “smoothness to the touch.” But a little experience will convince any one that what the Philistine really dotes upon is not mere smoothness of paint; there are many smooth paintings which he abominates. No; it is something more than this that is requisite to move his heart. A picture must not only be level to the touch and sleek to the eye; it must have those traits of insipidity and shallowness and empty prettiness which appeal to his sympathies and his understanding. There was a case in point at the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists,—a group, not only “finished” in the artistic sense, but, as it happened, painted smoothly. But the smoothness was attained by no loss of freshness; it was a mere accident of handling; the work was in reality broad, and done with a rapid touch. To the untrained eye of the Philistine, however, there was nothing to show that the pigment had not been laid on in infinitesimal touches; that the level look of the paint was not the result of the “niggling” which he calls “conscientiousness.” And yet there was not in the Exhibition a painting against which the Philistine girded as he did against that. He could not bide it. It was smooth, undoubtedly, but it was also good.

EVERY one interested in the progress of art in America must have been gratified with the formation of “The Society of American Artists,” with the dignified manner in which it has been conducted, and with the splendid artistic success of its first exhibition.* The movement which resulted in this new organization was a natural and a healthful one. That the new enterprise has been conducted in a kindly and generous spirit, no one can deny, though even if it had all been done angrily and contentiously, who can say that it should not have been done at all,—for anything is better than stagnation, and stagnation is the very evil against which the young society is a living protest? It should not be forgotten that the greatest artist that ever lived went through life with a broken nose—symbol of the wrath and cantankerousness inseparable from the true art career.

As to the exhibition in the Kurtz Gallery, after all that may justly be said in depreciation,—as to, here and there, mannerism, feeble imitation, conventionality, shallowness,—it still remains a fact that there was never before made a representative exhibition of paintings by Americans of such a high grade of excellence,—with so insignificant a proportion of downright poor work. So much in praise of those who have managed the exhibition. But it is a fact still more significant and encouraging that the exhibition revealed, not only an amount of training and skill among both our old and young artists, but also a mastership in qualities rare and unteachable,

which must before long place American art at least on a par with the contemporary art of any other country.

A MOVEMENT like that of the new Society, so far from being a “foreign” thing, is a most gratifying augury of the true sort of nationality in our art, and has been recognized as such by the most intelligent part of the public and the press; it means not merely that hereafter foreign study will be less important, but that art is to have a congenial home in this new world. The question as to where an artist studies is, of course, of no consequence, except as it relates to his opportunities and advantages,—and the time may never come when an American artist can do his best without crossing the ocean, either to take his place in the schools, or actually to see the most important work of the old masters. But if in going abroad the artist parts from his nationality, he loses his “best hold.” Hitherto it has been necessary to go abroad, not only for proper instruction; not only for the opportunity of visiting the great galleries; not only because living is cheaper there, and the artist finds his path smoothed in every direction; not only on account of all these advantages, but also because of the comradeship to be had there, the mutual criticism, and the indefinable and indispensable “art atmosphere,” without which he cannot breathe. Certainly New York is not yet all that the artist could desire as a home; but he already begins to feel that there is a chance here; in the matter, at least, of comradeship and “atmosphere” he is certainly better off now than ever before, and the future is full of promise. It was only the other day that one of the strongest of our young artists—and one, too, who had had no lack of foreign training—sent word from Paris (whither he had been compelled to return) that he wanted to get home again,—that, for him, there was more encouragement and inspiration in America than anywhere else. “In New York,” he said, “it is like taking part in a revolution.” That is the ring of the true metal.

* * * “For whosoever works
Without a country, in whatever art,
Counts as an artist only second best.” *

WE found in the paper the other day a dispatch from the capital of a neighboring state, which read like the final chapter of an American novel. The first chapters we were already somewhat familiar with. The hero of the story was just the man for his part—with a voice cavernous and solemn, a bearing of overwhelming dignity, and a mellifluousness of speech that was the very oil of gammon. He went about the streets a perpetual parody upon himself. It was easy enough to see through him; most people did see through him, and smiled knowingly whenever his back was turned. But there are always a number of persons in a community who lack that sixth and most important sense—the power

* Officers of the society: Walter Shirlaw, President; Augustus St. Gaudens, Vice-president; Wyatt Eaton, Secretary; Louis C. Tiffany, Treasurer. Founded June 1st, 1877.

* Dr. T. W. Parsons; “The Birthday of Michelangelo.”

of detecting a "fraud" at sight. Our hero went on his way rejoicing; he became a public man; he controlled newspapers; he took a prominent position in the church; he went in for reform; he wanted to protect the people from oppressive taxation; he was talked of for governor on a reform ticket; he started a savings-bank; he swindled his depositors and was sent to state-prison, with the following words from the judge ringing in his ears:

"It was a theft from poor people, and not an ordinary theft. You violated the law, and did it, as the court is satisfied, by deceitful contrivances and plans deeply laid. After committing this crime, you aggravated it, in a moral point of view, by causing the impression that it was not you, but your own children, who were the guilty ones. In this you offended common decency and common honesty. The court wishes you to understand that it believes this pretense to be all false. You are the man that took the money—every cent of it—by wretched contrivances to cheat poor people. Your case has no feature of mitigation, and the court has nothing to do but to pronounce sentence, which is that for embezzling the funds as an officer of the bank, you be confined at hard labor in the state-prison for three years, and for conspiracy to defraud, to imprisonment for two years, the second term to commence at the expiration of the first, making five years in all."

Does any one suppose that the miserable man whose career is sketched above, could have done the harm he has done, if those good persons in the community who knew him to be a charlatan, had treated him as such? The sculptors who get up public "monuments," for the purchase of their own caricatures of distinguished men, all have on the subscription-lists the names of other men, scarcely less distinguished. The amateur writers who seem to think they can get intelligent readers only by dint of recommendations, after the manner of patent soap manufacturers, are never at a loss for celebrated names as signatures to their certificates. The point that we wish to make is that frauds—financial, social, literary, artistic—get their opportunity to do harm by the good-natured acquiescence of the better part of the community. We never knew a dead-beat who did not have some good man—some "genial reviewer"—for his apologist and "backer."

DEAR O. C.—You have a right to be disappointed, if you look for any lined and squared, cut to pattern, conventional sonnets in my writings. I have been always of the opinion that prosody is a great evil. What do I care, any way, how Petrarch, or Shakspeare, or Keats molded a sonnet? Am I to knuckle to those fellows? I originate the ideas of my poems. Why, therefore, ought I to conform to other men's patterns of expression? I say that my — *is* a sonnet, and has in it all the sonnet's completeness, notwithstanding some outright novelties of form and treatment. I would be glad to have you read,

if you have not, Charles Baudelaire's "La Géante," and say what you think of it—as a sonnet. But I am always glad to have these criticisms—they help me.
Very sincerely, C. B. A.

MY DEAR C. B. A.—I see you have misunderstood me. In the first place, what I said was only meant as a suggestion. You called the poems "sonnets," and they were fourteen lines long. Why fourteen lines? Why be such a slave to Petrarch, or Shakspeare, or Keats, or any of those convention-ridden, down-trodden, old literary grinders?—and why ten syllables? Why not twelve, twenty-five, or seven?

By name, and to the eye, you promise sonnets; and lo, they are not sonnets! It was this fact to which I called your attention. I didn't mean to circumscribe you. I like your poems; I would rather have any one of them than five hundred of the cut-and-dried and juiceless things that you can find any day in current literature,—*"mere anatomies,"* without flesh or spirit. But it struck me as inexact and misleading, and disappointing, to call them sonnets,—as that word suggests to those who would most highly appreciate your work something very different.

I never made a bugaboo of the sonnet, and I don't care for it as a curiosity. I hate sonnets written in the "curious" mood, unless it is a big poet's mood,—Shelley's, or Keats's, for instance, or even Leigh Hunt's when he is at his best. But, in writing them, I think the poet should be familiar with every rule,—so familiar that the form is as natural as his old hat. He should take up the form when he goes to write a sonnet, just as he takes up his old hat when he goes out for a walk.

He should know it well, and use it intelligently and freely, as Milton and Wordsworth did the Italian form.

Your sonnets are neither after the English (Shaksperian) nor the Italian form, nor are they a mixture of the two. How do I like Baudelaire's "Géante"? I like it well. It is, to be sure, "irregular," but there is method in its madness; it does not commit the unpardonable sin of running into each other the rhymes of the two main divisions, as your "sonnets" do.

You are right. Form is not the principal thing in poetry. But neither is formlessness, as certain false teachers would have us believe;—something deeper, more vital, more strenuous than either, the heart of man and the keen test of time require.

O. C.

THE reviews of current art and literature are proving again the invariable rule, that wherever there appears a clever and shallow imitator, there always springs up some learned and profound critic to tell us that his imitation is better than the original.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Little Venture in Co-operation.

I WAS driven out of Chicago by the great fire, and in the following spring found myself in a western village. When I perceived all the villagers stirring the earth and planting, I too tried to make a garden. It was a failure: I did not realize enough from it to pay the interest on the seeds and labor-hire. There was nothing in the shape of a market in the place. A German woman, living two miles out, occasionally brought in a basket of vegetables, when other business called her to town. It did not pay to come oftener, she said, because she found so few buyers. She was called "The Comet." I had occasion to remember afterward the fine quality of her vegetables.

In my rounds among the villagers, in search of vegetables, I discovered that mine was not the only failure: not one garden in eight was a success. I had to pay four or five times more than prices usual in Chicago.

On every lot considerable gardening-work had been done. Each had been plowed and planted, and had received one weeding or more, yet seven in eight had been given over because other work crowded or seemed more profitable, or from inability to carry out first plans. As I saw, over the fences, the weed-possessed garden-spots, there came a thought of the possibilities had the scattered efforts—the lick-and-promise work—been concentrated on one garden of three or four acres. This thought was spoken to one and another of the villagers as complaints were heard of the dearth of fresh vegetables and of high prices.

After considerable planning, a determination was formed to make an effort at co-operative gardening, and to make the effort that summer, while the garden-failures were before the peoples' eyes, and while they were sighing over their ill-furnished tables. I began with my nearest neighbor, and went from door to door, trying to work up an interest in the subject. The first attitude of a community toward a new idea is usually one of incredulity. The men allowed the matter to go in at one ear and out at the other. Women generally conceded my statements and claims. Some wanted to see the experiment tried, but evidently at other people's risk. Not one offered help. But in arguing away objections, the subject became more defined, and I became convinced that the theory was practicable; opposition increased enthusiasm.

At length invitations were issued to twenty-three of the most prominent ladies for a meeting at my house. Twenty-one came. In a few carefully digested words, I outlined a plan for a co-operative garden, and invited a free discussion. There was an immediate response from the proprietor of a dry-goods store,—a woman whose business ability was worthy a broader field. She indorsed the plan and signified her wish to enter such an association. A widow of means who had no garden-help in the

way of sons was the second recruit. Several declarations of interest were made from members of the company, but there was but one other positive accession that evening.

During the following week the matter was widely discussed. The next meeting was largely attended, and resulted in four accessions. We now felt warranted in organizing. Officers were elected, committees appointed, and in due time a constitution and by-laws adopted. Our proceedings may not have been strictly parliamentary, but they served the purpose in binding us together and in defining our line of action. Twenty-one shares at five dollars were sold, the holders having the privilege of working out their dues on the garden. I was on the committee for sale of shares; in more than one instance I had to agree to advance the money, and to take my pay in goods or work,—wood-sawing, beefsteak, millinery, etc.

Land could not be rented in a body on advantageous terms, so we decided that our own garden-spots—those reasonably near together—might be utilized, and thus the risk in our untried scheme diminished. Next to my place was a vacant acre lot, the property of a share-holder; this was made the nucleus of our garden. Every square in the neighborhood had its half-acre garden-spot; so it was easy to secure all the ground we wanted.

We decided against a man overseer as too costly. The German "Comet" was a superior practical gardener; knew the worth of labor; did not hold herself at a high figure and was industrious and faithful. We elected her head-gardener, requiring her to take three shares in stock. She was to decide when and how the gardens were to be worked; when and how the vegetables were to be gathered; to employ the help,—usually women and children,—to conduct the gardening, in short, according to her best judgment, co-operating with an advisory committee of the stockholders, consisting of the most successful gardeners in the association. This committee met every week at the market-place, while the general meeting of the stockholders was held monthly.

Our chief rented out her place, and took a house in the neighborhood of the gardens, adjoining one of them, indeed, and here the market was established. Tables, stands, benches, etc., were given or loaned by the stockholders. The vegetables were gathered at their prime, and here exposed for sale. Prices were put down to the lowest figures consistent with prudence, and were about one-third those of previous seasons in the place. So that it was soon in everybody's mouth that it was cheaper to buy your "garden stuff" at the "Corporation," as our market was called, than to raise it yourself. All the stockholders, even to the head-gardener paid the full retail price for everything they had from the garden.

As we had no facilities for shipping any surplus,

after the village supply, our gardener, with true German instinct, suggested a method for utilizing this surplus—"some leetle peegs." A stale vegetable was never offered from her tables and benches.

Before passing to figures, which usually form the most interesting part of such a prosaic article as this, I should like to state with emphasis, that we did a strictly cash business. Not even our president was allowed to eat an unpaid-for radish.

At the very start, we incurred expenses which seemed formidable, and which roused the anxiety of every stockholder. All were incited in behalf of the enterprise, and its progress throughout the season was followed with great interest.

The following figures represent approximately the result of our venture:

OUTLAY.	
Rent	\$ 45
Gardener	70
Plants and seeds	33
Manure	37
Labor during season	240
Probable wear of implements and interest	15
Total	\$ 440
INCOME.	
Lettuce and radishes	\$ 31
Peas	27
Beans	33
Beets	62
Sweet-corn	48
Onions	94
Sweet potatoes	70
Irish potatoes	186
Cucumbers	81
Tomatoes	113
Egg-plant and salsify	15
Parsnips and carrots	16
Turnips and cabbages	301
Melons	46
Total	\$1143
Total outlay	440
Profit	\$703

It is also worth saying that this does not take account of the handsome little sum we made by buying and raising the pigs, for which we bought corn. We had fed the village better than it had ever been fed before, and not the village only, but many farmers' families. Of course, after this signal success, we had no trouble in selling our stock.

The second year, we did even better. We had hot-beds at a cost trifling compared with their returns. We sold plants instead of buying them as at first, and received good prices for early vegetables. The potato-crop, this second year, was a failure as far as our section at large was concerned; but our crop was good. We raised over four hundred bushels, which averaged ninety cents per bushel. Our methods remained essentially unchanged. This second year was the best we have experienced. The association has had its vicissitudes; the two past springs have been wet and unfavorable, but it has not failed to declare the regular dividends, and the members have never failed of an abundance of good fresh table supplies.

The motive of this paper has been a conviction that hundreds of villages in the land need practical suggestions in the direction to which it points.

K.

Suggestions from Correspondents.

TOO MUCH DECORATION.

LADIES who live in the country are particularly liable to "overdo" their decoration. They get many a hint of beautiful objects that can be made with little trouble, from magazines and papers, and they must needs try their skill in constructing the pretty knickknacks. Sometimes a beautiful ornament is thus made; but many times the lack of the needful materials, so easily procured in the city, but so difficult to find in the country, will cause a poor imitation of what was designed to be a "thing of beauty." We might cite many examples of this enthusiastic pursuit of various kinds of fancy-work—worsted-work, for instance. We shudder to think of the time spent,—wasted,—the eyes ruined, over ugly pieces of embroidery,—ottomans, pillows, slippers, etc. Just now the mania is for painting upon pottery. With able instruction this enthusiasm might be turned into good channels. But what shall be said of that invention of some mediocre mind—the pasting upon ginger-jars of cheap and tawdry pictures? When we see our shelves and tables covered with these vases, match-safes, cigar-holders, etc., and know that, from regard to the feelings of the young artists, these must be placed in a conspicuous position and favorable light, we are in danger of wishing that all pottery could be buried so deep in the ground that even the indefatigable Schliemann could not unearth it. A parlor ought not to be littered with such trifles. Better a few good and not costly pictures, such as engravings, or Braun's autotypes of celebrated paintings, in inexpensive frames; ornaments sparingly used, but beautiful in themselves and from association; a very few thrifty plants, not too delicate, but those that will give plenty of flowers and will not require all the sunshine; best of all, good books in plain cases. Leave space for the new volume and the magazine upon the table, and for the bright evening lamp; space upon the floor for the children's toys, and for themselves to frolic; and let not even the honest dog or the gentle cat be banished lest they break or mar some frail piece of fancy-work. So shall we be kept from the worry and care of too many treasures, and find time for reading, for study, for play with the little ones, and perhaps for practicing at times the almost lost art of plain sewing.

H.

A CHEAP WATER-FILTER.

THE house in which I now live, having been built before the water-works of the city, contains several large cisterns, with force-pump in the kitchen, to carry the water to a tank on top. Recently, while having them cleaned out, I explored them and found two of them side by side; one into which the water runs from the house is about eight by eight, and ten feet deep; the other, about ten by ten, and twelve feet deep. These are connected by a pipe near the top. Very much to my surprise, I found no filter in either. The pump-pipe I found only in the larger one, and infer that the builder's presumption was that all impurities would settle in the

first, and only the pure water would travel through the connecting pipe. If such was the presumption it was certainly at fault, as there was much sediment and impurity at the mouth of the pump. Indeed it was the filling of this pipe, and a consequent difficulty in getting water, which caused me to have the cisterns cleaned. To make a proper filter, many modes suggested themselves to me, but they were all more expensive than I desired. An architect, with whom I consulted, suggested the following, as the cheapest and as good as any other:

In the larger cistern the pipe from the pump is placed. This pipe extends to the bottom, and should extend some two feet or thereabout along the bottom. This lower end of the pipe should be turned to one side of the point at which it first touches the bottom, to near the side, and around the end of the pipe a filter is constructed as follows: A wall of brick is laid in the form of a half circle, the diameter of which is about three feet; these

bricks are laid without mortar of any kind, and come together rather loosely on the inside of the circle. This wall is laid eighteen inches to two feet high,—the exact height as also the diameter being immaterial. On this wall are placed flat stones which should be put together pretty closely, and the cracks, if any, carefully filled with cement mortar. Around and above this semicircle, there should be placed a body of coarse, well-cleaned gravel, of at least a foot in thickness. To prevent this gravel from being washed out of position, an outer wall, say a foot to fifteen inches from the other, should be built about a foot high. This outer wall has no other use of object than to keep the gravel in place. Upon this plan, no water can get to the mouth of the pump-pipe, without passing through this gravel. I use no other water but this for drinking purposes, and do not hesitate to say, that a cistern thus constructed, and carefully filled during the winter rains, will prove entirely satisfactory.

P. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Cesnola's "Cyprus."

CESNOLA'S "Cyprus" is a work in regard to which public expectation has been naturally much raised, and it is of a character that will not disappoint. The narrative proper runs mainly in an order either topographical or itinerary, and is grouped about the principal centers of work, viz.: Larnaca, or old Citium; Athienou, or Golgoi; Paphos, Amathus, and Curium.

Larnaca, or Larnica, is the desolate place (though the chief port and foreign consular residence), whose aspect almost frightened away the author from landing; the scene of many a tussle with a foreign consul, in rivalries of a subtle nature hardly known to native Americans, and of General di Cesnola's victory over the Turkish authorities, which made him thenceforward practically the king of Cyprus. This was his appointment and protection as cawass of a young man of good family, whom the caimakam wished to draught into the military service, to do away with his rivalry in the affections of a Cypriote young lady—though the reason here stated is not mentioned in the book. The caimakam seized the cawass by force, and a diplomatic struggle ensued, which finally was carried to Constantinople and resulted in the cawass's restoration, as well as the dismissal of not only the caimakam, but the governor of the island, besides full indemnity in money, salutes, and acknowledgments—though not before two American men-of-war had appeared off Larnaca. That, and a few maneuvers peculiarly Oriental, paved the way for Cesnola's wonderful success in digging and exporting, which way was required to be kept

open by astuteness and vigilance for ten years, against the covert hostility of bribe-seeking officials and jealous representatives of other nations, as well as by general affability and public spirit. Naturally, these matters are mostly to be read between the lines in Cesnola's "Cyprus;" but his aid and protection of the Greeks alone have caused him to be regarded as the friend and father of the oppressed in the island; and many material and social improvements still remain to witness his work for good. It is not too much to say that without the exercise of all these means and influences, as well as a mastery of languages not known outside of the Levant, he could never have carried on his operations in the face of the jealous intrigue and opposition of the high, and the prejudice and fearful superstition of the low. It is doubtful whether a native Englishman or American could have so mastered the situation; and still more doubtful whether an immediate successor will be found to recover the treasures that still lie beneath the soil.

Citium, Golgoi, and Dali were the earliest fields of exploration, whence come most of the statues and inscriptions in the Cypriote character. Golgoi, especially, contained the famous temple of Venus, afterward removed to Paphos. This temple was found—some time after the Comte de Vogüé dug across one angle of it and found nothing there. Dali is the place where were found the most noted monuments of Cypriote writing—the bronze tablet now in Paris, and the bilingual, now in London, which furnish the key to its decipherment. The walls of Citium were traced, and about it hundreds of tombs were opened, yielding various objects of value. Every few years, indeed, the street in Larnaca gives way, disclosing a tomb beneath. Sarcophagi are used for water-troughs, and their lids pave

* Cyprus. By General Palma di Cesnola. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the street-crossings. Near one of the two old harbors of Citium, also, were found the first entire Rhodian amphore, in which the produce of Rhodes had been imported. Their handles had been found near by before, and were quite a source of revenue to a former French consul.

The romantic story of the treasures of rock-perched, sea-overlooking Curium has been often told in the public prints, but here it is pictured in a far more lively manner, and, with the appendices, furnishes a wonderful amount of pleasure for the casual reader and food for the student. Amathus, with its peculiar and well-built tombs—one of them, the scene of the fatal accident to Dr. Siegmund; Capo Gatto, with its remarkable structures to shelter the cats imported to destroy the asps; Famagousta, with its Venetian edifices and fortifications not yet in ruins, with a supply of stone cannon-balls still sufficient for a long, old-time siege, and its wretched modern prisoners—are all described with a charming mingling of country incident and customs, and now and then a tale even romantic. Among the latter, of special interest is the story of Kattirdi Janni, the Robin Hood of the Levant.

Old Paphos, with its great temple and stone oracles, furnished many rich results; but the temple remains unexcavated, as the work would cost a fortune. General di Cesnola is, however, proprietor of the site, as the British Museum is of that of the city and temple of Ephesus. The vast necropolises between old and new Paphos, among them an artificial grotto-shrine to Apollo Hylates, as revealed by a difficult Cypriote inscription over the entrance; the baths of Venus; the road to Lapethus, are wrought up in the narrative charmingly. The old and the new; the passing from the welcome of a Greek bishop to a harsh reception at the hands of Turks—for which, by the way, the officials are forced to apologize; the exploring of Phœnician tombs as old as King Solomon, and on the same side finding inscriptions of the time of Christ; exploring the ruins of a mediæval monastery and visiting a modern fortification; the climbing of rocky mule-paths where eagles fly around you; descending through olive and kharûb groves, or traversing the scorching but fertile flat, Mesouria,—such is the variety with which the book is spiced.

The matters of art in the appendices, supplied by competent specialists, including the keys they supply to unlock historical and other problems, with their vast contribution in gross to our knowledge of the ancient world, give the book a rank as high in the current kindred literature as the author's discoveries take among those of his contemporaries in Eastern exploration.

Phillips Brooks's "Lectures on Preaching."

No one in our country has had more continuous or more conspicuous success in preaching than Mr. Brooks, and the book he has given us points directly

to the principles which underlie his power. No one can read it and go on repeating the proverb, "as dry as a sermon," if only sermons shall be conceived and delivered in the moral and intellectual atmosphere with which these lectures surround the subject.

Mr. Brooks's idea of a sermon is not that of a rampart with a man behind it, hidden from view by the greatness of the structure which is itself to furnish the aggressive and defensive power of Christianity, by the abstract force of its arguments or the multiplied accumulation of its authorities. It is to him only an instrument by which the personality of the preacher is to be brought to bear upon the auditor,—a hand weapon, which, though it must be true in temper and genuine in construction, gains its power from him who wields it. His lectures, therefore, have the predominant characteristic of an effort to form the preacher rather than make the sermon. His ideal of a minister is evidently a preaching man rather than a man who sermonizes. He says "the sermon should be written with such reference to the people's needs and the preacher's needs that the minister may go forth with it on Sunday, almost with the certainty of one of the old prophets, 'The word of the Lord came unto me, saying.'" He declares that "preaching is truth through personality." A preacher is both a messenger and a witness. He has a message not his own, a truth which he brings and does not originate. But he cannot truly transmit it until it has entered into his own experience. Preaching is the result of a truth which we have mastered, and which has mastered us. It is a resultant of both study and life.

The teaching in these lectures is of necessity full of vitality. It is to be compared not so much to a treatise on tactics, or an exhortation to enlist, as to a strain of martial music inspiring the enthusiasm of a soldier. It is withal very noble and very genuine. No theological student could ever read it and doubt that character lay at the bottom of his success. Full of inspiring suggestions as it is, no one could glean from it any comfort in trusting to inspirations and neglecting work and study. Its method, too, is positive. It teaches men to look at things on the right side; on the side which faces them, not merely their neighbors. It is constructive, and incites preachers to emulate the method of the architect rather than the processes of the dissecting room. What could be more admirable than this: "When you would preach against the faults of other denominations of Christians, first find them out and destroy them in your own?" Or again: "The preacher must mainly rely upon the strength of what he does believe, and not upon the weakness of what he does not believe. It must be the power of spirituality and not the feebleness of materialism that makes him strong."

A book so vital and so positive must of necessity be hopeful. Because our Lord and his apostles have spoken, Mr. Brooks has been criticised for saying that the world has not seen its best preaching, yet. His meaning is however perfectly evident and evidently true. It is spoken not of the Master

* Lectures on Preaching, delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, in January and February, 1877, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

nor of inspired apostles, but of the ministry which they instituted, and the assertion is founded on the fact that truth is ever becoming more evident and more evidencing. Men may become more and more completely mastered by it. They shall therefore speak it with greater power. "We believe and therefore speak"—therefore the more fully we believe the better we shall speak.

Indeed the very excellencies of these lectures seem sometimes to suggest a defect in them. They are so very strong that they appear sometimes to overlook the weak; they are the product of so rich a vitality, of physical health, and intellectual power and spiritual character, that they furnish an ideal which many may feel too exalted for their approximation. What our author says out of an experience of uniform and unusual success, will strike many an honest but less richly endowed soul as an exaggeration, if not a misstatement; as for instance, where Mr. Brooks speaks of the preacher's vocation, not on its spiritual side only, but also as a worldly career, as the most enjoyable and charming of all pursuits. He says that to it are given the brightest and best of the many bright and good things of the world. We have no admiration for the whining or gently complaining spirit which he is deprecating; but there is many a faithful minister, who, either by reason of poor health, or a mind too little vigorous, or a lack of social attractiveness, has been so often made the prey of an ambitious congregation, or has been so harassed by the captious criticism of vulgar and pretentious parishioners, or has had to suffer such humiliations of torture, because he could only be faithful and could not be popular, that he would be apt to console himself, not with the thought that of all the bright and good things in the world he had the brightest and best, but rather with the older and diviner word, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." There is no man who, after a course of such almost unexampled success as our author, could show less trace of any evil effect of it. In fact those who know him best are best convinced of all absence not only of conceit but even of self congratulation. His simplicity has never been marred by the applause which has continually followed him. But the very fullness and strength and richness of his nature may have themselves combined to interpose a limit to sympathy with difficulties which he never has experienced and cannot understand, and which seem to underlie a few statements like that on which we are commenting. We mention it for fear some should be led by the reading of the book to react into despair rather than to enter into the hopefulness with which Mr. Brooks would inspire them.

It is hard to leave so magnetic a book. We would like to speak more fully of its apt illustrations and the noble simplicity of its style. Mr. Brooks both defends wit and humor and exhibits them; as for instance: "I believe in the true elocution teacher as I believe in the existence of Halley's comet which comes into sight of this earth once in about seventy-six years." But we must take our leave of his book, with the hope that all makers and hearers

of sermons will read it, for its tendency is not only to create better preaching, but also to elicit a more appreciative hearing of the Divine Word.

Hooper and Phillips's "Manual of Marks on Pottery."

THIS little volume is a useful addition to the books and chapters of books already existing, which have, for their being's end and aim the teaching the amateur in pottery how to translate the homely hieroglyphics that conceal the names of the makers of his pots, and of the places where they make them. The little volume, which is really a pocket-book, prettily printed and fully illustrated, has a plan of its own. In the first eighty pages or so the marks on pottery and porcelain are arranged under descriptive heads as "Anchor," "Bell," "Heart," etc., etc. The next section, filling seventeen pages, is concerned with the marks on Majolica. The section that follows, takes up eighty-four pages, and gives the marks of the famous factories or fabriques. The remaining fifty-four pages of the book are taken up with the marks upon Oriental wares. The arrangement of all the sections is the same. The marks themselves are given in a column at the left hand side of the page. Then on the same line follow,—the name of the maker or of the factory, the nature of the ware—whether pottery or hard paste,—the general color of the decoration and the manner of it—whether painted or stamped (impressed), and, lastly, the date. Thus, in the first section under "Fish," we have (p. 21)

Figure of a Dolphin	Lille	h. p. (hard paste)	p. blue (penciled blue)	1790
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There is much information in this little book; but the information is inconveniently arranged. The authors started with a good plan; but they did not adhere to it. Had they been content to classify all the marks they came across in shops and collection, or could find in books, into "pictures of things," "monograms," "letters" and "names," it would have been easy to refer to any mark, whereas by the present arrangement the inevitable repetitions make the book, small as it is, much larger than it needed to have been.

But, after all, why this whim to study marks, and to puzzle ourselves with these guesses as to maker and place of manufacture? Only the scientific student can get more than a smattering of such knowledge with all the labor he may expend upon the mere marks: the true way to study pottery, if one be drawn in that direction, is to become familiar with as many specimens as possible, to observe, first, the character and quality of the material, to learn to distinguish between the different kinds of ware, and the glazes with which they are covered. This knowledge is comparatively easy to acquire for the facts are simple, and little varied. The difficulty begins when we come to study the designs whether of form or of decoration that bring the

* A Manual of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain: a Dictionary of Easy Reference. By W. H. Hooper and W. C. Phillips. London: Macmillan & Co.

specimens of manufacture into the domain of art. To a beginner in the study, a few books such as Fortnum's "Majolica," published in an abridged form as one of the South Kensington Hand-books, Jacquemart's "Histoire de la Céramique," the original work, in three handy little volumes (with the prettiest wood-cuts!), will be all-sufficient, and for the rest he must depend on his own industry. If he bring to the subject a natural taste, some perceptive power, and an interest in it for its own sake, he will find that books can teach him as little about it as they can about any of the higher forms of art.

Froude's "Thomas Becket."*

THIS monograph, which appeared originally in "The Nineteenth Century," has all those merits with which Mr. Froude's admirers have been long familiar. It is drawn from original sources; it is vivid and picturesque; it is warmed by an earnest moral purpose. Even those who most dislike Mr. Froude's opinions can scarcely help perceiving that he is a foeman worthy of their steel, and that, somehow or other, he must be answered. He regards with a half-amused contempt the revival in England not only of mediæval practices and beliefs, but of mediæval judgments of men and measures; and he selects Thomas Becket as a crucial instance by which to test the wisdom of this revived hero-worship. He avails himself of the publication of new materials and the republication of old, for the purpose of showing us Becket and the church of the twelfth century as he believes they really were—and a very pretty picture it is. Nobody—at least no student of history—denies that much corruption has again and again found its way even into the church of Christ; and, in fact, the canons and decrees of councils are constantly concerned with provisions for a more or less searching reformation. There is, probably, not a single Catholic power at the present day which would not regard the claims of Becket with contempt. But it needs a strong effort of imagination to reproduce those "ages of faith" in which it seemed natural that the vermin which swarmed in Becket's hair-shirt, should be changed into pearls; and that a king should be dragged by a rope round his neck out of his bed to die in ashes on the floor, as a voluntary expiation for a godless life.

Mr. Froude's Becket is certainly a kind of monster; and it may be well for all impartial inquirers to hear the other side. But it is very plain that his willfulness and obstinacy caused the utmost perplexity to his best friends—including the pope. Indeed, Mr. Froude's worst accusations are supported, not to say proved, by extracts from the fervid eulogies of the archbishop's most uncompromising admirers. There is, moreover, too much reason to think that his administration of the chancellorship could not have borne examination. The reckless extravagance of his expenditure before he became archbishop could have been met by no known resources excepting those which his high

office gave him the power, but not the right, to appropriate to his own use. But we can only notice the appearance of Mr. Froude's monograph, without any attempts at analysis or criticism. Everybody, of course, must read it. Indeed, nobody who begins it, can possibly lay it down unfinished.

New English Books.

LONDON, March 1.

THE whole subject of "ceramics" has been so thoroughly explored by the researches of Marryatt, Jacquemart, Chaffers, Jowett, and others, that very little is left in obscurity that is capable of receiving elucidation. A kindred department of art furnishes the theme for an important book just presented in an English dress: "History of Furniture, translated from the French of Albert Jacquemart; edited by Mrs. Bury Palliser," one volume, royal 8vo, with numerous illustrations. M. Jacquemart's "History of the Ceramic Art," is acknowledged to be the best and most comprehensive work yet produced on the subject. The author's life indeed was devoted to the study and improvement of the decorative arts. He was one of the first to recognize their importance to France as a source of national wealth, and individual culture, and the results of his latest researches are given in the "History of Furniture." M. Jacquemart died in 1875, so that his last work is a posthumous one,—the successor of forty others all relating to the arts; and the spirited illustrations it abounds with, show that taste was hereditary in the family, as they are the work of his son, M. Jules Jacquemart, whose admirable etchings are also found in the "Ceramic Art."

The English word "furniture" hardly expresses the meaning of the French "mobilier," the former being in ordinary usage restricted to household goods, while the latter is applicable to every article of domestic utility or luxury as well as to objects of personal adornment. In this wider sense it is applied in M. Jacquemart's book, and the reader will find in it the history not only of furniture proper, as buhl and marqueterie work, etc., but also of embroideries, tissues, hangings, tapestry, statuary, terra cottas, bronzes, jewelry, gems, enamels, glass-ware, ivory carvings, etc., etc.—in short of every species of work that meets the eye in collections like those of the Musée de Cluny at Paris or the South Kensington Museum of London. As before mentioned, the general diffusion of the taste for articles of this kind is the best testimony to their real interest and value, and the recent Loan Exhibition in New York shows how much has been already secured for American cabinets. It is worth notice that there is the very best authority for stating that England has no longer the reputation of being the most liberal purchaser of "virtu." Mr. J. C. Robinson, to whose exertions the art collection at South Kensington owes its chief treasures, lately wrote: "For a century or more there has been an unceasing flow of works of art from Spain, and indeed from most other European countries, into

* Life and Times of Thomas Becket. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1876.

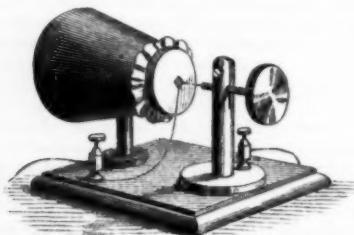
England; latterly, however, these currents have set in other directions,—France, Italy and Germany now outbid us in our own market, and the finest treasures of art no longer fall into English hands." Mr. Robinson regrets that this should be the case at the very time when a movement is commencing for the formation in England of provincial museums and galleries of art, and it is to be hoped that America will profit by the suggestion while there is yet time. The fact is indubitable. Two weeks since in London occurred a sale of articles of vertu, the property of Mr. Edward Majoribanks, a late member of the firm of Coutts & Co. It was well attended, and produced about ninety thousand dollars, but it was known to collectors that he owned things of much greater value than any that were offered there, and on inquiry it turned out that the choicest articles had all been sold in Paris. The same is the case as regards books. During the present month the choicest portion of the library of one of the most tasteful and fastidious of English book collectors, Mr. R. S. Turner, of the Regent's Park, will be sold at auction in Paris, being sent there by the owner, as they will probably realize higher prices than they would in London. These books comprise specimens of the classes, most in vogue on the Continent,—early French black-letter romances, poetry, etc., in rich old morocco binding, in faultless condition. For anything relating to old English literature, London and New York will always be the chief markets. A fine copy of the first folio Shakspeare (from Scotland) brought at auction, ten days since, four hundred and eighty pounds. Its dimensions were very satisfactory,—"one-sixteenth of an inch taller than Mr. Daniel's copy;" but the title page and opposite verses showed marks of repairs, or otherwise a higher price would have been obtained. Another specially English and American taste in collecting, is that for old Bibles, and we are indebted to an American bibliographer, Mr. Henry Stevens of Vermont, for a very curious monograph on the subject, under the title, "The Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition." Taking for its text this unique collection, brought together mainly through Mr. Stevens's exertion, it gives a catalogue *raisonné* or bibliographical description of one thousand representative Bibles, from the first printed by Gutenberg, about 1450, to that one "wholly printed, bound and delivered complete," within twelve hours, on the 30th of June, 1877, the day of the Caxton celebration, by the Oxford University Press. The origin and parentage of the first English Bible of 1535, called "Coverdale's," from its editor, has long been a subject of great interest, doubt and difficulty; only one absolutely perfect copy is known. Mr. Stevens in this work records—what forms a bibliographical discovery of the first importance—the name of the actual printer and that of the place of its production. Some curious statistics of biblical collections are given by Mr. Stevens from personal examination. The King of Württemberg's famous collection of Bibles in the

Royal Library of Stuttgart exceeds eight thousand editions; while the Wolfenbüttel Library contains about five thousand. The library of the British Museum, however, at the present day, contains the largest and richest assemblage of Bibles and parts thereof in the world, numbering above sixteen thousand titles; though the Caxton Exhibition contained many editions still wanting in the National Library. The Lenox collection at New York ranks among the very first ever formed by an individual; and that belonging to Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol, well known by various publications on the subject, is probably the richest in private possession in England. Mr. Fry owns more than one thousand impressions of the English versions of the Bible, Testament, Psalms, prior to the year 1700. The whole work of Mr. Stevens is a mine of curious information on biblical subjects, not accessible in any other shape. While on the subject of rare books, it is interesting to note the direction that public taste is now taking. It is well known to every one that for the last half century the chief ambition of collectors has been to possess fine copies of books by the old English printers, relating especially to the drama, poetry, and Elizabethan literature *par excellence*. Little by little rare books of this class have nearly all disappeared from the market; they can no longer be kept in stock, and are lodged in public libraries, whence nothing but a revolution can set them free, or only are found at rare intervals on the dispersal of libraries by auction of well-known collectors deceased. As money must be spent, it became necessary that the vacancy should be filled by some other class of books, and almost suddenly a value that seems exorbitant, by comparison, has been placed upon first editions of books by English authors of quite recent date, on books that, in fact, a few years since, would have been thought not worth the trouble of cataloguing. The caprice of taste was well exemplified at a recent sale. The first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" has not hitherto been a dear book; it brought then, however, £34; while "Lycidas" sold for £73, and "Comus" for £50. These prices will probably be exceeded in the future, as Milton is a name for all literatures. The rage for Shelley is certainly more unaccountable, when the little pamphlet of a few pages, the first edition of his "Adonais," brought £42, of his "Epipsychidion" £11 15s., and of "Queen Mab" £8 5s. Anything relating to John Keats or Charles Lamb is equally sought after, and even the first edition of works of living or recently deceased writers, as Mr. Browning, John Ruskin, Miss Barrett, have risen in the same proportion. The upward tide has not reached the Queen Anne writers; early editions of Pope, Swift, Addison, Prior, etc., have no value; but Fielding, Sterne, Johnson and Goldsmith, are "looking up." At the same sale "Tristram Shandy," first edition, brought £11 5s., instead of the former usual price of a few shillings.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Singing Telephone for Schools.

A NEW apparatus for developing the tones of a telephone when used for singing, and to illustrate the theory and practice of telephony has been de-



TRANSMITTING APPARATUS USED WITH THE TELEPHONIC GUITAR.

vised by Professor Morton, and constructed by the students of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken. The apparatus employs a transmitting instrument resembling the Reiss diaphragm, and is represented in the above cut. It consists of a metallic cone-shaped funnel closed at the smaller end by a diaphragm of paper that bears on the outside, at the center, a small disk of metal. A fine needle, supported by a screw, is set up before this, so that it may be screwed close up to the diaphragm as shown in the cut. A wire from the needle connects it with the battery and another wire connects the disk on the diaphragm with the circuit. By properly adjusting the screw, the needle may be brought to the disk, so that a very slight movement of the diaphragm will cause the disk to make or break the circuit. The receiving apparatus is modeled on the Reiss telephone, and consists of a large horse-shoe magnet, with the proper coils at the ends, and a common guitar set upright before the magnet as shown in the larger figure. On the front of the guitar is placed a thin bar of iron that makes the armature of the magnet. On connecting the apparatus with the battery, and the transmitting apparatus, every vibration of the diaphragm makes and breaks the circuit and increases or diminishes the attraction of the magnet and causes the armature to swing forward or back, dragging the sounding-board of the guitar with it. Thus the sonorous vibrations of the voice striking on the paper diaphragm cause it to make or break the circuit, and the guitar moving in unison with it gives to the air the same vibrations, and in the same relative order. The air inclosed in the guitar takes up the vibrations and repeats them with increased power, and the tones are reproduced with sufficient volume to be heard in a large room. While this apparatus cannot reproduce words, it is useful as illustrating the construction of a simple form of singing telephone, and will be found of great value

in experimenting before schools in this field of applied science. The apparatus transmits musical



TELEPHONIC GUITAR.

sounds any distance and with undiminished power, and can be used for transmitting the singing tones of voices and instruments.

The Commercial Value of Pure Air and Sunlight.

THE investigations of Tyndall, Pasteur and others concerning the spontaneous generation of bacteria and other low forms of life have seemed to some portions of the business world to have little practical value; yet from these efforts in pure research have come facts of the utmost value in trade and domestic life. Notably among these are the important and useful data furnished by Pasteur concerning the growth of the yeast-plant and the application of his discoveries to the manufacture of malt liquors. More recent discoveries in this field point to important facts concerning the sanitary effects of sunlight and pure air. Tyndall prepared sixty glass flasks and filled them with infusions of beef, turnip, and other meats and vegetables, and while the mixtures were boiling in the flasks he sealed the open ends by fusing the neck of each flask. These infusions, if left exposed to the air, will soon swarm with life, and this life is the beginning of decay. The hermetically sealed flasks were then taken to

the Alps. On arrival, six of the flasks were found broken in transit, and the infusions they contained were full of organisms and in a state of advanced decay. The infusions in the whole flasks were limpid and free from life, and so remained for six weeks. Twenty-three of the flasks were then taken into a stable containing fresh hay, and the sealed ends were broken off by crushing them in a pair of pliers. The air of the stable, laden with invisible dust, at once filled the flasks above the liquids. The flasks were then removed to a kitchen having a temperature of from 65 to 90° Fahrenheit. On the same day, twenty-seven of the unopened flasks were taken to the edge of a precipice overlooking a vast range of high Alps, consisting of bare rocks and snow-fields. A gentle breeze was blowing from the mountains, and standing to leeward of the flasks so as to prevent any germs of life that might cling to his person or clothing from entering the flasks, Professor Tyndall opened the flasks by crushing the ends with a pair of pliers, having first heated the pliers in the flame of a spirit-lamp, to destroy any germs that might be sticking to them. These flasks were then removed to the kitchen beside the first group. In a short time, twenty-one of the twenty-three flasks opened in the stable became filled with organisms and putrefaction began. Two of the flasks remained limpid and sterile, showing that they did not receive the germs of life from the dust-laden air of the stable. Of the flasks opened on the Alpine heights, not one was affected, and they remained for some time sterile and as limpid as distilled water. These experiments are in confirmation of others performed by Pasteur in the same direction, and strikingly illustrate the difference between the dusty air of a hay-loft (and it is not mentioned that the stable was occupied by any diseased animals, or that it was specially filthy) and the pure air of high mountains. There has been a tradition in some portions of this country that the atmosphere of a barn was in some manner favorable to the good health of persons employed in them. These experiments effectually put that matter at rest. Dust is disease. Pure air is health. It would seem, moreover, that if a series of experiments could now be conducted in the same manner in the hill-country, on the plains, and on the seashore in this country, further facts concerning the relative sanitary value of the air in these different places might be obtained that would be of value. Drs. Downs and Blunt, in making investigations in this line, report that, from their experiments concerning the effect of sunlight upon the growth of bacteria and the fungi that accompany putrefaction and decay, they infer that light will prevent in a greater or less degree the development of these organisms. The preservative effect of light was found to be most effectual in full sunlight, though there was some effect to be obtained from diffused sky light. The germs of decay in a liquid may be destroyed and the liquid perfectly preserved by the unaided action of light. These results, though they are advanced by the experimenters as, in a measure, subject to revision on further investigation, serve to

establish on a stronger basis the already known value of direct sunlight in destroying the germs of putrefaction and in preventing the spread of diseases that have their origin in dust and decay. If more were needed to illustrate the actual commercial value of a southern exposure for sleeping and living rooms, by reason of the increased healthfulness of sunlit rooms, these experiments would certainly settle the matter. Thus, from these varied experiments, the money value of a southern aspect and the command of pure air is placed beyond question. Health has a money value, and the conditions of health—pure air and sunlight—have also a money value.

Utilising the Products of Combustion.

IN the manufacture of charcoal, it has been the custom to permit the products of the slow combustion to escape into the air; but it has been recently found that, by turning the kiln into a retort, a number of the by-products of the burning might be made of some commercial value. Kilns of brick are erected, and in these the wood is charred in the usual manner. After burning for a few days to drive off the watery vapors, the opening at the top of the kiln is closed, and instead of permitting the various gases to escape, they are drawn away by means of pipes into a large cylinder that is provided with a water-jacket, and thus the kiln becomes a retort. A suction-fan is employed to remove the gases from the kilns, and to assist the action of the retort pressure is applied to the gases in the condensing-chamber. The resulting liquid is mixed in character, but by means of various chemical processes the valuable portions are readily separated and made commercially available. It has been found that from every one thousand kilos (about one ton) of wood burned in the kiln may be obtained six liters (two gallons) of coal-tar, six liters of wood-alcohol or naphtha, and forty-eight liters of acetic acid. There are also a number of other substances of more or less value in the arts that may be extracted from the residue; but, so far, this has not been attempted on a large scale. The manufacture of the charcoal pays a profit in the regular product, and the saving of these by-products is thus a clear gain above the cost of managing the condensing apparatus. The demand for these by-products is as yet comparatively limited; but as they are made from material hitherto thrown away, it is thought that the low price at which they can be sold will create new uses and new markets. Another instance of the utilization of the products of combustion has been found in burning the natural gas from the gas-wells. Here the by-product is simply carbon (literally the smoke), produced by allowing the gas flames to impinge on chilled surfaces. The natural gas, being remarkably pure and free from dust, gives a superior quality of carbon that is of value in the arts. The manufacture of this product of combustion has also had the effect of lowering the price of lamp-black, thus rendering a benefit to trade by supplying a superior article at a lower price.

BRIC-A-BRAC.



A PHILANTHROPIC SPIRIT.

"Thank goodness! we've got rain at last. It'll make milk plentiful, and that's what the poor folks want."

A Spring Lilt.

THROUGH the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray,
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!

"What in all the world, in all the world," they
say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as
May?"

"June! June! June!"
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover;
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"
Repeat
The robins, nested over.

AVIS GREY.

More Pidgin English.

MR. HAYES's paper on "Pidgin English" in
SCRIBNER for January has called out from a corre-

spondent the following additional anecdotes, which, besides furnishing amusing examples of this dialect, illustrate prominent phases of Chinese character:

THE "LIE DOLLA."

An American photographer at Shanghai employed for some time as assistant a Cantonese named Sing Kwa, who concluded that he was master of the tricks of the trade, and accordingly started business on his own account. He had been instructed to use Mexican dollars in preparing a nitrate of silver, but, to his great astonishment, his attempts were unsatisfactory in every instance. Returning to his employer, he related his experience:

"Hi yah! Befo'e time mi helpee you that pidgin, any time hab got numba one ploppa that dolla chemical pidgin. Jus' now no can! Plenty time mi do allah same you show mi. Jus' now that medicine b'long largee diffeent! Mi no can sabee how fashion. Mi losum plenty chancee. Mi that

dolla hab spilum. Jus' now mi largee chin-chin you pay mi sabee how fashion. No can do."

(Formerly, when I helped you in preparing the chemicals, all was right. Now all is wrong. Repeatedly I have done just as you have shown me, and the mixture is very different. I do not know why. I have been at great expense. My dollars are all consumed. Now, I entreat you to explain to me what is wrong.)

His late employer, feeling sure that he must have made some blunder, directed Sing Kwa to try the experiment in his presence, in order that he might detect the mistake; but what was his surprise to find the result something very strongly resembling nitrate of copper, instead of nitrate of silver. Sing Kwa was told that he must have been cheated by some one who had given him bad dollars, which he had used in preparing his chemicals. The prompt reply was:

"What thing! You think mi b'long fool! Think mi no sabee that b'long lie dolla? S'pose mi takee number one dolla, hab got too muchee largee spense,—no got plenty plofit. How mi can do so fashion pidgin?"

(What! do you think I am a fool? Do you think I do not know that is a bad dollar? Suppose I use good dollars, the expense is much too large; the profit is much too small. How can I do business after that fashion?)

TURNING THE TABLES.

Although the Chinese servant is considered one of the most obsequious of mortals, yet one instance has come to our knowledge where the Celestial character, being slightly tintured with European civilization, rose quite equal to the occasion. It happened in this wise:

Young ———, a resident in China, was possessed of considerable energy of character and some self-confidence; but his small stature rendered it impossible that his physical powers should be remarkable. Finding that his "boy" had been delinquent in many of his duties, he one day called him to his room, and, the door having been closed and locked, the following dialogue ensued:

"Plenty time mi talkee you, boy, how fashion must takee care that pidgin. My one day, one day, must pay you sabee what thing mi wanchee. Jus' now how fashion you pay mi so muchee troub? Mi talkee you no go out; more better stay inside; takee care that boy pidgin. Jus' now alla day you no hab got."

(Often I have told you, boy, how you are to do your work. I must daily explain to you what I want. How is it you give me so much trouble? I told you not to go out, but stay here and do your work. Now, you have been out the whole day.)

"Mi that motta hab makee die."

(My mother has died.)

"Now you talkee lie. Befo'e time, three piecee time, you talkee, 'Mi that motta hab makee die.' No can hab got so fashion."

(Now you are telling me a lie. You have told me three times before that your mother had died. That is impossible.)

"More betta you no so muchee bobbely me."

(You better not scold me so much.)

"Boy, you no can pay mi so muchee sass. Jus' now that door hab makee lock. No man can see. Mi makee pay you plenty largee flog."

(Boy, you must not be so impudent. Now, I have locked that door, no one can see, and I will give you a sound thrashing.)

"More betta you no pay mi troub. Mi sabee that door hab makee lock. No man can see. Hi yah! You no touchee mi. Mi makee pay you plenty largee flog!"

(You better not interfere with me. I know that door is locked and no one can see. Don't touch me! I will give you a sound flogging.)

And the foreigner, presuming on his Caucasian superiority, the boy was as good as his word!

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

The following appeal was made by our "boy" in behalf of a kitten about to be consigned to a bath previous to being transferred from Celestial to European civilization:

"Mi think mi b'long ploppa makee washee that smalla piecee cat. Pay he sick. Makee washee that dog can do. That cat no can. Pay he largee sick. Mus' wanchee makee die."

(I think it is not proper to wash a kitten. It will make it sick. It is all right to wash a dog, but not a cat. It will make the cat very sick; it will surely die.)

A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE.

We all know how convenient servants find it to have a cousin very ill when they wish to leave work for a few days. The following incident shows that the Heathen Chinese knows quite as well how to appeal to human sympathy on similar occasions:

"Masta, mi too muchee chin-chin. You pay mi few day walkee inside country."

(Master, I beg you to allow me to go into the country for a few days.)

"Yes, boy, s'pose hab got reason. What for wanchee go?"

(Yes, boy, if you have a 'good reason. Why do you wish to go?)

"Long time mi that olo motha talkee mi, mus' wanchee cattee marry. Jus' now one time more sendy mi piecee chit; talkee hab settee alla that pidgin; mus' wanchee mi come chop cattee that young piecee wifo. Too muchee long time makee wait. B'long custom, mus' wanchee do alla same that olo motha talkee."

(My old mother has been telling me for a long time that I must marry. Just now she sends me another note saying that everything is settled, and I must come with all speed to take the young wife, who has already waited too long. According to custom, I must do as my old mother says in this matter.)

Fables, à la Mode.

L.—THE COMPLAINING OYSTER.

As a French Waiter was enjoying a few raw Oysters on the half-shell, one of the Oysters remonstrated with him. "Mine," said the Oyster, "is a Hard Case." "C'est ma foi vrai," rejoined the



GIVING AND TAKING.

FIRST AMATEUR: I say, I think we might give concerts.
SECOND AMATEUR: Oh! so we might, but who would take them?

Waiter, "I have had much difficulté in opening it." And then, soothing the Sufferings of the Oyster with a Dash of Vinegar, he devoured it.

Moral.—Le Raw est mort, vive le Raw.

II.—THE MEDIUM AND THE SKEPTIC.

As a Circulating Medium was in the act of Levitation at a dark Séance, while he was describing the Black Spirits and White by whom he was sustained in the air, an Inquiring Skeptic shed light on his Movements by turning on a Lantern he had concealed about his Person. The Circulating Medium came down from his Ladder, and said that he would be a Party to no such Trance-Action. And the Believers arose and cast forth the Inquiring Skeptic, who thereafter sought with his Lantern for an Honest Man in other Circles.

Moral.—Light, more Light.

III.—THE HOODLUM.

As a Chinese Actor was reflecting on his Cue, he was accosted roughly by a Hoodlum, who besought him to pull down his Vest. Accustomed to take things Coolie, the Disciple of Confucius showed no confusion. "I have no such Garment," he said, "but I will willingly exhibit the Sword Trick for your Edification." With that he drew his Two-edged Sword, and made a dexterous flourish before the Eyes of the Hoodlum. Then, wiping his Weapon and returning it to its Scabbard, he politely offered his Snuff-box, and the Hoodlum sneezed his amputated Head from his unsuspecting Shoulders.

Moral.—Down with the Chinaman, wholesale, retail, and pig-tail.

A. Z.

The Mermaid and the Octopus.

THERE was a mermaid beneath the sea,
By her papa kept in a locked abyss—
Yet in spite of the cruel old merman, she
Fell deeply in love with an octopus—
A slimy, grimy octopus!
A green, unrhymy octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

He'd savage eyes, and dreadful strength
In his horrid beak that cocked up was—
And tentacles, thirty feet in length
Surrounded this wonderful octopus!
This mighty, bitey octopus!
This snappish, fighty octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

There wriggled in an electric eel—
On the mermaid's lips he shocked a buss!
Said she "The magnetic thrill I feel,
But you'd better look out for my octopus!
He's a frightful, spiteful octopus!
Yet a most delightful octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

Quoth she to her nurse, an old mermaid,
"Although the old man has locked up us,
A way I know, and I'm not afraid
To escape to my darling octopus!
My beautiful, dutiful octopus!
And a very suitable octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

She called a cyclone, that in Broadway
I'm certain would over have knocked a bus,
But it only carried her, sulky, away,
So she might elope with the octopus!
"Audacious, rapacious octopus!"
Cried the nurse. "Oh good gracious! octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

And now in their weedy coral bed
They lie in *dulcissimis noctibus*—
At night she's embraced and in day-time fed
By the numerous arms of her octopus!
A curious, furious octopus!
A quite injurious octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

CHARLES P. RUSSEL.



JUVENILE BOSTON.

VERY YOUNG LADY (with injured air): "I think it 'th mean, I haven't been to one Thymphony Contherth thith winter, and Everett 'th been to two.